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MAY, 1844.

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CONTENTS OF No. I.

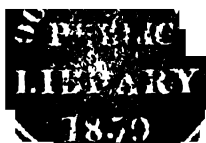
ART.	Page
I. Eloge Historique de G. Cuvier. Par M. Flourens, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de l'Institut de France. (Mémoires de l'Acad. Roy. des Sc., tom. xiv., p. 1.),	1
II. The Highlands of Æthiopia. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. Author of "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," "Portraits of African Game Animals," &c.	41.
III. Jacob's Tracts on the Corn Trade. 1828, &c. Influences of the Corn Laws, as affecting all Classes of the Community, and the Landed Interests. By James Wilson, Esq. 1839. Statements illustrative of the Policy and Probable Consequences of the proposed Repeal of the existing Corn Laws, and the imposition, in their stead, of a Moderate Fixed Duty on Foreign Corn when entered for Consumption. By J. R. McCulloch, Esq. 1841. Great League Meeting in Edinburgh, January 11, 1844,	67
IV. Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Author of "Letters from the Mountains," "Memoirs of an American Lady," &c.* Edited by her Son, J. P. Grant, Esq.,	99
V. Histoire des Croisades. Par M. Michaud, de l'Académie Française, et de Celle des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres,	114
VI. The Cherwell Water-Lily, and other Poems. By the Rev. Frederick William Faber, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. The Styrian Lake, and other Poems. By the Rev. Frederick William Faber, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. England's Trust, and other Poems. By Lord John Manners. The Cathedral, or the Catholic and Apostolic Church in England,	

CONTENTS.

ART.		Page
VII.	Life in Sweden ; or the H—— Family. By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish, and published in America. The Home ; or Family Cares and Family Joys. By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Mary Howitt. The Neighbours ; a Story of Every-Day Life. By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Mary Howitt. The President's Daughters, and Nina. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. The Diary, and Strife and Peace. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt,	168
VIII.	Christian Morals. By the Rev. William Sewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford,	183
IX.	The Perils of the Nation. An Appeal to the Legislature, the Clergy, and the Higher and Middle Classes. The Aristocracy of Britain and the Laws of Entail and Primogeniture judged by recent French Writers : being Selections from the Works of Passay, Beaumont, O'Connor, Sismondi, Buret, Guizot, Dupin, Say, Blanqui, and Mignet,	223
X.	Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland,	252

Ms 88
12

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NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Eloge Historique de G. CUVIER.* Par M. FLOURENS, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de l'Institut de France. (Mémoires de l'Acad. Roy. des Sc., tom. xiv., p. 1.)

WHEN the philosopher or the poet dies, society often seems indifferent, if not insensible to its loss. In passing from his study to his grave, it is but seldom that the sage leaves a blank behind him which it is difficult to fill. The gay circle which he enlivened had previously mourned the absence of its brightest ornament, and the official place which he dignified had probably been assigned to another occupant. It is within the family circle alone that the void is felt; it is at the domestic hearth, or at the household altar, where the master spirit can have no successor. To this sanctuary the world neither seeks nor finds admittance. Their eye rests but on the lustre of his fame; and if they have watched its growing progress, and scanned it at its meridian height, amid the honours and applause of contemporary devotion, they are not likely to pronounce a higher award when it becomes posthumous. When the arbiters of genius have once issued their irreversible decree, the wreath which they have planted on the living forehead will not hang with a brighter green on the shadow of its name. Newton, and Laplace, and Watt, thus became immortal before they had thrown off the coil of mortality.

It is otherwise, however, with those of a less fortunate genius—to whom has been allotted a briefer span, or a more troubled career—who have fallen “in the blaze of their fame,” or who have been doomed to earn it in the midst of professional rivalry,

or in the arena of political strife. Time had not ripened their glory. Though the fruitbud and its blossom had fulfilled their promise, the gathering of the vintage had not arrived. Over their name and their labours, passion and prejudice had perchance thrown their blighting influence. Jealousy may have fixed on them her green eye; and, amid the bustle and collisions of life, their genius may have cast but a dim light around them, while it exhibited its native brightness when seen from afar, and under a less troubled sky.

To a certain extent, this was the fate of George Cuvier, who, to the highest qualities of a naturalist and philosopher, added those of an enlightened statesman and a Christian patriot. This eminent individual lived in eventful times—in a community divided against itself, and under governments notorious either for the usurpation or the abuse of power. The calls of public duty—the love, perhaps too ardent, of secular distinction—and the bitterness of domestic grief—had often interrupted the continuity, and disturbed the quiet of his labours; and, at an age not far advanced, he was suddenly carried off in the midst of great and incompleted discoveries. The meteor of his fame shot across the European horizon; and when it left its sphere of clouds and storms, even his enemies acknowledged its splendour, and Cuvier at once exchanged the labours and anxieties of a public servant for the reputation and glory of a sage.

If it is interesting to trace the footsteps of great men struggling against adverse fortune, grappling with and overcoming error, and, under poverty and persecution, wresting from Nature her most hidden mysteries; it is not less so to follow the intellectual giant through a more prosperous career, resisting the seductions of wealth, and honour, and official station, and, in the midst of their distractions, consecrating to mental toil the vigour of his manhood, and the serenity of his riper age. To such alternatives of destiny, the youthful champion of truth will look without either disquietude or fear. He will study them as foreshadows of a lot which may be his own; and in the generosity of his feelings, he will not shun the right path even when it is one of labour and of suffering. Who would not, for the glory of Tasso, endure all the horrors of his cell—or, for the fame of Galileo, his “prisoned solitude”—or, for the immortality of Kepler, his privations and his wrongs? But though Providence has thus attached a deeper and more poetic interest to the history and renown of the martyr, yet aspirants for fame, as well as its arbiters, must not forget the important truth, so well illustrated in the life of Cuvier, that the mind has often achieved its proudest triumphs under the fostering care of wealth and station, and amid the serenity of continuous and peaceful labour.

George Leopold Chretien Frederick Dagobert Cuvier was born on the 23d August 1769, at Montbéliard, then a town in the Duchy of Wirtemberg, but now belonging to France, and in the department of Doubs. His family came originally from a village of Jura of the name of Cuvier, and, at the period of the Reformation, had established itself in the small principality of Montbéliard, where some of its members had held important offices. The grandfather of Cuvier was of a humble branch, and was the attorney of the town. He had two sons, the youngest of whom entered the Swiss regiment of Waldner, then in the service of France; and by his bravery and good conduct became an officer and chevalier of the order of Military Merit—a rank which, among the Protestants, was equivalent to the Catholic cross of St. Louis. After forty years' service, he retired with a small pension, and was afterwards appointed to the command of the artillery at Montbéliard. At the advanced age of fifty, he married a young lady—the mother, and the first teacher of Cuvier.

By this lady the father of Cuvier had three sons. The eldest of them died while she was pregnant with her second child, and so deeply did this misfortune prey upon her spirits that her infant George, like Sir Isaac Newton, was born with such a feeble and sickly constitution that he was scarcely expected to reach the years of manhood. The affectionate cares of the mother were proportioned to the helplessness and delicacy of the child. With a vigilance that never slumbered, and an affection that ever increased, she watched over his varying health, instilled into his mind the first lessons of religion, and had taught him to read fluently before he had completed his fourth year. In this prematurity of his mind, so frequently associated with a feeble constitution, his devoted parent seems to have foreseen the future greatness of her son: she made him repeat to her his Latin lessons, though herself ignorant of the language, conducted him every morning to school, made him practise drawing under her own superintendence, and supplied him with the best works on history and literature. In this manner did young Cuvier acquire a passion for reading, and a desire to understand everything—the two liberal fountains from which his reason drew its materials, and his imagination its stores.

His father had destined him for the military profession; but in the gradual development of his genius, his aptitude for every species of intellectual labour turned the views of his parents into a different channel. In the library of the Gymnasium, where he stood at the head of the classes of history, geography, and mathematics, he lighted upon a copy of Conrad Gesner's *History of Animals and Serpents*, with coloured plates; and, about the same time, he

had discovered a complete copy of Buffon among the books of one of his relatives. His taste for Natural History now became a passion. He copied the figures which these works contained, and coloured them in conformity with the descriptions; but, though he was principally occupied with these mechanical pursuits, he had not overlooked the intellectual beauties of his author. Buffon became his favourite guide, and the charms of his style, and the splendour of his eloquence were not only the theme of his praise, but the object of his imitation. In the fourteenth year of his age, he was appointed president of a Society of his school-fellows, which he was the means of organizing, and of which he drew up the rules; and, seated on the foot of his bed, which was the president's chair, he first shewed his oratorical powers in the discussion of various questions, suggested by the reading of books of Natural History and Travels, which was the principal object of the Society.

The fame of our young naturalist now began to extend beyond the walls of the Gymnasium. At the anniversary fête of the Duke of Wirtemberg, he had surprised the audience by an oration in verse on the state of the Principality, and his merits had otherwise been made known to the Duke and to his sister the Princess. His family had, at this time, destined him for the Church, and he became a competitor for one of the bursaries of the institution at Tübingen, where the pastors of the Protestant Church received their professional instruction. The examiner, however, treated him with injustice, by giving the preference to an inferior theme; and, in consequence of this act of dishonesty, Cuvier abandoned all thoughts of the Church, and again resumed his more secular pursuits.

The Duke of Wirtemberg had established at Stuttgard, the Caroline Academy, a magnificent institution, which more powerful States would have done well to imitate. In this academy upwards of *four hundred* pupils were instructed by more than *eighty* masters. There were five superior Faculties,—viz., Law, Medicine, Administration, the Military Art, and Commerce; and Painting, Sculpture, and Music, were among the branches of public instruction. At such an institution it was the good fortune of Cuvier to be educated. Having heard of the genius of the young naturalist, the Duke of Wirtemberg had a personal interview with him, and after examining his drawings, and admiring his accomplishments, he announced his intention of sending him to Stuttgard, and educating him free of expense. In the beginning of May 1784, he accordingly left his father's roof, and seated between the chamberlain and secretary of the Duke, he travelled to the University seat, and at once took his place among the most distinguished students of the Caroline Academy. When the pupils had finished their philosophical course, they en-

tered one or other of the five Faculties; Cuvier chose that of administration, and he has left it on record that he made this choice because, in that Faculty, more attention was paid to natural history, and he would, therefore, have frequent occasion for pursuing his botanical studies, and visiting cabinets of natural history. • One of the professors, whose lectures he had translated into French, gave him in return a present of Linnæus's "System of Nature," a work which, for more than ten years, formed the whole of his natural history library. His first passion was the study of botany; and, in a short time, he completed a herbarium for which he framed a classification which was neither that of Tournefort nor Linnæus. He, at the same time, delineated, in coloured drawings, an immense number of birds, plants, and insects; and he did this with such singular accuracy that they proved not altogether without value in his more advanced researches. His devotion to natural history, however, engrossing as it was, did not greatly interfere with his regular studies; he carried off almost all the prizes, and he obtained one of the orders of academical knighthood, which the Duke granted as a reward to five or six of the most distinguished students.

After a residence of four years at Stuttgart, during which he became acquainted with some of the most distinguished young men in Germany, among others, with Schiller and Soemmering, he returned to Montbéliard with the brevet of lieutenant. He was obliged, however, to renounce it; and in yielding to this necessity, he but obeyed the more powerful impulse of devoting himself wholly to the study of natural history. Owing to the state of the French finances, the pension enjoyed by Cuvier's father was no longer paid, and it became necessary that the son should contribute to the support of the family. He accordingly accepted of the situation of preceptor in the family of Count Hérici, who, after residing two years at Caen, went to Fiquainville in Normandy, in the district of Caux, and a short league from the seaport of Fécamp. In July 1788, Cuvier arrived at Caen; and at the age of 19, he entered upon his new duties. There his passion for natural history acquired fresh ardour; and with ample leisure, and in the vicinity of the ocean, he had many opportunities of pursuing it with success. On his removal, in 1791, to Fiquainville, where he resided three years, he was still nearer the sea, and as he himself used to say, he was surrounded with the most varied productions which the land and the sea could offer to his contemplation. The casual dissection of a colmar—a species of cuttle-fish—induced him to study the anatomy of the mollusca; and the examination of some fossil Terebratulæ, which had been dug up near Fécamp in June 1791, suggested to him the idea of comparing fossil with living

animals; and thus, as he himself said, "the germs of his two most important labours—the comparison of fossil with living species, and the reform of the classification of the animal kingdom—had their origin at this epoch."

In this sequestered spot, removed from the storms which agitated and darkened the metropolis of France, an event occurred which tended, at the same time, to develop the powers, and hasten the promotion of Cuvier. The revolutionary clubs, which had sprung up in Paris, had begun to extend themselves to the provinces. The inhabitants of Fécamp had caught the epidemic of the day, and were about to organize a political society among themselves. Cuvier saw the danger of thus assembling the firebrands of the town, and at his earnest desire Count Herici and the neighbouring gentry established it themselves; and, instead of the abstract questions of political rights, they directed the attention of the members to the more important subjects of rural economy. At these meetings there was in frequent attendance an interesting member, who filled the office of chief physician to the Military Hospital at Valmont. His knowledge of the theory and practice of agriculture had excited general attention, and Cuvier at last recognised him as the Abbé Tessier—a member of the ancient Academy of Sciences—who had contributed the valuable articles on Rural Economy to the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, and whose unpopular title of Abbé, had made him the object of suspicion in Paris, and forced him to seek for safety under a fictitious name, and in a sequestered locality. In a transport of joy at the discovery, Cuvier saluted the physician by his real name, and drew from the startled Abbé the dreaded admission, "I am known, then, and consequently lost."—"Lost!" exclaimed his friend. "No! you shall henceforth be the object of our most anxious care." The clerical character of the physician was, of course, concealed till it ceased to be a source of danger; and the two philosophers, whom Providence had thus brought together, continued to confer on each other mutual benefits, while they united their labours in the advancement of science. The venerable Abbé, now in his fiftieth year, had early seen the rising genius of his young friend, who had at this time undertaken to give a course of lectures on botany to the physicians of the Military Hospital; and he lost no time in communicating to his correspondents in Paris the happy discovery which he had made. He wrote to Parmentier, that he had found a pearl in the dunghill of Normandy; and in recommending Cuvier to the celebrated Jussieu, Professor of Botany in the Jardin des Plantes, the Abbé tells him, "to recollect that it was he who gave Delambre to the Academy; and that Cuvier would, in another department, be a Delambre also."

In this manner Cuvier became acquainted with the principal naturalists in Paris; and he was led to submit many of his own views and observations to Lape  de, Delametherie, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Olivier, and others. Among the fatal effects of the Revolution, had been the overthrow of many of the scientific institutions of Paris. The restoration of tranquillity, however, led to their re-establishment; and Cuvier was invited to Paris in the spring of 1791, in the expectation of finding a place among the great men who then adorned the capital of France. It was in this year that the *National Institute* was created in Paris—a Society which will never be forgotten in the history of science, associated as it is with immortal names, and with the noblest efforts, and the richest treasures of intellectual power. Laplace, Lagrange, Berthollet, Chaptal, Delambre, Carnot, Haüy, Jussieu, Lape  de, &c., were then in the meridian of fame; while there was appearing above its horizon, or existing below it, the no less honoured names of Cuvier, Fourier, Malus, Gay Lussac, Arago, Biot, Fresnel, and Cauchy.

In the very first year of the Institute, Cuvier was appointed adjunct to Daubenton and Lape  de, who formed the nucleus of the Section of Zoology. He was at the same time made a member of the Commission of Arts, and he was soon afterwards nominated Professor of Zoology in the central school of the Pantheon. When M. Mertrud was, in 1795, appointed to the newly constituted Chair of Comparative Anatomy, Cuvier was chosen his assistant, and took up his residence at the Jardin des Plantes.

While at Fiquainville, he had lost his mother; but his father was still alive, and he and his youngest son, M. Frederick Cuvier, with his wife, now joined their distinguished relative in Paris. In the Museum of Natural History, of which he had the superintendence, there was no collection of Comparative Anatomy. Buffon had piled up in a lumber-room four or five old skeletons, which had been collected by Daubenton; and on this foundation did Cuvier erect that magnificent collection of Comparative Anatomy, which embodies such grand truths, and displays such matchless wonders. In 1799, Cuvier succeeded Daubenton in the important Chair of Natural History in the College of France; and on the death of Mertrud, in 1802, he became titular professor in the Jardin des Plantes.

In the year 1800, when Bonaparte returned from his unfortunate expedition to Egypt, and was appointed First Consul of the French Republic, he was ambitious of becoming the founder of a great empire. The military glory, however, by which this grand object could alone be achieved, was not the undivided aspiration of his soul. He had learned, in the history of the past, what were the true elements of a nation's greatness; and

there was no sacrifice which he would have considered too high to secure them. While it was necessary that he should be the Alexander of his age, he panted also to be its Lycurgus, and its Frederick. Man must be governed before he can be civilized; and if the Emperor of France wielded for a while an iron sceptre, we must remember that it was over a people emerging from revolution, agitated by unextinguished feuds, and menaced by external foes. It was but the discipline for freemen, shaking off the yoke from their necks—it was but the preparation for a paternal government, for free institutions, and for equal laws. When the fiery and foaming steed is to be tamed for the use of man, and enjoy his bounty, the curb and the rein must be his first portion. *Injicit fraena vaganti*, was the motto which embodied the first acts of Napoleon. Had Providence permitted him to reign in peace, he would have acquired as lofty a distinction in the government of his people, as he had done in the marshalling of his hosts; and when the prejudices of the hour had disappeared, his liberality in the exaltation of genius and talent would have equalled his generosity to the generals whom he had defeated, and the sovereigns whom he might have dethroned.

At the formation of the Institute, Cuvier was appointed its third Secretary, an office which was then held only for two years; but in 1803, when this body was newly organized, he was elected, almost unanimously, one of the two perpetual Secretaries, with a salary of 6000 francs.

The conduct of the First Consul in organizing the National Institute, in placing himself at the head of it, and in rewarding and honouring the great men who then adorned the metropolis of his empire, may be considered as at once a proof and an illustration of the preceding remarks. In his anxiety to give an impulse to the sciences, he requested from Delambre and Cuvier, the two perpetual Secretaries of the Institute, a Report on the progress of the mathematical and natural sciences, since the year 1789. These Reports, which were able and interesting, were presented to the Emperor in a Council of State; and he afterwards expressed, in a very happy manner, the great satisfaction which he had received from that of Cuvier. "He has praised me," said Napoleon, "as I like to be praised." Cuvier, however, as he himself said, had only invited the Emperor to imitate Alexander, and to employ his power in promoting the advancement of the natural sciences.

On the death of his aged father, in consequence of a fall, and of his sister-in-law, who died in giving birth to a son—the present M. Frederick Cuvier—the two brothers were left alone to lament the losses which they had sustained. In this solitary

condition, Cuvier married in 1803 the widow of M. Duvaucel, one of the Farmers-general, who, in 1794, had suffered on the scaffold. This lady, who had four children by her first husband, contributed greatly by her talents and disposition to the happiness of Cuvier; and amid those domestic sorrows which afterwards clouded the meridian of his life, and were the full counter-weights to all his glory, she proved at once his solace and his support. Four children were the offspring of a marriage which, but for them, would have been a happy one. His first-born died a few weeks after his birth. In 1812 he lost a daughter in the fourth year of her age; and in 1813 he was bereaved of his only son, a boy thirteen years old, for whom he had cherished too deep an affection. An only daughter was left, whose delicate form, and premature talents, indicated too surely that she was not required for a world like this.

The general knowledge and habits of business which peculiarly distinguished Cuvier, exposed him to the calls of public duty, and frequently interrupted his scientific labours. In 1802, Bonaparte appointed him one of the six Inspectors-general for establishing Lyceums, or public schools, supported by Government, in thirty of the principal towns of the empire. For this purpose he visited Marseilles, Bourdeaux, and Nice, where he established the Royal Colleges in these cities; and in examining the marine animals on their shores, he found some compensation for the interruption of his private studies. In the year 1809, when Napoleon erected the Imperial University, he nominated M. Cuvier one of the life counsellors of that body; an appointment which possessed additional interest, from its bringing him frequently into the immediate presence of the Emperor. In the exercise of his new functions, he was intrusted with the organization of the academies of those Italian States which had been temporarily annexed to France; and the regulations which he had established at Turin, Genoa, and Pisa, were maintained by the sovereigns of these cities, after they returned to their dominions. In 1811, Cuvier was called to perform similar duties in Holland and in the Hansatic towns; and the wisdom with which he discharged them, procured for his arrangements a more permanent existence than they would otherwise have received. While thus occupied at Hamburgh, Napoleon, without solicitation, conferred upon him the title of Chevalier, with hereditary rank; but the loss of his only son blasted his hopes of transmitting his title to posterity. This event, as we have already stated, took place in 1813, when he was occupied at Paris in organizing its University; and about the same time, Napoleon appointed him Master of Requests in the Council of State. The administrative talents of Cuvier had now become known to the

Emperor by personal observation ; and so high was the opinion which he had formed of them, that he sought his aid in averting the dangers which now threatened the empire. The armies of Europe had been advancing against their common foe, and it became necessary to revive and confirm the loyalty of the frontier provinces. About the end of 1813, Bonaparte appointed Cuvier Imperial Commissary Extraordinary, and sent him on the dangerous mission of organizing the inhabitants of the left bank of the Rhine, and arraying them against the invading columns, which were now advancing to the frontier. He was ordered to Mayence; but when he had reached Nanci, the intelligence of the entrance of the allied armies into France compelled him to return. These services, incompleated though they were, were rewarded by the rank of Counsellor of State, which was conferred upon him early in 1814.

The return of Louis XVIII., and the military occupation of Paris by the allied troops, placed in a trying position the literary and political aristocracy, whom the events of the Revolution and of the empire had created and called into power. The distinguished men who had recognised in these events the deliverance of their country and the consummation of its glory, dreaded the return of princes, who had not been learning wisdom in their exile; while the friends of absolute power, and the worshippers of a rising dynasty, hailed the advent of the Bourbons as a blessing which Heaven had conferred on their faithful followers. The strata into which the various grades of society had slowly settled, were here dislocated, and there upheaved. New interests sprung up, new feelings were excited, and new passions aroused. But of all the classes of the social community which were affected by this second revolution, the distinguished Members of the Institute had the least reason for alarm. No government, however stable, could set at nought the approbation of the philosophers of France. The Bourbons courted their friendship; and in the course of a few weeks after his restoration, Louis XVIII. conferred on Cuvier his former dignity of a Counsellor of State. He owed this appointment to an introduction to the Abbé Montesquion, then minister, from M. M. Royer Collard, Becquey and Talleyrand; and it was doubtless through the same interest that he was appointed to the temporary office of Commissary to the King, whose duty it was to defend the new and ameliorated laws before the two Chambers. In addition to these political appointments, the directorship, for life, of the Museum of Natural History, was twice offered to him; but he resolutely refused the appointment, under the conviction that the unanimous election of a Director by the Professors was a mode of administration more favourable to the promotion of science.

In the year 1818, Cuvier paid a visit of six weeks to England, where he was received with that kindness and hospitality which became a great nation. He was accompanied by his family, and his private secretary, M. Laurillard; and the party returned to France with the most favourable impressions of the manners and institutions of England. Cuvier's first care was to explore the British Museum, the Museum of the East India Company, and other collections of a public nature. He visited, also, under the direction of Dr. Leach, the many private collections of natural history which enrich our metropolis, and examined the various objects of public interest which were at that time attracting the attention of strangers. In conversing with George IV. on the subject of our natural history collections, he suggested the union of all the private collections in one great National Museum, which, from the extent of our colonial possessions, he conceived, would surpass every other collection in Europe. During our author's stay in London, he was gratified with the sight of a Westminster election, in which he saw the practical working of one of our most important political institutions. Mrs. Lee, to whom we owe a very interesting Memoir of Cuvier, has given the following account of the impression which it left upon him :—

“At this period the election for Westminster was going forward, and he frequently dwelt upon the amusement he had received from being on the hustings every day. These orgies of liberty were then unknown in France; and it was a curious spectacle for a man who reflected so deeply on every thing which passed before him, to see and hear our orators crying out at the tops of their voices to the mob who pelted them with mud, cabbages, eggs, &c., and Sir Murray Maxwell, in his splendid uniform, and decorated with orders, flattering the crowd who reviled him, and sent at his head all the varieties of the vegetable kingdom. Nothing ever effaced this impression from Cuvier's memory, who frequently described the scene with great animation.”—*Memoirs, &c.*, pp. 37, 38.

At Oxford, to which he was conducted by Dr. Leach, he was received with great distinction, and this city of palaces, with its splendid collections, made a deep impression upon his mind, and often called forth his admiration. He joined Madame Cuvier and his daughter at Windsor; and after admiring the castle, &c., they went to visit Sir William Herschel at Slough, where a cloudy evening prevented them from observing any of the celestial phenomena through his splendid telescopes.

In his office of perpetual Secretary to the Natural History Section of the Institute, it became the duty of Cuvier to write the *Eloges* of its deceased members. The beauty and classical elegance of these discourses, had attracted general attention, and

pointed out Cuvier as meriting the distinguished honour of being a member of the Académie Française. A vacancy having taken place in 1818, by the death of M. Roquelaire, he was elected a member of that body while he was in England; and soon after his return, on the 27th August, 1818, he took his seat, and pronounced an oration, which fully justified, by its eloquence and beauty of composition, the choice which the Academy had made. The following passage on the Influence of Poetry, which it would be difficult to translate, will give our readers some idea of the singular beauty of sentiment and style which distinguishes all the writings of our author.

“Enchanteur tout-puissant, il se joue de notre imagination; il nous transporte à son gré dans l'espace; il sort, s'il veut, des bornes du monde. Le Dante, en accumulant ce que la nature a de terrible, en entassant les volcans, les rochers, et les glaces, nous plongera dans les enfers; et Milton, en éclairant d'une lumière pure ce que cette même nature a de brillant et de doux, créera un Paradis.

“Heureuses les nations dont les sentimens se réveillent encore à ces vives peintures! La vérité et l'illusion se prêtent la main pour les conduire: aimables enfans que bercent les Muses, et qui, au milieu des prestiges de la féerie, apprennent cependant de la bouche sacrée du poète à respecter la justice, à pleurer sur le Malheur, à révéler le courage.

“Délicieuses impressions, vous n'êtes plus faites pour des peuples vieilliss. Quelquefois seulement le poète, sur les pas du chanfre d'Atala ou de Virginie, ira dans les climats lointains chercher une nouvelle nature, et, comme Homère à ses vieillards Troyens, il nous rendra au moment de jeunesse en nous montrant Hélène. Jeunesse bien passagère toutefois: ce n'est pas sous ces palmiers que nous avons trouvé le repos, ce ne sont pas ces bananes qui ont rafraîchi notre enfance. Les liens n'ont pas existé; le charme ne peut produire son effet tout entier.

“Ainsi, après les jeux et la féerie, il vient pour les lettres, comme pour les hommes, un âge plus sérieux. Le bonheur de sentir ne nous suffit plus: une faculté nouvelle s'éveille dans l'esprit; nous éprouvons le besoin de connaître. L'imagination et les études positives partagent entre elles leur domaine; et les sciences, commençant à mériter leur nom, prennent un essor indépendant.”—*Eloges Historiques*, tom. ii. pp. 449, 450.

The Count de Seze, the Director of the Academy, made an eloquent reply to the discourse of Cuvier. He congratulated the meeting on the accession to their body from the Academy of Sciences; and he stated, that since the restoration, Cuvier was the second example of this fortunate combination of literature and science, and “that he had been preceded only by that illustrious geometer (the Marquis de Laplace,) whom we may call the *Newton* of France.” In justifying the election of Cuvier, he

refers to his European reputation, and to the vast extent and variety of his knowledge, and he applies to him the happy observation which Fontenelle made respecting Leibnitz, that while the ancients made one Hercules out of several, we might, out of one Cuvier, make several philosophers.

Political, as well as literary honours, now crowded upon our author. About the end of 1818, he was offered the Ministry of the Interior; but the offer was burdened with conditions, which obliged him to decline it. In the following year, he was appointed President of the Comité de l'Intérieur of the Council of State, an office which he continued to hold under all changes of the Government. He was about the same time created a Baron by Louis XVIII., who frequently summoned him to attend the meetings of his cabinet. When it was found inconvenient to fill up the office of Grand Master of the University, Cuvier twice received a temporary appointment to it, without enjoying its emoluments. When a Catholic bishop replaced him in 1822, he accepted the Grand Mastership of the Faculties of Protestant Theology, an office which he retained during his life, and which gave him the superintendence of the civil and political, as well as of the ecclesiastical rights and privileges of the Protestant population. These functions took a wider range in 1827, when he was placed over all the different religious bodies in France, except the Catholics. At the coronation of Charles X., in 1824, Cuvier officiated as one of the Presidents of the Council of State; and two years afterwards, he received the decoration of a grand officer of the Legion of Honour. About the same time, the King of Wirtemberg appointed him Commander of his Order of the Crown.

Thus loaded with dignities, and occupying stations at once lucrative and honourable, Cuvier had reached the summit of this world's ambition. By a skilful distribution of his time, he pursued his scientific researches with that order and continuity of labour which they imperiously required, while his functions as a public servant were performed with a diligence, fidelity, and zeal, which commanded universal approbation. By the one, he earned the richest laurels of an European fame; by the other, the devotion and applause of a grateful country. But these dignities and honours were of man; and however flattering to human vanity, and valuable as the just wages of disinterested and successful toil, they were but the transient features of intellectual renown, which, like the trappings and ornaments of the body, are best seen, and most prized, by those who contemplate and covet them. At an age bordering upon sixty, and with strong religious convictions, it is to be hoped that Cuvier formed this estimate of his triumphs. His last instalment of suffering

was about to be meted out to him, and its magnitude and acuteness depended on the number and amount of his previous enjoyments. In the variety of God's arrangements, man is often allowed to drink of a mixed cup of joy and of grief, which neither delights by its sparkling, nor repels by its bitterness; while at other times the divine thunderbolt smites him in sunshine, and the black sky as speedily returns to its azure. Cuvier was struck to the ground; but though he again recovered from the blow, it was not to enjoy even the tempered blue of an autumnal sky.

He had already lost an only son, whom he had expected to be the heir of his fortune and his titles, if not of his talents; and his mind now rested, with parental fondness, on his only daughter and child, Sophia Laura Clementina Cuvier. Although delicate and sickly from her infancy, she had, through the watchful care of parental affection, reached her twenty-second year. With her early amusements, her father had combined studies not usually pursued by youth of the same age; and hence she added to the usual accomplishments of her sex, those higher attainments which give force and dignity to the female character. In person, she was beautiful—in manners, elegant—in benevolence and piety, unrivalled. "A heavenly expression animated her countenance, a mild and grave thoughtfulness seemed always imprinted on her features. There was in her—in the carriage of her head, and the pious attitude of her upturned eyes—something which seemed not to belong to this world."* A mind thus richly endowed, a form thus elegantly moulded, and a disposition thus kind and lowly, could not but command the homage of many hearts. In the church to which she belonged; in the numerous societies of which she was an office-bearer or member; and in the haunts of poverty and disease, where she was a frequent visitor, her faith, her piety, and her labours of love, were individually recognised, and universally appreciated.†

* Memoir of S. L. Clementina Cuvier, p. 4.

† "She was a member of a committee of twelve ladies who superintended the female schools of the Lutheran Church; she frequently visited the classes, and also the parents of those girls whom she had taken for the objects of her particular attention. She had begun a Society for benevolent purposes of young Protestants of both communions at Paris; she had drawn up the rules, and selected the members. This society has only existed two years; and in the year which has now closed (1827,) it has been the instrument of aiding more than sixty families with gifts of linen and garments, the works of the hands of the members of this Society, and by the distribution of bread and articles of household use, collected from their united savings. Clementina Cuvier was also collector of the Female Auxiliary Bible Society, and of the Society for Missions. She was a frequent visitor at the hospital for aged women, where the Protestant females have one common hall. There she read the Bible, Psalms, and Prayers, and there she gave pious and moving exhortations."—*Memoir of S. L. C. CUVIER*, p. 3.

Such graces and attainments are not of this world. Ripe for a holier and a happier state, the being whom they adorn is often summoned to an early rest, and thus bequeathes to a weeping circle the rich legacy of a bright example, and to a more numerous array of friends a memorable testimony to divine truth. Such was the fate and the benign influence of Clementina Cuvier. About the end of 1826, her health began to decline, and from December of that year to February 1827, she was confined to bed by an affection of the chest. From this attack, however, she gradually recovered, and towards the close of the year her health was completely re-established.

Among those who knew and admired this "fading flower," there was one whose affection she returned. A community of religious sentiment had drawn them together, and her parents welcomed as their only son the object of her choice. It was arranged that the marriage ceremony should take place on the 25th of August; but while preparations were making to complete this union of hearts, the elements of a cruel malady were gathering strength to dissolve it. On the 26th July she experienced the first attack of that deceitful disease which brought her to the grave.* At first it gave no alarm to herself or her parents; but, on the 15th of August it reappeared in its true character, and terminated fatally on the 28th September 1828.

This sad event, the loss of their last child, overwhelmed in grief her disconsolate parents. The feelings of Cuvier could with difficulty be controlled. The frame-work of his mind reeled like a vessel in full sail that strikes upon a rock, and he rushed to his studies as the only anchor by which his distracted faculties could be held. Many a furrow, the channels of many a tear, now marked his manly cheek, and his fine hair had suddenly changed to a silvery whiteness. But though thus prostrate, he did not "perish with the reed on which he leant." He found relief under the high pressure of intellectual labour, and he continued for a few years to pursue the studies to which his life had been so successfully devoted.

"Two days," says Baron Pasquier, "after this event, I entered the gallery to which M. Cuvier had retired, and the spectacle which presented itself was one of the most affecting which can be witnessed by any one who is in a condition to understand and admire the scenes in which human nature reveals itself in all the energy of which it is susceptible. His whole appearance presented marks of the deepest grief which a father can feel, and so poignant had been his sufferings,

* Among the various religious works which she read during her illness were those of Dr. Chalmers, with which she was particularly delighted.

that as he himself confessed to me, he had come to seek, in the most assiduous labour which he could impose on himself, the means of distracting his attention, and soothing his sorrow.

"I can scarcely persuade myself but that I see him still in that noble gallery, surrounded with monuments of human skill, and the wonders of nature, seeking to avoid the image of his beloved child, and perseveringly demanding of science not to administer consolation, but to absorb his thoughts. Pascal attempted by energetic application to overcome only physical pain, but I had before me a struggle between the heart and the genius of man, between the powerful desire of the one, and the deepest suffering to which the other could be subjected. M. Cuvier could never be consoled; but he continued to prosecute, with equal vigour of intellect, the various pursuits in which he never ceased to be engaged to the end of his life."—PASQUIER's *Eloge of Cuvier.*

After an absence of two months, Cuvier resumed his political duties as President of the Committee of the Interior. When it became his turn to sum up the observations which had been made by his colleagues, his first words were drowned in tears: he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly. A profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. At length Cuvier raised his head and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I was a father, and I have lost all." He then, as if by a violent effort, resumed his observations and pronounced judgment.

In the prosecution of his public duties, Cuvier was induced, in 1830, to begin a course of lectures on the History and Progress of Science, which he continued to deliver, with great applause, during the rest of his life. In the same year, accompanied by his step-daughter, Mademoiselle Duvaucel, he paid his last visit to England; and he had scarcely left Paris before the Revolution of Three Days had begun. The object of this journey was to inspect several of the collections of natural history, which, since 1818, had received many valuable accessions, and various causes had contributed to delay it. The ordonnances of Charles X. had been issued before his departure, and believing that this *coup d'état* would be attended with no other consequences than a few partial disturbances and a lengthened resistance of taxes, he left Paris in a state of profound tranquillity on the day which he had previously fixed. Within five hours, however, after his carriage had passed the barrier, the firing had commenced in Paris. He pursued his journey by easy stages, and it was not till he was overtaken by the flying English near Boulogne, that he heard rumours of what had taken place. Proceeding to Calais, they remained there two days in great anxiety and uncertainty about their motions. Here they received the news of the Revolution; and being assured of the restoration of peace, and of the safety of their friends, they resolved on proceeding to England. Cuvier

entered London by sailing up the Thames, in order to witness the forest of shipping which embroiders that noble river. He visited Richmond and also Hampton Court, and he could scarcely tear himself away from the cartoons of Raffaele, whom he considered the first of painters. He rose at six o'clock in the morning, and visited on foot the various parts of London which he had not previously seen; and in the forenoon he accompanied Mademoiselle Duvaucel in his carriage to the collections, exhibitions, and other objects of public interest. He took many notes, and made many drawings of fossil remains and fishes, and was anxious to have visited Oxford and Cambridge, for the purpose of increasing his scientific stores. The state of Paris, however, induced him to abandon his plans; and after a stay of only three weeks in England, he returned to France.

It is not easy to conceive the feelings with which Cuvier must have returned to Paris;—born under the despotism of the Bourbons—educated during the period of the Revolution—the friend and servant of the First Consul, and the Emperor—honoured and promoted by the sovereigns of the restoration—and now the subject of another dynasty, created in a day, and established on the ruins of a government of which he was a member! But whatever were his feelings, his interests were untouched. Under the government of the Citizen King, he retained all his offices and his honours. In 1832, Louis Philippe created him a Peer of France, and had he lived, he would have been raised to the still higher honour of President of the entire Council of State.

On the 8th of May of the same year, he opened his course of lectures in the College of France, on the History and Progress of Science. His eloquence was overpowering, and his audience were entranced with the grandeur and sublimity of his views. “He seemed,” says Baron Pasquier, “as it were by the examination of the visible world to be led to the precincts of that which is invisible, and the examination of the creature evoked the Creator.” Immediately after this lecture, appeared the first symptoms of that disorder which in a few days brought him to his grave. On the 9th of May he ventured to preside in the Committee of the Interior. A paralysis, however, of a peculiar kind, had attacked in succession the nerves of voluntary motion. Medical aid proved wholly fruitless. The fatal disorder extended itself over his whole frame; and he himself, as well as those around him, foresaw the calamity which was rapidly approaching. At his own request, he was carried from his bed-room to that memorable cabinet, where his happiest hours had been spent, and his most brilliant discoveries made. Here he was visited by his most particular friends, with whom he was still

able to converse : Addressing Baron Pasquier, who held him by the hand, he said, in a voice faintly articulate, " You see what a difference there is between the man of Tuesday and of Sunday ; yet so many things remain to be done. Three important works to be published, the materials of which are ready, and nothing remains but to write them ; and now the hands fail and carry with them the head." The Baron, scarcely able to speak, endeavoured to express the general interest which he excited. " I love to believe it," he replied. " I have long endeavoured to make myself worthy of it." Fever now appeared ; his lungs became affected, and during the application of leeches, Cuvier observed with the greatest simplicity, that it was he who had discovered that leeches had red blood ; thus recalling, during his latest hours, the earliest of his discoveries. " He had predicted," says Mrs. Lee, " that the last cupping would hasten his departure ; and when raised from the posture necessary for this operation, he asked for a glass of lemonade, with which to moisten his mouth. After this attempt at refreshment, he gave the rest to his daughter-in-law to drink, saying, it was very delightful to see those he loved still able to swallow. His respiration became more and more rapid ; he raised his head, and then letting it fall, as if in meditation, he resigned his great soul to his Creator without a struggle. This melancholy event took place at nine o'clock in the evening of the 13th of May, 1832, before he had completed his 63d year." Cuvier was, at his own request, interred in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, under the monument raised to the memory of his daughter. His desire was to be buried without ceremony ; but men of all ranks and opinions were eager to testify their respect and admiration ; and though the cholera was then raging in Paris, the funeral procession was followed by a deputation from the Council of State, headed by the Keeper of the Seals, and by the other public bodies with which Cuvier had been connected. The body, alternately borne by pupils from the different schools of science, was first taken to the Protestant Church, in the Rue des Billettes. The pall was supported by Baron Pasquier, President of the Chamber of Peers, M. Devaux, Counsellor of State, M. Arago, Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, and M. Villemain, Vice-President of the Royal Council of Public Instruction ; and, according to custom, different members of the public bodies to which he belonged, pronounced a funeral oration over his grave.

Such is a brief history of the life of Cuvier. His labours in natural science, and the splendid discoveries to which they conducted him, now demand our attention, and in endeavouring to convey to the general reader some idea of their deep interest and their vast importance, we shall follow as much as possible, the

order adopted in the able, though brief analysis of them, which has been given by M. Flourens.

Although the labours of Linnæus, and the genius of Buffon, gave a powerful impulse to the natural sciences during the 18th century, yet neither the classifications of the one, nor the speculations of the other, had any substantial foundation. It was reserved for Cuvier to show that the laws of classification, and the philosophy of natural history, could rest on no other foundation but an intimate knowledge of the structure and organization of natural bodies. In this manner Comparative Anatomy became the handmaid of Zoology, and on these two sciences did Cuvier erect the new science of Fossil Remains, which has itself become the basis of Geology, and thus revealed to us so many wonders.

The Animal Kingdom was divided by Linnæus into six classes, viz. *Quadrupeds*, *Birds*, *Reptiles*, *Fishes*, *Insects*, and *Worms*. In all these classes, but especially in that of *worms*, the classification was altogether imperfect, and utterly failed in presenting to the mind the true relations of animal bodies. Animals the most closely allied to each other, were widely separated, while others were united which were wholly distinct. All the animals with *white blood*, which comprehended more than half of the whole animal kingdom, were thrown together, without order, into the class of worms; and it was therefore in this department that Cuvier began his career of reform and discovery. In the earliest of his Memoirs, which was published in 1795, he separated the animals with white blood into three great classes, viz.—1, the *Mollusca*, which, as in the cuttle-fish and oyster, have a heart, and a complete system of circulation, and breathe by means of lungs and gills: 2, *Insects*, which, instead of a heart, have only a simple dorsal-vessel, and breathe by *tracheæ*, or air-vessels: and, 3, the *Zoophytes*, or *animal-plants*, which possess neither a heart, nor blood-vessel, nor any distinct organ of respiration. Cuvier afterwards added three other classes, viz.—*Vermes*, or Worms, *Crustacea*, and *Echinodermata*; and thus all white-blooded animals were distributed into six classes, *Mollusca*, *Crustacea*, *Insects*, *Worms*, *Echinodermata*, and *Zoophytes*.

Such was the first step made by Cuvier. His views were generally adopted; and the philosophical naturalist was not more surprised at the precision of the characters upon which the six classes were founded, than at the similarity of the animals which were thus grouped together. But the labours of Cuvier claim a much higher estimate than this. His views respecting the subordination of organs, and the part which that subordination performs in the employment of those organs as distinctive

characters, and the great laws of animal organization, to which he was thus led, were strides in the philosophy of the natural sciences without a parallel in their history. He demonstrated that all white-blooded animals which have one heart, have also gills (*branchiæ*) or a limited respiratory organ; that all those which have no heart, have only *tracheæ*, or air-vessels; that wherever a heart and gills exist, there is also a liver, and that where these are wanting, the liver is also wanting. The class of animals thus scientifically arranged, and to which Lamarck afterwards gave the name of *Invertebrate*, formed, as it were, a new animal kingdom almost unknown to naturalists, and remarkable, not only for the vast number of its species, but for the variety of their forms; and yet long after these discoveries were made public, we find new systems of classification proposed, which, as M. Flourens remarks, pretend to include the entire animal kingdom, though they in reality embrace only *vertebrated* animals.

The first germ of the *New Zoology*, as it may be called, and indeed most of the leading ideas of Cuvier's discoveries in Comparative Anatomy were contained in this his first Memoir, written when he was only twenty-five years of age. In a second Memoir, published also in 1795, "on the structure of the *Mollusca*, and their division into orders, he lays," as M. Flourens observes, "the first foundations of his great work on animals; a work which occupied him for so many years, and which has produced a body of results the most astonishing, perhaps, and at least the most essentially new in the whole of zoology, as well as in the whole of modern comparative anatomy." Daubenton had described with accuracy the skeleton and viscera of quadrupeds; and in their dissection of a limited number of species, Pallas and Swammerdam had examined all their parts; but Cuvier had, in this Memoir, described in the minutest manner the minutest organs and parts of a class of animals the least known, and never before examined.

It appears from this Memoir, that all the Mollusca have at least one heart. The oyster and the snail have only one: others have two; and others, such as the cuttle-fish, have three; and yet it was with animals like these, with brains, nerves, and organs of sensation, that naturalists had confounded others, such as the polypi and other zoophytes, that have no organization at all. The polypus pushes out buds like a plant, each of them separating from the rest, and forming a new and complete individual. *The polypus*, indeed, *consists merely of a bag*; that is, a mouth and a stomach. Cuvier found a zoophyte which has *not even a mouth*. It is fed by suckers, like plants, and its interior cavity is both a stomach and a sort of heart; for vessels conduct

the nourishment there, and others set out from it to carry the food to the other parts.

Among the interesting topics presented to us by the philosophy of white-blooded animals, is the Nutrition of Insects. Preceding Naturalists had shewn, that *Insects*, instead of a heart, have only a simple dorsal-vessel, without any ramifications whatever; but Cuvier discovered that they had not a single blood-vessel! In all animals with a heart, there are either lungs or gills; and the blood which returns from the extremities to the heart, is submitted to the action of the air in passing through these lungs or gills, before it returns to the extremities. In insects, however, the air is carried by an infinite number of elastic vessels, called *tracheæ*, into every part of the body, and even to the nourishing fluid which bathes these parts. Hence, instead of the nourishing fluid circulating in order to find the air, the air goes in search of the nourishing fluid, so as to render circulation unnecessary. Hitherto earthworms and leeches had been confounded with those zoophytes which live in the interior of other animals; but Cuvier discovered that the blood of those worms, which have a circulating apparatus, is *red*—a remarkable peculiarity which had not before been suspected.

In these important researches, so pregnant with new truths, Cuvier employed a remarkable principle which he calls the *subordination of organs* or characters, which had already been so successfully applied in botanical classification. The great number and complication of the organs of animal bodies prevented, no doubt, the application of this principle to zoology; but when Cuvier had studied these organs with the scalpel in his hand, and had determined their structure and their functions, their relative importance was easily ascertained, and it remained only to find the characters in the organs, and to subordinate the characters to one another as the organs are subordinated.

“Such,” says M. Flourens, “was properly the object of M. Cuvier’s great work, entitled *The Animal Kingdom distributed after its Organization*;* a work in which the new zoological doctrine of its illustrious author is exhibited as a whole, and in all its regular bearings. It is from the date of this work that the art of classification has assumed a new aspect. Linnæus had sought in this art only the means of distinguishing species, while Cuvier, for the first time, made it an instrument for the generalization of facts. Considered by itself, method was in his mind only the mutual subordination of propositions, truths, and facts according to their degree of generality. Applied to the Animal Kingdom, it is the mutual subordination of groups according to the

relative importance of the organs which form the distinctive characters of these groups. But the most important organs are also those which carry along with them the most general resemblance. Hence it follows, that in founding the *inferior* groups upon the *subordinate* organs, and the *superior* groups upon the *dominant* organs, the superior groups will always necessarily comprehend the inferior ones, or, in other words, we may always pass from the one to the other by graduated propositions, becoming more and more general in proportion as we ascend from the inferior to the superior groups. Method, in short, when rightly understood, is only the generalized expression of science. It is science itself, but reduced to its simplest expressions. It is more still. This mutual connexion of facts according to their analogies; this mutual connexion of analogies, according to their degree of generality, is not limited to the representation of known relations; it displays a number of new relations contained in one another; it disengages the one from the other; it gives to the mind new resources for perceiving and discovering them; it creates for it new logical processes."—*Eloge*, p. xii.

When Cuvier had considered only the organs of circulation, he recognized in each of the three great classes of *invertebrate* animals, namely, the *Mollusca*, *Insects*, and *Zoophytes*, only a single group similar to each of the four classes of *vertebrate* animals, namely, *Quadrupeds*, *Birds*, *Reptiles*, and *Fishes*; but when he considered the far more important organs of the nervous system, he saw that each of the three great classes of *invertebrate* animals no longer corresponded with such a class of *vertebrate* animals taken separately, but with all the *vertebrate* animals taken together. Thus, the *first* form of the nervous system unites into one group all the *vertebrated* animals; the *second* form unites all the *Mollusca*; a *third* form unites the *Insects* to the *worms* with red blood, and both to the *crustacea*, thus forming the group of *articulated* animals; and a *fourth* form unites all the *Zoophytes*. In this manner did Cuvier establish the grand fact that four different forms of the nervous system existed in the Animal Kingdom; and hence he distributed the whole animal creation into the four great types of *Vertebrated* animals, *Mollusca*, *Articulated* animals, and *Zoophytes*, or *Radiated* animals.

No sooner had Cuvier completed his great work on the Animal Kingdom, than he began another not less important and extensive, namely, his *Natural History of Fishes*, the *two* first volumes of which were published in 1828, the *third* and *fourth* in 1829, the *fifth* and *sixth* in 1830, and the *seventh* and *eighth* in 1831. The predecessors of Cuvier, in this interesting field of research, had described only 1400 species of fishes, whereas, in his work, no fewer than 5000 would have been described. The whole work would have extended to *twenty* volumes. All the materials for the other twelve volumes were arranged, and had he lived, he

would have completed this great undertaking in seven or eight years.*

Such is a very condensed account of the discoveries and labours of Cuvier, in the science of *Zoology*. His discoveries in *Comparative Anatomy* are still more important, not only when considered in themselves, but when considered merely in their application. The *two* first volumes of his *Leçons de l'Anatomie Comparée*, appeared in 1800, and the *three* last in 1805. Although much had been done in this science by the eminent anatomists who had preceded him, yet it is to Cuvier alone that we owe those beautiful laws and general relations, which give to this branch of knowledge the character of a science. Our limits will not permit us to do more than glance at some of his principal discoveries. He found, for example, that every species of organ has its fixed and determinate modifications; that a constant relation connects together all the modifications of the organism; that certain organs have over the whole economy a more marked and decisive influence; and that certain traits of organization necessarily co-exist, while others, on the contrary, are incompatible, and exclude one another. Hence is derived the law of their correlation or co-existence, and many other laws of relation, which form the Philosophy of Comparative Anatomy. The true theory of the formation of the teeth of animals we owe to Cuvier, and also the structure of the organs of voice in birds, and of the organ of hearing in the cetacea. He was also the first who made out the structure of the organs of respiration and circulation in an anomalous genus of reptiles. The frog, it is well known, is a fish in its first stage, and a reptile in its second; but Cuvier discovered that the *Proteus*, the *Axolotl*, and the *Siren*, are, during their whole existence, both reptiles and fishes, having at the same time gills and lungs, so as to be able during their whole life to breathe alternately in air and in water. He was likewise the first anatomist who compared the brains of animals belonging to the four classes with vertebræ. He observed the relations which the development of this organ bore to the development of their intellectual powers; and he was the first who rigorously deduced from the respective quantities of respiration of these animals, not only the degree of their natural heat, but also that of all their other faculties—their powers of motion—the rapidity of their digestion—and the acuteness of their senses.

Not satisfied with merely describing the discoveries which he

* This interesting work has been continued by M. Valenciennes, the pupil of Cuvier, and Professor of Zoology in the Museum of Natural History in Paris; the *ninth* volume appeared in 1833, and the *fifteenth* in 1840. The plates, which are beautifully coloured, are 455 in number, each representing one species.

had made, and thus leaving them to be questioned or confirmed by a future age, Cuvier resolved to transmit to posterity, in the form of actual preparations, the leading facts in Comparative Anatomy. Hence he laid the foundation of a Museum, by collecting the imperfect and mutilated preparations of Daubenton; and upon this slender basis he erected that magnificent museum, which is now the glory of France, and the admiration of Europe. It fills *fifteen* rooms of various sizes, and so numerous and accurate are the preparations, that almost every fact stated by Cuvier in his works on Natural History, may be confirmed by inspection. Beginning at the room farthest from the entrance, the Molluscous animals, the first created of living beings, attract our notice, surprising us by their unearthly forms, and their misshapen masses. The oyster which we swallow, will exhibit to us its heart, its liver, and its lungs; while the shells which we daily observe, as well as the splendid specimens which adorn our drawing-rooms and cabinets, give up their dead to amuse and astonish us. The elegance, and splendour, and gay colouring of insect life, next invite our admiration; and by another step we encounter the antagonist feelings of disgust and wonder, when we stand aghast before the Parasitical Insects, which inhabit the bodies of living animals. In the two next rooms, we are introduced to beings of the same class with ourselves. The preparations of the organs of sensation—of the eye—the ear—and the apparatus of touch, and taste, and smell, first attract our attention. The preparations of the nervous and respiratory systems, by which we live and exert our animal force, are next presented to us, and these are succeeded by the muscular appendages of the animal frame, brought into play by the machinery of the nerves. The teeth, and the processes of dentition, the grinders of the elephant, the ivory tusks of the walrus, and the destructive instruments of the lion and the tiger, are the next subjects of our observation. We next pass to the collection of skulls—the seats of sensation and intelligence. Here we are introduced to the various races of man—the savages of the arctic and the torrid zone, and to the idiots and the sages of the temperate region which we ourselves inhabit. In the great room, however, our admiration and astonishment reach their climax. We stand in awe among the aristocracy of Nature, and that awe is the more calm and reverential that we are in presence only of their remains. In the lion we recognise the autocrat of the forest; in the tiger the ferocious and bloody tyrant; in the antelope the light and graceful form of female beauty; and in the bull and the horse the powerful and active and fleet messengers of the court of quadrupeds.

A work like Cuvier's Comparative Anatomy, illustrated and popularised by a museum of such magnitude and beauty, could

not but attract the notice of Napoleon. He awarded to it one of the decennial-prizes, which he had instituted in 1810; but from causes which reflect no honour upon the Emperor, Cuvier never received the prize.*

The application of the laws of Comparative Anatomy to the study of fossil bones, may be regarded as the grand discovery of Cuvier. As in the case of every remarkable accession to science, preceding authors had made some progress in the same field of research. Towards the end of the 16th century, Bernard Palissy had ventured, in opposition to the universal opinion, to maintain, that fossil bones, impressions of plants, and fossil shells, were not freaks of nature, but the remains of real animals and plants. Scilla and Leibnitz maintained the same doctrine; but the first great step was taken by Pallas, who, in his Memoir on the Fossil Bones of Siberia, published in 1769, established the important

* The following very interesting account of this transaction is given by Mrs. Lee, in her Memoirs of Cuvier:—"Wishing at that time to divert the public attention from passing events, (the Spanish campaign, &c.,) the Emperor issued a decree, stating, that as he was desirous of rewarding and encouraging every species of study and labour, which would contribute to the glory of his empire, he had resolved to bestow prizes of money every ten years, on the 9th of November, on the best works in every branch of science, art, and literature. The prizes were to be proclaimed by the Minister of the Interior; and the successful candidates were also to receive a medal from the hands of the Emperor himself, in presence of the princes, the dignitaries of the State, the great officers of the University, and the whole body of the Institute, assembled at the Tuilleries. All labours having sufficient merit, were to be examined by a jury and judges, composed of the presidents and perpetual secretaries of the four classes of the Institute. Each class to make a catalogue *raisonné* of the works put to the suffrage; those deemed worthy of approaching the prizes, to receive honourable mention; but those of sufficient merit, in the opinion of the judges, to obtain the prize, to be noticed with still greater detail. All the reports and discussions to be given to the Minister of the Interior, by whom they were to be kept entirely secret from the public; no judge to be allowed to pronounce on the merits of his own productions. These prizes soon became an universal theme. An exhibition of the pictures painted for them took place in the Louvre, and every body was more or less interested. The juries sat, the judges pronounced sentence; and because the Comparative Anatomy proceeded from one of the latter, though it received the praise due to it, the prize for this subject was awarded to another work. Delay took place, and the Emperor deemed a revision of the judgment necessary. During this revision, M. Cuvier was in Italy, and advantage was taken of his absence to change the sentence, and recommend the prize to be bestowed on him. The greatest freedom was given to discussion, in the idea, that all would be strictly confidential on the part of the Government, when, to the astonishment of every one, the whole of the reports given to the Minister of the Interior were published in the *Moniteur*. Could anything be better calculated to accomplish the desires of his Imperial Majesty! No sooner did the affair languish, and people cease to talk of it, from the conviction that all was done, than he set the whole capital in a turmoil of bickering and dispute; for every one had either his own cause, or that of his protégé, to defend. The result proved it to be one of those master-strokes of policy of which Napoleon was so capable; and what was his intention throughout is very evident, for the prizes were never even mentioned afterwards. The reports, however, have been collected, and form a very curious quarto volume."

fact, that the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, animals which inhabit only the torrid zone, must have formerly dwelt in the most northern regions of the world. The same illustrious naturalist subsequently described a rhinoceros which had been found entire in frozen ground, with its very skin and its flesh preserved; and at a later period, in 1806, an elephant was discovered on the shore of the icy sea, and in a state of such preservation, that the very dogs and bears devoured its flesh. This last discovery overthrew the theory of Buffon, that the earth had cooled gradually, and that the animals upon its surface had emigrated from the north to the south. Pallas supposed, that an irruption of the sea had come from the south-east, and transported the animals of India to the north of Europe; but this hypothesis also disappeared before the discoveries of Cuvier.

At the first public sitting of the National Institute in 1796, Cuvier read his memoir "On the Species of Fossil Elephants, compared with Living Species," in which he demonstrates, that the fossil elephant differs from all living species, and that it is an extinct species, now lost. He adds, that he will soon establish the same truth in reference to the fossil species of the rhinoceros, the bear, and the deer; and, in the following prophetic passage, he foreshadows all his future discoveries:—

"May we ask why we find so many remains of unknown animals, whilst we can find none which we can rank among the species which we know? We may see how probable it is that they have all belonged to the beings of a world anterior to ours—to beings destroyed by revolutions of the earth, and to beings which have been replaced by existing species."

How startling must have been the announcement of this probability, even to the most speculative geologists of the Institute! How alarming to the most liberal and free-thinking divines! How unintelligible to ordinary minds the process which was to be employed! And, to Cuvier himself, who alone understood it, how arduous must have seemed the physical labour, and how exhausting the mental toil, by which such grand conceptions were to be realized, and their reality impressed upon a prejudiced and a sceptical age! Those who have seen the fossil deposits themselves—the accumulated or scattered fragments of the bones of various species—may form some estimate of the difficulty of the process by which a single bone was to be formed out of its parts, by which two bones were to be determined to be of the same species, and a complete skeleton of each separate species reconstructed out of pieces which belonged to no other animal. Before the genius of Cuvier, however, all these difficulties vanished. Fragment sprung into union with fragment—bone claimed kindred with bone—and, as if by the wand of an en-

chanter, new species of animals rose up like sudden creations—exhibiting to the astonished sage the forms and the attributes of once living beings, which the eye of man had never seen, and which his wildest fancies could never have conceived. The phoenix emerging from its ashes was scarcely less a miracle than a mammoth starting from its bones, a megatherium replaced upon its legs, or a gigantic megalosaurus resuscitated from its antediluvian bed.

After mentioning how the various exuviæ of a former age were accumulated in the cabinets of Paris, Cuvier thus describes his occupation in restoring them :—

“I at length found myself, as if placed in a charnel-house, surrounded by mutilated fragments of many hundred skeletons of more than twenty kinds of animals, piled confusedly around me. The task assigned to me was to restore them all to their original positions. At the voice of comparative anatomy, every bone and fragment of a bone resumed its place. I cannot find words to express the pleasure I experienced in seeing, as I discovered one character, how all the consequences I predicted from it were successively confirmed: the feet were found in accordance with the characters announced by the teeth; the teeth in harmony with those indicated beforehand by the feet. The bones of the legs and thighs, and every connecting portion of the extremities, were found set together precisely as I had arranged them before my conjectures were verified by the discovery of the parts entire. In short, each species was, as it were, reconstructed from a single one of its component elements.”

In this manner did Cuvier re-establish 168 vertebrated animals, which form 50 distinct genera, of which 15 are entirely new; and, reckoning the additions which have since been made, there is reason to believe that the species of extinct animals are more numerous than the living ones.

But Cuvier carried his generalization* still farther. He found that the differences of structure between fossil and recent animals increase with the age of the deposit in which the former are found, and that these differences mark the age of the deposits themselves. As the primitive rocks exhibit no traces of plants or animals, he concluded that there was a time when no living beings existed upon the earth; and that, before the creation of man, the world had been inhabited by at least *three* different generations of animals, which had been successively created, and successively destroyed.

In the earliest age of the creation, plants and animals are found in the same strata; and it can scarcely be doubted that vegetable bodies had preceded the creation of the animals that were to devour them. The stately pine, the gigantic equisetaceæ, and the lofty palm waved in the primeval forests, and the sea and the land were inhabited only by a small number of the marine mammalia, and scarcely any of the terrestrial mammalia. The

principal inhabitants of the globe were fishes, molluscous animals, and a race of reptiles not less extraordinary by the singularity of their structure than by their gigantic proportions. These reptiles were the *Megalosaurus*, upwards of seventy feet long; the *Ichthyosaurus*, above thirty feet in length; the *Plesiosaurus*, an animal combining the trunk of an ordinary quadruped, with a neck like the body of a serpent, the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, and the paddles of a whale; and the *Pterodactyle*, the most extraordinary of extinct animals, uniting the characters of a bird, a bat, a reptile, and a quadruped!

In the *second* period, the terrestrial mammalia increase in number, and we have along with them numerous *Pachydermata*, or animals with thick skins, such as the *Paleotherium* and *Anoplotherium*, and other genera of aquatic animals, which dwelt on the margin of lakes and rivers. In the first of these extinct genera, the species vary in size, from the rhinoceros to the hog. In the second, one of the species resembles a dwarf ass, with a broad tail like that of the otter; another has the light and elegant aspect of the gazel, and a fourth is only the size of the hare. These and other species, nearly fifty in number, were discovered by Cuvier in the fresh water formations of Montmartre near Paris.

In the *third* period lived the *Mammoth*, the *Mastodon*, the *Hippopotamus*, and those huge *Sloths*, the *Megatherium* and the *Megalonyx*, the giants of the natural world, the grandest and the last specimens of that extraordinary population over which man never swayed the sceptre.

Among these various races of living beings, no quadrumanous animal, no ape, has been found; and, what is more instructive still, no traces of man—no fragment, either of his works or of his bones, has yet been discovered. Hence, we arrive at the remarkable result, that these three periods have been succeeded by a *fourth*, in which the Almighty planted man upon the earth, and created, as his subjects and his servants, those races of living beings which occupy the surface of our globe, and inhabit the depths of its oceans. The period of the mammoth and the mastodon was succeeded by that of the lion and the tiger.

But not only has Cuvier referred these various animals to different periods of time, deduced from the strata in which their bones have been deposited. He has proved, by an accurate comparison of the bones of one period with those of another, that the animals of any given period were not descended, by natural birth, from those of the preceding period, but were new creations, fresh from the hand of their Maker. Hence, he deduced the extraordinary result, that the creatures of each successive period had been destroyed by some sudden catastrophe; and that the earth, thus swept of its animal life, was again re-peopled by new races of

beings, rising in the scale of creation, and terminating in intellectual and immortal man.

This brief history of animal life is pregnant with the deepest and most varied instruction. In his ignorance of the real phenomena of the subterranean world, the philosopher had concluded, and concluded justly, that in the physical aspect of the globe there was "no appearance of a beginning and no prospect of an end;" but this gloomy dogma, tipped with atheism at each of its extremities, is, like all its kindred propositions, now exploded for ever. The records of faith now stand on the same level with the records of reason. Truth, brought down from on high, harmonizes with truth excavated from below; and the humble Christian who refused to surrender his cherished volume to the taunts of reason, now holds it with a firmer grasp, and scans the series of creations which science has revealed, but as the harbinger of that latest exercise of Divine power which gave birth to man, and placed him over a new animal world.

But the confirmation of the Mosaic account of the creation is not the only, or even the chief, result of geological discovery. The commencement of organic life in plants and animals of the first period, and its higher and progressive development in different orders of beings, leads us back to that beginning which was so long veiled from human reason; while the successive destruction of successive creations carries us forward to the terminus of our own period—to that "day of the Lord, when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works which are therein, shall be burned up."

Although the same inspired writer, who thus predicts the final destruction of the existing world, has assured us that this dread catastrophe shall be followed by a new heavens and a new earth; yet it has been left to our reason alone to draw the conclusion, that new forms of animal life will adorn the valleys of our renovated globe; that the lion, which lies down with the lamb, will not be the offspring of our forest king; and that the sainted race, among whom there is to be no more weeping, and no more death, will not share the tenacity of their sinless abodes with those ferocious natures, which, in a state of trial, God requires for his agents, and man for his slaves.

Should this, the apparently last period of animal life, be one in which man is to exercise his faculties in the investigation of his Maker's works, the fossil geology of the world we now inhabit will exhibit deposits not less interesting than those which embosom the gigantic framework of mammoths and mastodons. How interesting will be the excavations in which the buried cities of modern Europe will reappear in their ruined grandeur;

how strange the discovery of submerged navies embalmed in their ocean beds; or the foundered ship, with its imprisoned skeletons; or the battle-field, with its prostrate warriors; or the hallowed cemetery, crowded with the relics of youth and age, and crushed beneath their tablets of marble, and their monuments of bronze!

Such is a brief and general sketch of the great discoveries of Cuvier in Comparative Anatomy and Geology. Previous to his death, and during the twelve years which have since elapsed, the subject has been pursued with an ardour and success unexampled in the history of any of the sciences. The labours of Agassiz, Brogniart, Blainville, Elie de Beaumont, Ehrenberg, and others abroad; of Buckland, Mantell, Egerton, Lord Enniskillen, and Scrope, in England; and of Fleming, Murchison, Lyell, Hibbert, and Miller, in Scotland, have made splendid additions to our geological knowledge. Did our limits permit us, we should enter with some detail upon the interesting subjects which are now the topics both of research and controversy among the students of nature; but we must content ourselves with a mere notice of them as brief as it must be popular.

"The historian," says Dr. Buckland, "may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof, of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible." As a moral lesson, the remark is beautiful and appropriate. But in the succeeding period of the world's history, the sea-beach may yet disclose the desolating path of the bloody potentate, the hoofs of his war-steeds, and the tracks of his chariots, and the skeletons of his victims; but if the moral actions of men shall be transmitted to that future age, the geologist will desire to trace at least one royal progress—the consecrated footprints of Canute, when he assembled a barbarian court on the shore to do homage to the only sovereign whom the seas and the waves obey. The discovery of "footsteps before the flood," as they have been truly called, or of the impressions of the feet of animals (supposed to be tortoises) imprinted on the solid rocks, were made by Dr. Henry Duncan, now minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Ruthwell. He observed them on the surface of the lamina of the new red-sandstone at Corncockle Muir, in Dumfriesshire. There was a regular track of twenty-four continuous impressions, with six repetitions of each footmark, along with traces of claws,

the fore-foot being different from the hind-foot. All these tracks are either up or down, but never across the surfaces of the strata, which are inclined 38° to the horizon. Mr. Poulett Scrope has observed numerous footmarks of small animals on the Forest marble-beds north of Bath; and Dr. Buckland on the calcareous grit and Stonesfield slate, near Oxford. Footsteps of a larger size, from eight to twelve inches long, with five toes, have been found in Saxony, and are supposed to have belonged to an animal like the opossum, or the kangaroo. Still more remarkable, however, are those discovered in the valley of the Connecticut by Professor Hitchcock. The feet must have been *fifteen* or *sixteen* inches long, and must have belonged to two gigantic birds, about twice the size of an ostrich!

The preservation of the ripple marks on the sand, after the beds of sandstone have been indurated, may lead us to expect several other phenomena of an analogous nature. Mr. Lyell has observed the little dimples, formed by falling rain, preserved on sandstones;* and we have observed on the fine rippled surface, just left by the receding tide, a series of faint parallel markings, occasioned by the gentle touch of masses of foam driven from the waves. In places, too, where a small rill of fresh water passes over the beach, a very peculiar ramified surface is left on the sand; and when this rill has been frozen during the night, and gradually thawed by the sun, the surface of the sand, upon which the thin films of ice rested, exhibit a very remarkable structure, which we think we have seen reproduced, or rather preserved on the indurated slabs of sandstone. This last phenomenon, if confirmed by future observers, may give us important information respecting changes of climate in different parts of the earth.

One of the most curious subjects of modern research relates to what are called Erratic blocks, or large masses of rock sometimes rounded, and often angular and unworn, which after having been detached from their native beds, have been transported by some unknown power to great distances. The most remarkable of these occupy a belt along the Jura range, above 800 feet above the lake of Neufchatel. These granitic masses must have travelled sixty or seventy miles from those parts of the Alps where alone the same granite occurs; but it is difficult to assign any known power by which such masses could have been conveyed. The most remarkable of these blocks, the *Pierre à Bot*, or Toadstone, was, as Professor Playfair informed the writer of this article, 64 feet

* At the meeting of the American Association of Geologists in April 1843, Mr. Redfield and Dr. Emmons exhibited fine specimens of fossil rain-marks in the new red-sandstones of New Jersey, and in the Potsdam sandstones, lower down in the rocks than heretofore observed.

long, 32 high, and 16 wide*—numbers which are easily remembered. In the arctic regions, large blocks have been transported to distant localities by floating rafts of ice; and hence it has been supposed by M. Charpentier and M. Venetz, and also by Agassiz, that erratic blocks had been carried to their present sites by the extension of existing glaciers, which, in the course of ages, have disappeared or shrunk back to their present dimensions.

The influence of icebergs, as the carriers of blocks and boulders, has been very recently studied in America by Mr. Hayes and Dr. Jackson. In the State of Maine, erratic blocks have been traced to a distance of 126 miles from their native bed. Blocks of granular granite from Viborg, in Finland, have been found near St. Petersburg and Moscow, at distances varying from 140 to 150 leagues; and blocks of sandstone have travelled from Lake Onega to Memel, a distance of 245 leagues. That icebergs perform, in many cases, the task of transportation, cannot be doubted. In the arctic regions, these icebergs are detached from glaciers which descend into the sea. When they tumble into the deep, huge waves are produced, which lift up large vessels upon the shore. It appears from oral accounts, that these icebergs are above 200 feet high, and from two to fifteen miles in length; and from careful admeasurement, some have been found from two to thirteen miles long. The limits on each side of the equator, beyond which icebergs are not found, are 40° of north, and 36° of south latitude.

The insufficiency of the glacial theory to account for the movement of erratic blocks, has led Mr. Hopkins, Professor Sedgwick, and others, to call to their aid the action of great currents of water, produced by the upheaval of the bottom of the sea. In ordinary waves, the water is moved only to a small depth from the surface; but Mr. Scott Russell, in his very valuable researches on this subject, has shewn, that when a solid mass has been suddenly raised from beneath the water, the surface of the fluid rises, in a similar degree, and produces a *wave of translation*, which does not rise and fall like the common wave, but advances above the general level, and sweeps, at the same time, along the bottom of the sea with a tremendous agency, capable of transporting the largest boulders. Mr. Hopkins has deduced from calculation the probable effects of such waves when elevations of from 160 to 200 feet are assumed; but though this theory may explain the transport of certain classes of boulders, there are cases of erratic blocks not water-worn, to which it is less applicable; and Professor Forbes has mentioned one of the

* Von Buch gives other measures, viz., 50 feet long, 46 high, and 20 wide, or 40,000 cubic French feet.

blocs perchés described by Charpentier, as situated on Mont Catogne, on a steep face of limestone, and at such a height above the bed of the Val de Ferret, that he considers it "impossible to conceive a block of that size deposited by the mere force of water."

There are few of our readers who have not heard of the *parallel roads* of Glenroy, in the county of Inverness. These roads, or shelves, or terraces, are *three* in number, running in horizontal and parallel lines along each side of the valley or glen, turning round the head of the valley, and apparently terminating at its mouth. They are such as would have been produced by the margin of a lake, that had stood for a long period at *three* different heights, and produced at each height a shelf, by washing down the detritus on its banks. Hence it has been a general opinion, that these parallel roads were thus produced, and that the lake had been emptied of its waters at three different times by some volcanic agency, which broke the lower barrier where the lake adjoined the valley of the Spean. Difficult as it was to admit three successive actions of volcanic power, which should leave no traces of their disturbance at the broken barrier, the theory received strong confirmation from the alleged fact, that the parallel roads had a water level, and consequently a curvature equal to that of the surface of standing water. Agassiz has lately applied the glacial theory to explain the formation of these shelves; and granting the existence of the agent, there can be no doubt of the legitimacy of its application. The fall of the Glacier of Getroz into the Val de Bagnes, in 1818, produced a lake half a league in length, 700 feet wide, and 200 feet deep; and the triple recurrence of such an event, after long intervals, would necessarily produce three parallel terraces, corresponding to its different heights. This theory, however plausible though it be, has not met with general acceptance, and has been supplanted by the ingenious speculation of Mr. C. Darwin, that the parallel roads are ancient lines of sea-beaches, produced by the action of the waves, and are indications of the successive rise of the land. Mr. Darwin and other observers have traced such raised beaches in several parts of Scotland. Similar indications have been studied of the elevation of the coasts of Norway and Sweden. Mr. Lyell has shewn, that since the existence of the present marine fauna, the province of Scania has been depressed beneath the Baltic, while other parts of the kingdom have been elevated. Professor Keilhau has measured the heights of different marine accumulations at altitudes of 600 feet, in the interior of Norway; and M. Bravais, by a series of accurate observations, has determined the exact levels of the lower and upper sea-beaches, which stretch from *ten to eighteen* leagues along the

sea-loch of Altenfiord : But though these two beaches seem parallel to the eye, the lower one, which was 46 feet high at its lower end, rose to 90 feet at its upper end, and the higher one from 92 to 122 feet. Hence it is considered probable, that this want of parallelism and horizontality, and the varying rise of the beaches towards the Norwegian chain, indicate a system of great ascending and descending movements of the earth originating in different centres of force, and indicating different intensities of action.*

Among the fossil remains of a pre-existing world, the least in size, though not the least in interest, are the organic remains of infusorial animalcules, of the genus *Bacillaria*, discovered by M. Ehrenberg of Berlin. Numerous genera of fossil insects had been found in the Jurassic limestone at Solenhofen, and in the tertiary gypsum at Aix ; but the fossil animalcules of Ehrenberg are not individual species, detected by a sharp eye or a powerful microscope—they actually form extensive strata of tripoli or polishing slate at Franzenbad, in Bohemia. These animalcules inhabit siliceous shells of singular beauty, and hence the white chalk-like powder, which a mass of them forms, is used by the inhabitants for polishing household articles of iron and brass. A single grain of this powder contains 180 millions of these animal exuviae. M. Ehrenberg has discovered the same animalcules in chalk flints, semiopal, and even in noble opal. We have now before us a specimen of a sort of green mud or powder from Virginia, which is constituted of analogous animalcular exuviae, far surpassing in variety and beauty the finest specimens of the Bohemian infusoriae. How such masses of these living beings should have accumulated to such an extraordinary extent, and been overwhelmed by one sudden catastrophe, is a problem of which it would be in vain to attempt the solution.

Having now given a short, and we trust intelligible and popular, view of the great discoveries of Cuvier, and of the principal topics of geological inquiry which have excited a general interest since his death, we must now present this great man to our readers in his character of an elegant writer and a sagacious statesman. When we look at the list of Cuvier's works, as given by M. Flourens, amounting to 206 Memoirs, it is difficult to understand how he found leisure for any other pursuits. His early devotion to Natural History, and to the observation of facts and the investigation of structures, was in no respect favourable to the cultivation of literature, or to the development of those higher

* Mr. Murchison, who has given a full account of these interesting researches, calls upon geologists to ascertain if the shelves in Glenroy are really parallel.—*Address to Geol. Soc.*, 1843, p. 48, 49.

powers of imagination and judgment, which constitute the orator and the sage. There are few examples in which the *minute* student of Nature has been distinguished either as a poet, an elegant writer, or a philosopher. Buffon, and Darwin, and Playfair, are not exceptions to this general rule. Naturalists only amid the sublimities of Nature, they had never been apprenticed to the dissector, the collector, and the classifier, and their vocation lay but among the functions of analysis and combination. Cuvier, on the contrary, was familiarized from his youth with the drudgery of observation. He wrought with the microscope and the scalpel: he collected, he labelled, he delineated, and he arranged; but he was thus a minute and hard-working naturalist, because he had early seen that he could not otherwise become a great philosopher. The grandest of his discoveries seem to have been presented to him as if by inspiration, and in the very bloom of his youth; and when he was sauntering on the shores of Normandy, picking up on the sea-beach a living species, and in the quarry a fossil shell, we doubt not that the existence of successive worlds, previous to our own, had been revealed to him as a poetical conception, to which every new fact, and every profound thought, gave the aspect of truth. This early dream, however, might have terminated in a poem or a romance; but he sought its confirmation in the examination of organic bodies, whether existing or extinct, and after collecting the previous labours of other naturalists, he found it necessary to place himself in the harness of daily labour, in order to obtain the data which were necessary to illustrate and establish his views. That this was the character of Cuvier's mind, and the high pressure under which his mental energies were evoked, will, we think, appear from a careful study of his *Eloges*.

The duty of writing biographical memoirs of his brother academicians was imposed upon him by his office of Perpetual Secretary to the Institute; and but for this obligation, his remarkable powers of composition might not have been so early developed. The first occasion on which he discharged this duty was on the 5th of April 1800, when he read, at a public sitting of the Institute, his *Life of Daubenton*, the celebrated naturalist whom Cuvier succeeded in the College of France. Daubenton had been the school-fellow, the friend, and the assistant of Buffon, and hence our author is led to contrast the characters of the two naturalists.

"The small town in which Daubenton was born," says Cuvier, "had also produced a man whom an independent fortune, personal and mental attractions, and an ardent thirst for pleasure, would have seemed to destine for a very different career than that of science; and yet he was unceasingly drawn to it by an inclination which he could

not resist—a never-failing indication of extraordinary talents. This man was Buffon. For a long time uncertain to what object he should apply his genius, he tried in their turn Geometry, Physics, and Agriculture; but having received from his friend Dufay the reversion of his office of superintendent of the Jardin des Plantes, Buffon fixed his choice upon Natural History, and he saw open before him that immense career which he pursued with so much glory.

“He at first measured it in all its extent; he saw at a glance what he had to do, what he could himself do, and what he required the aid of others in doing. * * * To give life and motion to a science then cold and inanimate; to paint nature such as it is, always young, always in action; to sketch in bold lines the admirable harmony of all its parts, and the laws which unite it into one system; to throw into the picture all the freshness and lustre of the original;—such was the difficult task of a writer who wished to restore to this fine science the lustre which it had lost; and for such a task, the ardent imagination of Buffon, his lofty genius, and his profound feeling of the beauties of nature, pre-eminently qualified him.

“But if truth had not been the basis of his labours—if he had lavished the brilliant colours of his palette on incorrect or faithless designs—if he had combined only imaginary facts—if he had been merely an elegant writer, and had not been a naturalist—he could never have aspired to the character of which he was ambitious—of becoming the reformer of science.

“It was necessary, therefore, that he should revise everything, collect everything, and observe everything. It was necessary to compare the form and dimensions of beings, to carry the scalpel into their interior, and to unveil the most hidden parts of their organization. Buffon felt that his own impatient spirit would not allow him to undergo such arduous labour; and he therefore sought for a man who united to the soundness of judgment, and fineness of tact necessary in such researches, sufficient modesty and devotion to be content with apparently a secondary part—to be, as it were, his eye and his hand; and such a person he found in the companion of his infancy—in Daubenton.

“But he found in him more than he had sought, more even than what he himself needed; and it was perhaps not in that department that he wished for Daubenton’s assistance that he was most useful to him.

“We may say, indeed, that there never was a pair better assorted. There existed, physically and morally between the two friends, the most perfect contrast, and each of the two seems to have possessed precisely the very qualities which were necessary for tempering those of the other by their opposition.

“Buffon, of an athletic frame, an imposing mien, and an imperious temper, desirous in everything of immediate enjoyment, seemed anxious to guess the truth rather than observe it. His imagination was ever placing itself between himself and nature, and his eloquence seemed to exercise itself contrary to his own reason before he employed it to convince that of others.

“ Daubenton, of a feeble temperament, a mild aspect, and a moderation which he owed to nature as much as to his own wisdom, carried into all his researches the most scrupulous circumspection. He neither believed nor affirmed any thing but what he had seen or touched; and so far from wishing to persuade by other means than evidence, he carefully avoided every metaphor and every expression calculated to mislead. * * * Buffon believed that he had found only a laborious assistant, who would smooth the inequalities of his path; whereas he found also a faithful guide to warn him of its dangers and its precipices. Many a time did the smile by which his friend expressed his doubts induce Buffon to reconsider his speculations; and many a time did one of those words, which that friend knew so well where to place, stop him in his precipitous career;—and thus did the wisdom of the one unite itself with the talents of the other, in giving to the ‘History of Quadrupeds’—the only work common to both—that perfection which has made it the most interesting of Buffon’s works.”* *Recueil des Eloges*, tom. i., p. 38—44.

These historical Eloges, thirty-nine in number, were continued almost annually, from 1800 till 1832, the year of his death.† They were always read at those sittings of the Institute, to which the public were admitted, and they never failed to call forth the highest admiration. In none of his writings do we find an equal display of the universality of his genius, the extent of his learning, and the noble elevation of his mind. With a style simple in its structure, and transparent in its elements—now sparkling with playfulness and fancy, now rich in its imagery and classical allusions—he delineates, with a precision of outline, and a copiousness of detail, at once fascinating and instructive. In the higher department of composition, his style becomes stately in its periods, overpowering by its energy, and majestic in its eloquence; and whether the subject belong to the natural or the moral world, the primeval or the passing age, he contrives to plant

* In this Memoir we have found, what we have long desired, an explanation of the ludicrous mistake committed by the celebrated Lalande (*Astronomie*, tom. i. § 469.) who, in speaking of the astronomer, James Ferguson, calls him *Berger du Roi D’Angleterre en Ecosse*—the King of England’s Shepherd for Scotland! Daubenton, as a Naturalist, had the charge of the Royal flocks of sheep in France. In order to retain his situation under the Republic, he required a *certificate of civism* from the section of the Sans Culottes. In this curious document, which Cuvier has given, he is called *The Shepherd Daubenton*. Lalande, whose great work was published at this period, had seen Ferguson designated *the Shepherd*, probably to distinguish him from Adam Ferguson the Philosopher, and hence he placed *Ferguson The Shepherd* in the same category with *The Shepherd Daubenton*, and made him *Shepherd to the King of England for Scotland!*

† *Recueil des Eloges Historiques*, par M. le Baron Cuvier. 3 vols. 8vo. The two first volumes were published in 1819, and the third in 1827. The Eloges of Ramond, Bosc, Sir H. Davy, Vanquelin, and Lamareck, read subsequently to 1827 are not included in the above collection.

upon his canvass some master-touch, which gives dignity and force to the picture.

But there is another and a higher merit which posterity will award to him. In the race of original inquiry, where ardent minds are climbing the same steep ascent, collisions and conflicting claims will doubtless disturb their tranquillity, and check their career. But when a philosopher becomes the historian and the arbiter of science, we may count upon finding truth in his record, and justice in his decisions. His fame will become the guarantee of his honesty, even when his integrity has not previously secured it. Cuvier possessed both these motives, though he required but one of them. Though elevated above most of his fellow-sages in rank and station, he regarded his intellectual achievements as his highest distinctions; and hence his devotion to science, and his admiration of all who advanced it, shine conspicuously in his *Eloges*. In recounting the triumphs of departed genius, he never fails in the amount or in the warmth of his praise. No countervailing affection dilutes it—no personal interest chills it—no national partiality overlays it. It is always just and discriminating—the willing tribute of a great, an honest, and a fervid mind.

Did our limits permit it, we should enter at some length into the details of Cuvier's history as a legislator and a statesman. A more interesting subject could scarcely present itself. Our legislators might study it with advantage; our statesmen might draw wisdom from it; and our sovereign, when in need, might learn where to find the most sagacious and the most faithful servants. In raising to political station individuals eminent in literature or in science, a variety of motives may concur. But in our own country, occurrences of this kind are so rare, that intellectual accomplishments, instead of being steps to official position, are grounds of exclusion from it. Had Buffon or Laplace been called to the high offices filled by Cuvier, there would have appeared no incongruity in their appointment. But that an anatomist should have been drawn from his dissecting-room to exercise high administrative functions in the State, is an event which in this country we should deem impossible. Nor does it appear less strange, that when Cuvier's high gifts were discovered and appropriated by the Emperor, he should daily return from the Council of State to the dissecting-room—from the Bureau to the Museum—from the Chancellor's seat to the Professor's chair. At one time he is hurrying to the Rhine to marshal the population against an invading enemy; at another, he is hastening to the provinces to collect coprolites, or to disinter skeletons. In the morning he sits with his scalpel dissecting a kangaroo, or prying into the abdominal mysteries of an

elephant. In the afternoon he presides in the Royal Councils, or officiates at the installation of a Sovereign. At one time he stands a bonesetter in his charnel-house, mustering around him the grinning citizens of Golgotha; and before the day is closed, he appears in the Royal Saloon, encircled with beauty and fashion—among genera and species which it would defy the moralist to classify, and amidst the glitter and flutter of ephemeral life, hurrying heedlessly onward to the catacombs of mortality.

The universality of Cuvier's knowledge, and his habits of order and of business, pointed him out, at an early period of his life, as peculiarly qualified for regulating and superintending the multifarious concerns of public instruction. Napoleon recognized, and availed himself of this peculiar talent, and hence Cuvier was led to devote to the subject the vigour of his faculties. In three printed reports he has given the most valuable information respecting the system of instruction in foreign schools and universities, and he has endeavoured to develop those hidden causes which have occasioned, in different countries, a decline in literature and science. Regarding the education of the people as the basis of public morality, and the best safeguard of the state, he strove to organize the initiatory schools as well as the metropolitan colleges, and to give to all the educational institutions of the empire that systematic form which could alone ensure the accomplishment of such high and important purposes. In the schools for *primary* instruction, the people were to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; in the institutions for *secondary* instruction, a more extended general education was to be given; and in the universities for *special* instruction, the youth were to be prepared for the learned professions, and for those judicial and administrative functions which are so essential to the right government of a great nation.

As a Protestant, Cuvier devoted much of his time to the management and improvement of the Protestant schools. He obtained the erection of fifty new cures which had long been wanting; and in carrying out these important objects, he had often to struggle against the Jesuits, who not only endeavoured to insinuate themselves into the universities, but to resist or to modify all his plans of public instruction.

The memory of Cuvier has not escaped the imputation of hostility to those political changes which the progress of society so imperiously require, and which an indignant people so often and so loudly demand from their rulers. Under the governments to which he belonged, and the singular circumstances which led to their formation, the most liberal statesman could scarcely fail to expose himself to the same charge. Cuvier avowed and defended the

principle, that the education of the people should precede the acquisition of political rights; but, while it was his wish, it was also his strenuous endeavour to fulfil the condition upon which their attainment was to depend; and we cannot regard that statesman as an enemy to the people's rights who offers them the best and the quickest means of obtaining and enjoying them. A secular education is doubtless an essential preparation of the public mind; but the only sure foundation of a stable government is a religious and moral education, in which morality is instilled by instructors who are themselves moral, and religion taught by pastors whom the people choose.

Valuable as the administrative talents of Cuvier were to his country, it is only as a Naturalist and a Philosopher that he is viewed by the historian of science; and unless we adopt the maxim of Napoleon, that the intellectual hero requires the rest and the variety of civil duties, we must concur in the wish so common among his countrymen, that the labours of Cuvier had been confined to the Museum and the Institute. When Newton became Master of the Mint, he had completed the great task to which his life had been devoted; but Cuvier was summoned to official duties in the very climax of his discoveries—and every hour that he devoted to politics was lost to science.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, he stands pre-eminent and unrivalled as a naturalist and a philosopher. Linnæus and Buffon were but the morning stars that heralded his advent; and if we seek for his name in the lists of immortality, we must find it on the same level with that of Newton and of Kepler. When the laws of the planetary system were announced in the *Principia*, the scientific world was prepared for their reception. Minds of the highest order had contributed their contingent, and in the final struggle, Newton had the good fortune to be the first who reached the goal. Cuvier, on the contrary, had no precursor, and no rival in his career. The scientific world was unprepared for his discoveries. They were opposed to the existing philosophy, as well as to the most hallowed prejudices of the age; and but for the evidence of demonstration which he marshalled in their support, they would have been regarded as the fictions of romance, or as the dreams of a disordered mind. In its expansive range, the genius of Newton carried him to the very limits of the visible universe; and in the survey of his achievements, the imposing ideas of magnitude and distance tend to exaggerate our estimate of them, and give a false colouring to their impressions. But time has its depths as well as space, and if Cuvier's genius was confined to our own globe, it ranged through periods of unlimited duration; it grasped in its syllogisms the ruins and regeneration of successive worlds; and it exhibited, in their remains, the waving forests of

our primeval earth,—the huge reptiles that took shelter in its caves, and the gigantic monsters that trod, uncontrolled, its plains.

Before Cuvier's time, history and tradition, and stern reason, had indicated to man but one creation, and one period for its duration. The starry heavens disclosed to us no indications of their origin, and exhibited no prospect of their passing away. But, now that it has been proved that our globe has been the theatre of such transcendent movements—the seat of so much revolution and change—the birth-place and the grave of so many cycles of organic life—may we not expect to find analogous laws in the planetary system of which that globe forms a part? Launched on the boundless ocean of space, the ark of human reason has no pilot at its helm, and no pole-star for its guide; but an authority which cannot err, has issued the decree, that the heavens themselves shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall be folded up; and that while they shall perish and pass away, a new heavens shall arise—the abode of happiness, and the seat of immortality. What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions on our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away—thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling in the mausoleums of former worlds—let us learn from reason the lesson of humility and wisdom—if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.

ART. II.—*The Highlands of Æthiopia.* By MAJOR W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. Author of "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," "Portraits of African Game Animals," &c. In three volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

THESE volumes contain an account of Major Harris' journey to the Christian court of Shoa, in Abyssinia, and of what he learned regarding that court and kingdom during a residence of

eighteen months. He went thither as the chief of an embassy to the Negoos, or King of Shoa, from the British Government; having been chosen by the Governor-General of India, who had charge of the affair, in consequence of previous experience of his talents and general acquirements. The object of the mission was to establish relations of alliance and commercial intercourse between the two governments and their subjects, and thereby to promote the extinction of the slave trade, the diffusion of legitimate traffic, and the increase of geographical and general knowledge.

The Embassy was despatched from Bombay in April 1841. Including *savans*, it consisted of ten persons, was attended by a small escort of British soldiers, besides some artisans and servants, and was amply supplied with the stores necessary for conciliating, by gifts or bribes, the chiefs of the barbarous countries through which it was to pass. Every security seems to have been taken for the attainment of its objects. And, accordingly, if we may believe Major Harris, the embassy was successful. A commercial convention was in due time concluded between Great Britain and Shoa. It consisted of sixteen articles. They are not published in these volumes, but Major Harris tells us that "they involved the sacrifice of arbitrary appropriation by the Crown of the property of foreigners dying in the country—the abrogation of the despotic interdiction which had, from time immemorial, precluded the purchase, or display of goods by the subject, and the removal of penal restrictions upon voluntary movement within and beyond the kingdom;" which restrictions, it seems, are a modification of an old national rule, not to permit a stranger who had once entered Abyssinia ever to depart from it. These are certainly great improvements in the laws of the Shoaan kingdom; and if the convention shall lead to the actual entrance of British traders and British manufactures among the Shoaan people, it will as greatly ameliorate their condition. Major Harris does not say what provision was made for the creation of such actual intercourse between the people of the two governments. The Shoaan country is a tempting field for commerce; but its frontiers are between three and four hundred miles distant from the western coast of the Red Sea. The route lies through a country difficult to traverse from its physical peculiarities, and dangerous from the habits and prejudices of its inhabitants. A safe transit must be secured to the trader. Perhaps this was the subject of one of the sixteen articles of the convention. We should have been glad of some information on this point; for one of the first questions which these volumes suggest, regards the practical utility of having a treaty of commerce with the ruler of an inland territory accessible only through

countries so little friendly to the traders for whose protection the convention is designed. But to this, and some other inquiries of equal interest, they give no satisfactory answer.

The objects of the Embassy, and its measures, are not, however, the topics to which we mean to devote this paper. Our design is to extract such information as we can condense within a limited space, respecting the people and country visited by Major Harris. On these subjects, his volumes, and the recent journals of the English Church Missionaries, Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf, afford us much interesting and curious information, and give the first minute account, by modern eye-witnesses, of the southern provinces of the ancient empire of Abyssinia. Neither Bruce the traveller, nor Gobat the missionary, who penetrated farther than any other modern visitors, reached the limits of Shoa. Hence the work of Major Harris opens up what is, to British readers in general, an entirely new country, and depicts a people which, if it cannot be termed new, is only on that account more interesting. Its monarchs claim to be descendants of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. They are the undoubted successors of those Christian Emperors of Ethiopia, who, in the earlier centuries, entered into alliances with the Emperors of Rome, and who, in the sixteenth century, renewed, through the Portuguese, a friendly intercourse with Christian Europe. Since the rupture of that friendship, their country has been almost altogether concealed from view, or has been seen only, as it were, by glimpses, and when placed at disadvantage. Any tolerable description of it must therefore possess a very peculiar interest, bringing before us, as it does, a people who at once excite the curiosity awakened by utter strangers, impress us with the reverence due to historical antiquity, and move in us the sympathies of brotherhood in religion.

It is difficult to imagine a more attractive subject for a book. But the volumes before us, though in some respects highly interesting, are on the whole very unsatisfactory. Their chief defect is a want of precise information. The proceedings of the embassy are not detailed distinctly, or with that specification of names, time, place, and circumstances, by which ordinary journalists give life and authenticity to their narrations. Of the individuals attending it, we learn from a list, that Captain D. Graham was principal assistant; Messrs. Kirk and Impey, surgeons, Dr. Roth, naturalist, &c. But they scarcely appear in the narrative; and neither from it, nor from the vague compliment in the preface, could any reader have the least notion of the great services to the embassy rendered by the Rev. Mr. Krapf. A similar obscurity besets many other topics, and makes the information regarding them most difficult of apprehension. One main cause of this

is the style of the author, which will never let him tell his story in plain and direct words. In the preface, he tells us, that, "written in the heart of Abyssinia, amidst manifold interruptions and disadvantages, these pages will be found redolent of no midnight oil." Accordingly, we expected to find an artless, unlaboured, and rather rude and blunt narration, betokening an intelligent yet unrheterical and practical soldier. To our surprise, and disappointment, we found one directly the reverse,—artificial and rhetorical in an unusual degree, as if the author's chief thought had been how to be impressive—to place objects and incidents in the most picturesque positions, and clothe them in the most sonorous diction. Of a work of travels, the style is an inferior quality. Nor should we have made any complaint, if the fault had been on the side of poverty; but, in the opposite fault, there is conveyed one of those claims to literary merit, which we, as critics, are bound either to allow or reject. The style of these volumes is so turgid and meretricious, as most seriously to detract from their utility, drawing off the attention of the reader from the matters narrated, to fix it on the manner, and frequently obscuring them from his vision in a mist of glittering verbiage.

But we leave this topic, and rather proceed to the more pleasant task of giving our readers a general view of the contents of these volumes. In doing so, we must make a selection among an innumerable crowd of objects and incidents well worthy of notice.

The Embassy sailed from Bombay in April 1841. A fortnight carried them to Aden in Southern Arabia. Here they left the steamboat, to purchase horses and other necessities for the land journey into the African interior, and also to engage a volunteer escort of European soldiers from the garrison.

The Embassy quitted Aden on the 15th of May, in the Euphrates brig of war, and stood across the Red Sea to the Gulf of Tadjura. They arrived in about two days; and on the morning of the 17th of May found themselves opposite the town or village of that name, beyond which towered above heaps of lava blocks, the lofty peak of Jebel Goodah. Tadjura consists of about two hundred houses, rudely constructed of frames of unhewn timber, arranged in a parabolic arch, and covered with date matting. In these were sheltered some twelve hundred inhabitants. It is a place of considerable traffic; slaves, ivory, gold dust, and spices, being brought in *kafilahs* or caravans from the African interior, and exported at this place; while it admits the Indian and Arabian manufactures, and other articles, for which these are exchanged at the inland marts. Here it behoved the Embassy to disembark, and begin the land

journey to the kingdom of Shoa, which is about 350 miles inland. The intermediate country, which is called Adel, is in possession of the Adaïel, a particular body or confederacy of the Danákil tribes. Tadjura is the seat of their government; and their present ruler, Sultan Mohammad ibn Mohammad, was then resident there. The first thing necessary was to obtain permission to land, and also liberty to proceed into the interior, along with proper guides, and the means of transport. From a very natural jealousy of this unwonted intrusion upon his territories of an armed body of Franks, the Sultan and his advisers scrupled to accord the desired permission. This occasioned various visits of ceremony and negotiation; and as our readers may desire to look on the chief ruler of a country through which they are to travel for some pages, we extract the author's description of his appearance at one of them.

"A more unprincipely object can scarcely be conceived than was presented in the imbecile, attenuated, and ghastly form of this most meagre potentate, who, as he tottered into the marquée, supported by a long witchlike wand, tendered his hideous, bony claws to each of the party in succession, with all the repulsive coldness that characterises a Dankáli shake of the hand. An encourager of the staple manufactures of his own country, his decrepid frame was enveloped in a coarse cotton mantle, which, with a blue-checked wrapper about his loins, and an ample turban perched on the very apex of his shaven crown, was admirably in keeping with the harmony of dirt that pervaded the attire of his privy council and attendants. Projecting triangles of leathers graced the toes of his rude sandals; a huge quarto koran, slung over his bent shoulder, rested beneath the left arm, on the hilt of a brass-mounted creese which was girded to his right side; and his illustrious person was farther defended against evil influence by a zone and bandalier thickly studded with mystic amulets and most potent charms, extracted from the Sacred Book. Enfeebled by years, his deeply furrowed countenance, bearing an ebony polish, was fringed by a straggling white beard; and it needed not the science of Lavater to detect, in the indifference of his dull leaden eye, and the puckered corners of his toothless mouth, the lines of cunning, cruelty, and sordid avarice."—Vol. i., pp. 46, 47.

The Danákil Tribes, to which this personage belongs, are the descendants of the Arabs, who many centuries ago, after the Abyssinians were expelled from Arabia, overran and colonized the low tract forming a zone between the Red Sea and the Abyssinian Alps. The precise extent of their territory, and their relation to the Abyssinian Emperor for some centuries, seem to be somewhat doubtful. In the 16th century, however, it is known, that under a famous leader called Graan, they overran Abyssinia itself. Graan was slain by a Portuguese, in the service of the Emperor; the progress of the Mahommedans arrested,

and their dominion restricted to the plains over which it now extends. Since then, frequent wars have been waged between them and what remains of the once powerful Ayssinian empire. Commanding as they do the direct passage between the Shoa kingdom and the East, the Negoos of Shoa has found it necessary to maintain some influence over them; and this being denied to his arms, he has of late sought to obtain it by management and concessions.

Of the character and condition of these tribes, Major Harris gives a portrait which is far from pleasing, even when allowance is made for the foolish exaggeration of his style. We cannot give particulars, but may say briefly, that they are a migratory, pastoral, and slave-dealing people—go always armed—are virulent Mahomedans, and exhibit in their government a rude democracy. There are several confederacies; and of these, the one called Adaiel or Debenik-Woema occupies the country between Tadjura and Shoa. This district is, in general, low and level, very barren, quite uncultivated, hot, and scant of water. The Hawash is the chief river; its course is north-east, but the stream is drunk in by the arid soil, and does not reach the sea.

After some days of annoying delay in negotiating with the Sultan, a liberal use of gifts, and quiet submission to various impositions and exactions, permission to advance was conceded, and mules, camels, and camel-drivers obtained for conveying the baggage of the Embassy. Of the kafilah or caravan, Izhak, brother of the Sultan, was named Ras, or commander, and it was accompanied by various persons of consideration among the tribes. The journey to Farri, the frontier town of the province of Efat, in Abyssinia, occupied several weeks. The progress was slow, at least according to European notions; the Mahomedan camel-drivers not caring to quicken their motions, to suit the impatient and imperious humour of the infidels. Frequent pauses, too, were occasioned by the anxiety of the Ras to protect the caravan from wandering robbers, and to conciliate the chiefs of the tribes which they successively met, each of whom expected from the caravan the usual testimony to his power and dignity, and price of its safety, in some substantial gift.

Shortly after setting out, they came to the Bahr Assál, or Great Salt Lake. Its distance from Tadjura by the route, is 42 miles, and is reached through a yawning defile, called Rah Eesah, or, "Road of the Eesahs," a hostile tribe. Lake Assál is situated in latitude $11^{\circ} 37' 30''$ N., longitude $42^{\circ} 33' 6''$ E., and is 570 feet below the level of the sea. The approach to it is through mountains rugged and very high, the immediately preceding station being 1700 feet above the sea level. No fresh water was to be found within a space of sixteen miles on either side, and

from this cause, joined to the intolerable heat of the close valleys of a tropical country, the party, in their advance through Rah Eesah, and in the day and night passed beside the lake, suffered terribly, and barely escaped with life. The first sight of the lake from the heights above it, disclosed "an elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, half filled with smooth water of the deepest cerulean hue, and half with a solid sheet of glittering snow-white salt, the offspring of evaporation—girded on three sides by huge hot-looking mountains, which dip their bases into the very bowl, and on the fourth by crude half-formed rocks of lava, broken and divided by the most unintelligible chasms." As they descended under a fiery sun, through glaring rocks, a close "mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant lake." The water was so salt as to smart the lips when tasted. Only one solitary bush grew in "this unventilated and diabolical hollow," for the shade of which the camels and mules disputed with the men, and many were obliged to take refuge in "noisome caves," formed by fallen masses of the volcanic rock, and hot as a furnace. Under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, the mercury stood at 126° during the entire day—a paralyzing heat, which prevented minute examination of the phenomenon beside them. But Major Harris is of opinion, that it formed at some remote period a continuation of the gulf of Tadjura, and was separated from Goobut el Kheráb, (a curious cove on the sea-shore, with which Bahr Assál is supposed to have a subterranean connexion,) by a stream of lava six miles broad. This now forms the high barrier between them, having on its summits many traces of craters. The lake is evidently undergoing a process of evaporation, and it will probably be in time converted into a dry deposit of salt.

After broiling all day in this "suffocating Pandemonium," the party, whose misery was now augmented by a total want of water, set off by moonlight for the next station, sixteen miles distant. The sufferings of the march were dreadful; there was an incessant cry for water; dogs expired on the road; mules and horses lay down and were abandoned to their fate, and the courage and almost the reason of the men were about to desert them, when a Bedouin, whom Mohanmad Ali had sent forward, returned with a large skinful of water. This being poured over the faces and down the throats of the sufferers, revived every one sufficiently to enable them to "struggle into the camp" at the well of Hamlefanta, where they were more thoroughly recruited.—Shortly after, they had sad experience of the barbarism of the country, in a savage murder of three of the escort, by some rovers from distant and hostile tribes, who, stealing into the encampment during darkness, killed their victims as they lay asleep.

But such appearances of mildness must not deceive us. It is quite possible that in their physical condition, men in that country suffer little by being reduced to slavery. Still it is not the less certain that slavery is hated and dreaded by them as by other human beings. The violence and bloodshed by which the slave-marts are replenished, sufficiently attest this; and Major Harris mentions the very significant fact, that the value of a slave increases in proportion to his distance from home, because the chance of his running away becomes so much less. It seems, then, that men there, as elsewhere, hate being slaves, notwithstanding the mildness of their slavery. But even if it were not felt to be an evil by its victims, it would not be the less a calamity to them, nor would our obligation become one whit the less stringent to root out the horrible trade which keeps a continent in anarchy and degradation.

Travelling onwards to Abyssinia, they got glimpses of its great blue range looming in the distance, and at length fell in with the Hawash. This river rises in the heart of that country, at 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and flows like an artery through the arid Adel plains, its banks green and wooded, till it fails, and is absorbed in lagoons at Aussa. It was passed on rafts with some labour, at a point, the nominal boundary of Shoa, 2000 feet above the sea, and where the stream was at the time sixty yards broad, rolling a deep volume of turbid water at the rate of three miles an hour, between clayey banks twenty-five feet in height. Its banks were lined with close thickets of underwood, teeming with Guinea fowl, and noble forest trees of tamarisk and accacia, whose shattered branches bore witness to the presence of the elephant and hippopotamus, while the copse and neighbouring swamps were alive with the beasts and birds of Africa. Leaving the Hawash, and passing through a district where they saw fields of extinct craters, (the whole region indeed seems volcanic), they reached, at their thirty-second station, the foot of the highlands of Abyssinia. Here, at an elevation of 3000 feet, they, for the first time since they had set foot in Africa, drank of pure running water, and enjoyed the delights of an invigorating breeze and a cloudy sky. Pitching their tents under some wide spreading trees, on whose branches were gigantic nests, and strange birds of glittering plumage and melodious warble, they saw above them an alluring prospect of the country whither they were journeying—"hill rose above hill, clothed in the most luxuriant and vigorous vegetation; mountain towered above mountain in a smiling chaos of disorder, and the soaring peaks of the most remote range, threw their hoary heads sparkling with a white mantle of hail, far into the cold azure sky." Villages and hamlets embosomed in dark foliage, and rich fields

of various hue, coloured by the setting sun, completed the enchantment of the scene.

The frontier town of Farri, where caravans are received by the King of Shoa's officers, was but five miles distant. But, to their surprise and mortification, no greeting from the Monarch had yet reached the Embassy. Now, however, they ascertained that this seeming slight was occasioned by a certain Wulasma Mohammad, the hereditary Abogaz of the Moslem population of Argobba or Efat, on the east of Shoa—the holder of an office of ancient standing, of which the duty is to maintain amicable relations between the Adaiel and the Abyssinians, and protect the kafilahs coming from Hurrur or Tadjura. Besides being the chief of the Wulasmoch, (for under him are many more over detached provinces,) and having as such the charge of admitting foreigners into the territory of the Negoos, this Wulasma Mohammad is chief Jailor of Shoa, and in that capacity then held in fetters, and under ground in his stronghold at Goncho, on the summit of a conical hill, three brothers of the Negoos, suffering that perpetual custody to which the custom of Abyssinia dooms the royal kindred.

The Negoos had despatched a body of 300 matchlock men, with orders to meet the Embassy at the Hawash. But this functionary, jealous of this unwonted intrusion into his province, and opposed to European innovation, had sent them back on the pretext that the Embassy could not be heard of. He now gave it a reluctant and insulting greeting; but a fresh message of welcome from the Negoos, with the return of the guard of honour, bringing with them a horse arrayed in royal trappings, at last extracted from the "pompous and overbearing Wulasma" proper civility and politeness. At Dinomalli, an impost of *ten per cent.* on the goods of all caravans is levied; but the luggage of the Embassy was, though with difficulty, passed unopened and free. On July 16th, they reached Farri, whose conical-roofed houses, clustered on the sloping sides of twin-hills, were the first permanent dwellings they had seen since they left the sea-coast.

The camel, hitherto their chief beast of burden, here becomes useless from the steepness of the roads and the increasing coldness of the climate. The baggage was now transferred to the backs of 600 Moslem porters, impressed by royal authority, and carried 3000 feet higher to the town of Alio Amba. It was a cool and lovely morning, and the road, rough and stony, led over hill and dale, now skirting the edge of a precipitous cliff, now descending into a valley, and again winding through shady lanes bordered with flowering hedgerows. Terraces, into which the entire range was broken by banks supporting the soil, showed

wheat, barley, Indian corn, beans, pease, cotton, and oil plant in luxuriant growth, and on every eminence stood conically-thatched houses, environed by green hedges, and partially embowered amid dark trees. As the procession passed, the peasant quitted his field labour to gaze at the novel sight, whilst "merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson, left their avocations in the hut to welcome the King's guests with a shrill *ziroleet*."

Alio Amba, like the other towns, villages, and hamlets of a country where terrific rains periodically swell the valleys with impetuous floods, stands on an eminence about five miles from Ankober, the capital of Shoa. Its population is about 2000 of various Mahomedan tribes. The chief market of the country is held here every Friday, at which are seen exposed for sale, honey, cotton, grain, beads, metal, coloured thread, glass ware, cotton cloths, coffee, horses, mules, &c. Here resort not only the neighbourhood, but natives of the Galla countries, traders from the interior, and caravans from the coast. Adjoining to it is the slave mart of Abd el Rasood, supplied by the kidnappers in the interior. Among the coins current here, in Abyssinia, and in this part of Africa generally, are blocks of black salt, the size of a mower's whetstone, of which the value is about twopence sterling each.

The Embassy was kept at Alio Amba in very uncomfortable lodgings, much to the annoyance of Major Harris, for some days, during which, we presume, he penned the 38th and 39th chapters of his first volume, in which he takes leave of the people of Adel by what he calls a "parting tribute of gratitude," but which is as frightful an indictment against a nation as we have ever read. We may quote the running titles of some pages,— "habitual laziness," "untameable spirit," "hideous aspect," "affection for rancid tallow," "miserly disposition," "savage propensities," "vindictive nature," "boast in blood," "bigotry and superstition," "despicable character," "abhorrence of truth," "a nation of assassins." The delay during which Major Harris was venting this objurgatory matter, was rendered the more intolerable from Ankober the capital being within sight, and the Negroos known to be at hand. But etiquette, and state policy, and bad omens, stood in the way of an immediate interview. These, however, at last yielded to the "burning curiosity of the savage;" and, after he had taken up his residence at the palace (so Major Harris calls it) of Machal-wans, adjacent to Alio Amba, Major Harris and his companions were ushered into the presence of Sáhela Selássie. From the account of the interview we extract the following description of the audience-chamber, and of his Majesty. After mentioning that he had obtained leave

to fire a royal salute from three galloper guns, part of the gifts for the King, the author says :—

“ The last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain, as the British Embassy stepped at length over the high threshold of the reception hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets and rugs of all sizes, colours, and patterns, covered the floor, and crowds of Alakas, (priests,) governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court, arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect, uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats, whilst, in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honour, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Ethiopic state his most Christian Majesty Sáhela Selássie. The *Dech Agufari*, or state door-keeper, as master of the ceremonies, stood with a rod of green rushes to preserve the exact distance of approach to royalty; and as the British guests entered the hall, and made their bows to the throne, motioned them to be seated upon chairs that had previously been sent in; which done, it was commanded that all might be covered. The King was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls after the fashion of George the First; and, although considerably disfigured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble*, belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide, even the Danákil comparing him to a ‘fine balance of gold.’”—Pp. 410, 411, vol. 1.

The author then goes on to tell of the display of the presents, and how the assumed dignity of the barbarian monarch was gradually overcome by surprise and wonder, as rich carpets, Chinese toys, muskets, &c., were, one after another, laid before him; how he and his courtiers admiringly gazed at the escort going through the platoon exercise—were astonished at the unerring precision of the artillery's fire, and looked with reverence upon the ungainly leathern buckets, linstocks, and sponge-staves of the galloper guns, which, before they knew their use, had caused much contemptuous mirth. Next day the Embassy were sent forward to the capital. Ankober is 8200 above the sea. Its latitude is 9° 34' 45" N.; longitude 39° 54' 0" E. It contains from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is

described as standing on a singularly shaped mountain, the extreme pinnacle of which—a spire-like cone—is occupied, from the summit to the base, by the palace of the Nègoos. This is an ungainly looking building, with stony gable ends, and numerous rows of clay chimney tops, comprehending the houses, store-houses, stables, slaughter-houses, and other offices, for the whole retinue, freemen and slaves, of this potentate, all enclosed and fortified with palisades and barred stockades. The town covers the mountain side, and is a collection of thatched houses of all sizes, resembling barns and hay-stacks, which rise above one another in irregular tiers, intermingled with impending rocks, and connected by narrow lanes and hedgerows. A new house had been prepared for the Embassy. It was of wood, of oblong shape, having a door at each end, a thatched roof, and hide-covered sides, full of interstices, without chimneys, without windows, a floor of mud, and contained only one room, divided by inner walls from two narrow verandais, set apart for lumber, horses, and cattle. Still it was an unusually favourable specimen of Shoaan architecture. Here they deposited their effects, and were shortly afterwards entertained by the festivals that usher in their new year, beginning on 1st September, on which occasion there was a grand review of 10,000 cavalry, and much barbaric pomp displayed.

The passage, which we have thus slightly sketched, from the Adel country to the kingdom of Shoa, presented to our travellers, in closer vicinity than, perhaps, anywhere else in the world, a series of striking contrasts, both physical and moral. For weeks they had been traversing a wide plain. They were now in a land of mountains, which, shooting up abruptly from the long level beneath, were agreeably distinguished from it by their innumerable craggy heights, their profound depths, and long stretches of slopes, and undulating table land. They had been wandering shadowless, under a tropical sun. They were now transported to a climate which, save in the low wooded valleys, which are hot and pestilential, was always temperate, and at times cold, reminding them, by its bracing power, of their northern home. They had seen vegetable nature withering from drought, and men and animals disputing the possession of every brackish, unsightly, and polluted pool. But now all around were sparkling rivulets of the purest water; they were in a land which, twice every year, was visited by the most copious showers; once by the “rain of bounty,” which lasts through February; again, by the “rain of covenant,” which, enveloping all things in a white misty shroud, and pouring throughout July, August, and September, causes the annual swelling of the Nile. All through the long tract of the plain, they had found the soil

niggard or barren, and, saving on the narrow border of the river Hawash, vegetation scanty, coarse, and stunted. Here it was in the valleys gigantic, while it was beautifully luxuriant on the slopes and table land, the unmanured soil yielding, without exhaustion, to unskilful tillage, two crops in the year. No less striking were the contrasts presented by the inhabitants of the two districts. Below, they were roving tribes, dwelling in moveable tents. By a few steps, they had ascended to a country of towns, and villages, and hamlets, the abodes of a stationary people. Below, was a people bred to war, and constantly in arms; above, a nation, of which the peasantry, though owing military service to their governors, spent the most part of their days in the peaceful labours of industry. Contrary to ordinary experience, they had found warlike shepherds on the plains; and now, as unusually, they found husbandmen on the hills; and while the people below were in demeanour high and haughty, and in disposition fierce and rapacious, an "iron race," such as, according to the poet, is native to the hills—those above displayed, on the other hand, the "gentler genius" which he has assigned to the plains, were profuse in the forms of civility and sycophancy, baring their shoulders to the waist before superiors, and kissing the dust in presence of their king. They had left a community under a government, rude, but equal and free; and of which the chief defect and evil was, that the common will was too weak, and the individual too powerful and independent. But in the mountains was a community of political slaves; men crouching before an hereditary monarch, holding life, rank, and property, at his disposal, awed by the sound of his name, swearing by his life; for his honour and benefit, submitting to taxes on the produce of their labour, restrictions on their industry, sumptuary laws, and monopolies. And lastly, while all over the plains they had been, as Christians, despised and insulted, and had found Mahomet everywhere revered as the only prophet of God, and the Koran as his law, they had now come among a nation of their own faith—a land of priests and monks, of crosses, churches, and monasteries—a land where every man bore, as a badge of his Christianity, a blue silk cord around his neck, and manifested his zeal for the faith, by refusing to eat or drink with pagan or Mahomedan.

It is this last circumstance—the Christianity of its inhabitants—that invests Shoa and Abyssinia in general, with peculiar interest. The churches of Africa fill a large space in the ancient history of Christendom. But they disappeared from European observation, when the southern shores of the Mediterranean were overrun by the Saracens; and for centuries, western Christendom was entirely ignorant, that behind Egypt and Nubia, there existed

a great Christian kingdom. Even still, not a few will hear with surprise, that in that region there are not Christians merely, but a national establishment of Christianity, which dates from the earliest ages.

The Abyssinians trace their Christianity to the Ethiopian eunuch, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles; but authentic history fixes its introduction among them to the beginning of the fourth century, by Frumentius, its first bishop. In the next century, the Christian Church was established in the Abyssinian empire, and seems to have spread far into the heart of Africa. Frumentius derived his episcopal orders from the Patriarch of Alexandria; and the Church which he founded has ever since faithfully kept its allegiance to that apostolic see. When Dioscorus, the Alexandrian Patriarch, was condemned with Eutyches, by the Council of Chalcedon in 481, for denying the human nature to Christ, the Abyssinians rejected the decrees of the Council; and for fifteen centuries the "Aboon," or Patriarch of the Ethiopic Church, has been invariably a Coptic priest, sent from Egypt, and ordained by the Father at Alexandria. Of the state and fortunes of this Christian Church and kingdom during the middle ages, the notices in accessible history are extremely scanty. It appears that Abyssinia, politically considered, had undergone the expansion and contraction usual to nations, having at one time extended itself across the Red Sea into Asia, and having again been not only driven back into Africa, but shorn, by the spread of Mahommedanism, of the low provinces along the Red Sea coast. About the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese, from their possessions in the east, discovered and made known to European Christendom this hidden Christian kingdom. The intercourse forthwith established between them and the Abyssinians was at first friendly; but the Europeans were soon shocked by the discovery, that their new brethren were living in the double criminality of heresy and schism; and every other consideration was forgotten in eagerness to subdue them to the faith and the dominion of Rome. This enterprise was assumed by the Jesuits as their special work. Then followed a contest, continued for many years, between the missionaries of Rome and the people of Abyssinia, in which the former made a full display of the persevering, crafty, merciless, daring, unscrupulous ambition, characteristic of their famous order. After many repulses, they succeeded, in the early part of the seventeenth century, in converting the Negoos, or Emperor. The events which followed, remind us of the nearly contemporaneous story of our own country. Edicts went forth, proclaiming that the nation had submitted to the Roman Pontiff, and commanding the people to adopt the faith, observe the rites, and receive the

priests of the Romish Church. But they obstinately refused; force was called in to produce submission; popular insurrections followed one after another; all were quenched in deluges of blood. But in the end, the inhuman labour of persecution disgusted the Emperor; and after a great victory over 20,000 of the peasantry, wherein 8000 perished, he relinquished the bloody task to which Rome had set him, yielded, like our Scottish legislators, to the "inclinations of his people," and by an edict, distinguished for its frankness and simplicity, restored religious peace to Abyssinia. "Hear! hear! We formerly gave you the Roman faith, believing it to be true; but innumerable multitudes of my people having been slain upon that account, under the command of Julius, Guergis, Cerca Christos, and others, as now also among the peasants: We do therefore restore the religion of your fathers to you, so that your priests are to take possession of their churches again, and to officiate therein as formerly."

The whole ended in the final expulsion of the Roman emissaries from Abyssinia. The result is gratifying as a triumph of religious liberty, and as a check to the extension of the Romish despotism and superstition. It must be owned, however, that pure religion was little involved in the struggle. The religion of Abyssinia equals—it can scarcely surpass—that of Rome itself, as a corruption and debasement of Christianity. The passages in these volumes, descriptive of its tenets and usages, seem relations of some strange superstition, rather than of our own religion. Major Harris gives a "Confession" of the Ethiopic faith; but he does not state whence he derived it; and it bears, we think, internal evidence of being not official or complete. From his chapters, and other sources, we learn the following particulars which may interest the reader.

The Ethiopic Church agrees, with other Eastern Churches, in holding the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father only; it maintains, besides, the Eutychian doctrine respecting the nature of Christ. In these respects it differs from all the Western Churches. But from the Romish Church it is farther distinguished by its doctrine in regard to the supremacy of the Pope, in which it concurs with Protestants; to the rule of faith, which it limits to Scripture (including the Apocrypha); to the Eucharist, which it administers in both kinds to the laity, and regards neither as a transubstantiation nor a sacrifice; to the celibacy of the clergy, who may be married; to the adoration of images, which it reckons unlawful, though its churches abound with rude paintings of God, angels, and saints; and to the state of the soul after death, rejecting purgatory, yet owning an intermediate state, not less gainful to the priesthood, wherein

the happiness of the departed is affected by the fasts and alms of the living. But, like Rome, it invokes saints and angels as intercessors with God, surpassing all other Christians in the honours (if such they be) paid to the Virgin and St. Michael, and having a most copious calendar of saints, with a corresponding list of festivals and fasts. It enjoins, also, confession to the priest, whose curse is dreaded by the people as the last calamity, while they confidently rely on the almsgiving and penances he imposes as an expiation of sin. Its most extraordinary peculiarities are certain usages and ceremonies, either borrowed from the Jews, or retained from the old Ethiopic faith. Their churches, which generally are small and mean, resemble precisely the Jewish temple. Like it, they are divided into three parts; the innermost is the holy of holies, and may be entered by the priest alone. Here the communion vessels are deposited, and the sacramental elements consecrated; and here is kept the "Tabot," or Ark, a mysterious box, inhabiting all their churches, the contents of which are awfully concealed from the vulgar eye, though "the gold of the foreigner" (so Major Harris terms a bribe) enabled him to ascertain that they are only a scroll of parchment, inscribed with the name of the patron saint. Save on certain occasions, the laity cannot pass beyond the outer porch; unbelievers, and all subject to the Levitical uncleanness, are carefully shut out; all must be barefoot, and the threshold and the door must be kissed in passing. The service is in the Geez, or ancient Ethiopic, now a dead language; it commences with the Jewish Trisagion, and as David danced before the Lord, so their priests, armed with a cross and a slender crutch, the badge of their office, "caper and beat the ground with their feet, stretch out their crutches to each other with frantic gesticulation, whilst the clash of the timbrel, the sound of the drum, and the howling of harsh voices, complete a most strange form of devotion." They observe with equal strictness the seventh day and the first; the Sabbath of the Jews, and the Lord's-day of the Christians. They observe the Levitical prohibitions as to unclean animals; they wash their cups and platters as a religious duty; they will not eat or drink with pagan or Moslem; nor taste of flesh that has not been slain in the name of the Trinity. They practise circumcision; not asserting it to be obligatory, yet rigorously imposing it on every pagan convert to Christianity. They allow of concubinage. They are all baptized once every year, commemorating the baptism of Christ, at the Epiphany, by a religious procession to the river, into which men, women, and children enter in a promiscuous and shameless crowd. Fasts, of extraordinary frequency, are observed with unexampled strictness; two every

week, on Wednesday and Friday ; while reckoning all the holy-days together, one entire half of the year is consumed, by command of the Church, in ruinous idleness. Mingled with these corruptions of Christianity, and remnants of Judaism, there exist, if not by the laws of the Church, at least in the usages of the people, many remains of heathenism. Ostrich eggs surround the cross that crowns every church, and they depend from the ceiling within ; in times of sickness or danger, an ox, after being slowly led round the house or the village, is sacrificed with its face to the east ; they believe in signs and omens, demons and sorcerers, and have undoubting faith in charms and amulets. To this imperfect sketch we add, that while the lessons and prayers of divine service are in the dead Ethiopic or Geez tongue, only four religious books are written in the Amharic, the present language of Christian Abyssinia ; these are a tissue of absurd controversies and monkish legends ; and while the legends delight the Abyssinian laity, the controversies compose the entire knowledge of the clergy, who exercise their intellects, expend their virulence, and are split into hostile sects, by disputes respecting the three births of Christ, and the knowledge of the human soul in the womb.

The country is overspread to excess with churches. And of the numbers of the professed religious in all Abyssinia, an estimate may be formed from the statement, that they amount in Shoa to near one fourth of the population.* The Aboon is the ecclesiastical head ; and the Ethiopic Church confines to his hands alone the grace or virtue that makes a clergyman ; differing in this from other churches, called apostolic, which allow it to all bishops. Next in dignity is the Grand Prior of the Monks of Debra Libanos ; then the Bishops (Comos), the Priests (Alaka), and the Deacons. The clergy may marry ; but on the demise or divorce of the first wife, no second is permitted. Monasteries abound, and their sites in Abyssinia, as elsewhere, are generally distinguished for comfort and beauty. An easy ceremony admits to the monkish order ; and as the life of the professed is one of ease and indulgence, and as the "putting on angels' clothing" (so they term turning monk) absolves from all debts, the land swarms with monks, friars, and anchorites, who roam through it as its pests and plagues. Certain revenues from lands and villages are set apart for every clerical establishment, and to these a large addition is made by baptism, funeral, and other fees, and by the voluntary donations of the superstitious people, who have a sacred reverence for the clergy, and

* This is accounted for by the fact mentioned by Mr. Gobat, that as they advance in life, most men and women become monks and nuns.

think that the kiss of a priest's hand cleanses from sin. The result is, that the clergy are like the people, ignorant, superstitious, and immoral, jealous of innovations, hating heretics, and observing their routine of religious forms, some of them with the sincerity of devotees, others as the businesslike followers of a gainful profession. We need scarcely add, that of those doctrines which Protestants regard as the power of Christianity, the ignorance is so entire, and they are so opposite to the rooted ideas of the people, that they can scarcely be so much as understood. It is possible, however, that there may be some misapprehension on this point. The sacred fire may still be burning, however feebly, even amid an atmosphere so impure—the Divine Inhabitant may still be present in this polluted temple. At all events, there is hope for the future, if it be true, that at the foundation of Abyssinian Christianity lies the Holy Scriptures; and so long as there is there no infallible Church, consecrating with its authority the manifold corruptions from which it sprung, and by which it is nourished.

In these observations we have had reference to Abyssinia at large, of which, however, the Shoan Kingdom is but a small portion. Abyssinia, geographically speaking, comprehends all the highlands behind Nubia to about the ninth degree of north latitude. It now consists of three districts, politically separate. Tigré, in the north; Amhara in the west; and Shoa in the south. The Emperor of all Abyssinia, the great Negoos, traced his origin to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. His descendants still exist; and of these one lives at Gondar, with the title of Emperor, but without the power; his sole office being to give the sanction of imperial authority to the most fortunate and powerful Ras, or chief, among the many who dispute the command of of Northern Abyssinia.

The present Negoos of Shoa is Sáhela Selássie, the seventh of a dynasty that claims to be a branch of the House of Solomon. His ancestor, married to a daughter of the reigning Emperor, was governor of one of the southern provinces; and he and his descendant, having regained from the Adáiel and the Galla tribes, first Efat, and then Shoa, gradually assumed independence and the rank of Negoos of a separate kingdom. The present inheritor of their possessions and dignities enjoys, with the title, all the reverence attached to the ancient royal lineage, and his kingdom alone preserves any resemblance to the old Abyssinian empire.

The "hereditary dominions" of this prince are described as a rectangular domain of 150 by 90 miles, and traversed by five systems of mountains, of which the culminating point divides the waters of the Nile and Hawash. The population of Shoa and Efat is reckoned to be one million; there are besides numerous

dependencies occupied by Pagans and Mahomedans, estimated to be a million and a half more. The government is theoretically and in practice a pure despotism. So thoroughly identified is law with the person of the King, that between the death of one sovereign and the inauguration of his successor, anarchy is established, and all over the land every atrocity is perpetrated, without fear of retribution or punishment. On the occasion of inauguration, a herald proclaims aloud, "We have reason to mourn and also to rejoice, for our old father is dead; but we have found a new one,"—words reminding us of the exclamation of our continental neighbours on a similar event, "*Le Roi est mort!—vive le Roi!*" The whole people mourn for seven days; but the uncles and brothers of the new monarch feel the calamity for life—for in this Abyssinia, where we have been taught by the delightful romance of Johnson, that the royal princes spend their days in a happy valley, the invariable custom is to consign them to a subterranean dungeon. Here they pass life in chains, carving wood and ivory. Seven persons were so confined, when Major Harris entered the country. Having been of service to the Negroes in sickness, he pressed him to release them. "And I will release them," said the monarch. "By the holy Eucharist, I swear, and by the Church of the Holy Trinity in Koora Cadel, that if Sáhela Selássie rise from the bed of sickness, all of whom you speak shall be restored to liberty." The last pages of the work contain an interesting account of the scene of their release. "Leaning heavily on each others' shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onwards with cramped and minute steps," fell at the foot of the throne, and rising again with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, kept their standing posture uneasily, while they gazed stupidly around them with eyes unaccustomed to the day. It was evident that the iron had entered into their souls,—

"In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now timidly presented to the King. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that cowered before him, and after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the residue of their days near his own person."

—P. 389, vol. iii.

The Negoos is approached with prostration and kissing of the ground, with adoration rather than respect. Like despots in general, he is easy of access, and administers justice in person; and the least signification of his will receives implicit obedience. He holds in command the life and property of all; even in the Church he is supreme—the spiritual courts being under his control, and the offending clergy not unfrequently subjected to stripes and manacles. “The best parts of the soil are his.” His revenues consist of money and of produce, derived from a tax on the fruits of the earth, monopolies, perquisites, and gifts made by the four hundred governors, and fifty Abogazochi, or border wardens, to whom he commits the rule of his provinces and dependencies. Of their whole value we have no precise statement, but they far exceed his expenditure, which is about 10,000 crowns per annum. The surplus is added to the royal treasures, accumulated by himself and his ancestors. These are deposited on Mount Mamrat—the “mother of grace,” 13,000 feet high, and the most elevated pinnacle of Shoa—in many caves and subterranean crannies, covered in with iron plates, and known only to Ayti Habli, the chief smith, and highest minister of the crown.

With few exceptions, his governors owe their posts to his favour; they maintain them only by constant gifts; they forfeit them by the slightest offence; and on a sudden a man is tumbled from power and splendour to the most menial condition. Each of these governors is, in his own sphere, an imitator of the king, exacting from his own dependents the same adulation and the same services with which he is obliged to propitiate the sovereign. And as they are compelled to replenish the royal treasury, they have an ample pretext for oppressing those under them by arbitrary levies.

The population, however, are far from being so depressed and miserable, as a government so despotic and arbitrary might be expected to make them. Though industry is fettered, a heavy tax levied from agricultural produce, justice venal, monastic and clerical establishments in excess, though there is no enterprise and little skill, yet they have not only risen above hunting and *nomade* barbarism, but attained to a degree of comfort and abundance. Under certain despotic restrictions, private property in the land is everywhere sanctioned. There are few forests and wastes; farmsteadings and dwelling-houses repose in security; the plough and irrigation are in use; and although their skill is small, and their implements few and rude, yet, from their fertile soil, a numerous, though not over-crowded population, is able to procure an abundance of the necessities of life.

We have been speaking of the Christian population in the hereditary provinces. But the present Negoos is a statesman and

a conqueror; and by his combined skill and valour has considerably enlarged his dominions. His acquisitions have been chiefly from the Galla to the south, in Guraguê, Enárca, or Zingero; for he candidly confesses that he could not prevail over the people of Gesh to the north, or of Adel to the east, because the former have "large shields, and fight hand to hand," and the latter "stand firm in battle, and will not run away." But of his southern acquisitions, the author complains that no means have been taken to secure the permanency. He compels submission by an invasion; imposes a tribute and retires; his power is forthwith forgotten and rule disowned by the inconstant and thoughtless barbarians; and a fresh campaign must be undertaken to restore it. Military expeditions for this purpose are, accordingly, part of his stated policy; and it would almost seem that in inroads and plundering consists the only government he maintains over some of these southern dependencies. The Shoan peasant is bound to do military service to his governor, and every governor furnishes a contingent proportioned to his province, to the national muster. At least once every year the king makes a levy; and as it is to slay heathens whom they piously hate, and to carry off slaves and plunder, the Amhara peasant gladly equips himself with sword, spear, and buckler, and mounts his horse for the foray. The Negoos alone knows the destination of the army; and this he carefully conceals, sometimes announcing an opposite route, sometimes following one for days, and then by forced marches gaining the true road, in order that his victims may be caught unprepared, and a rich harvest of plunder reaped with ease and safety.

Major Harris accompanied Sáhela Selássie in one of these expeditions. The omens which the Negoos carefully consults having all been propitious, he issued at sunrise from his palace, resplendent in cloth of gold, and with all the emblems of barbaric royalty, the imperial crimson velvet umbrellas, the sound of trumpets and of the *nugareet*, or kettle-drums. Before him went the Holy Scriptures and the ark of St. Michael's cathedral, borne on a mule under a canopy of scarlet cloth; around him was a guard of matchlock men, and behind a train of governors, judges, monks, priests, singers, a band of women-cooks and eunuchs, while a crowd poured in from all sides, of warriors, henchmen, camp followers, with horses, mules, and asses, throngs of women and lads carrying the varied furniture of a camp, and all in picturesque disorder. Increasing as it proceeded, the array grew soon to fifteen, and at last to twenty thousand warriors. Each man followed his own lord, and carried provisions for a twenty days' campaign. Their course lay across the country to the south-west. As they advanced, deputations from tributary tribes approached

with bared shoulders, and in humble attitudes, to propitiate the despot. Passing these without molesting them, and rolling along in utter irregularity and confusion, the immense crowd was, after some days, encamped in the devoted country. Here, after making several forced marches, plundering as it went, the Amhara army was one morning suddenly reduced from tumultuary confusion to the national military array, and forthwith bolted "like a cloudless thunderbolt" on the unsuspecting heads, first of the Sertie Galla, a rebellious tribe who inhabit the rich slopes of the mountains of Garra Gorphoo, and next of the Ekka and Finfinni Galla, who people the wide and richly cultured plains of Germáma, and the beautiful valley of Finfinni. The attack was skilfully made; the surprise complete; and before night fell, the district which, from the heights in the morning, had presented fields of ripening grain, herds of grazing cattle, groups of unarmed husbandmen, and clusters of pleasant dwellings—a very picture of peace and plenty—was laid in utter desolation, the corn trampled under the hoofs of the invading cavalry, the houses smoking in ruins, the men butchered, the women carried off as the slaves, and the cattle as the plunder of the savage and exulting conquerors. The chapters in which Major Harris describes the march, the foray, and the triumph celebrated by processions, war-dances, orations, and feasts, are among the most striking of his work, and give a very lively, but by no means favourable idea of the character of this Christian people. It is pleasant to learn that Major Harris and Dr. Krapf prevailed on the Negoos to set free the captives, much to the surprise and disappointment of his ruthless soldiery. Next year the Metta Galla, a neighbouring tribe, was subjected to the same calamity; 43,000 cattle were captured, and 4500 heathens of all ages were butchered by the soldiers of Sáhela Selássie, and of these, the greater number were shot on the trees that they had ascended in the vain hope of eluding observation.

We should now proceed to extract some particulars regarding the social life and manners of this people. But although we have aimed at compression, to the mutilation, we fear, of the picture drawn by Major Harris, the account has already grown to an undue size. We shall, therefore, merely mention, with the utmost brevity, some few of their more striking characteristics. Their features are Caucasian, their complexion varies from olive to jet black, their hair is long and silky, the men are tall, robust, and well formed, the women scarcely less masculine. The principal piece of dress of the males is a large loose cotton cloth, worn gracefully but incommodious. On occasions of ceremony, the principal men wear skins of lions and leopards; they put on armlets of brass or silver as tokens of gallantry, and a silver shield from the Negoos is their star of the garter. From the king to the beggar all go

barefoot, and all, save the clergy, who wear a turban, are bare-headed; but they soak their hair with rancid butter, and fix in it a wooden skewer, into which they insert a white feather or sprig of asparagus, whenever they have slain a pagan or performed any other valorous deed. Their weapons are a sword, crooked like a sickle, a spear, and a buckler; these suffice for their human foes, but they are unfit for coping with the elephant or the wild buffalo of their country. Anciently the emperors rode the elephant, but the present race regards it with inordinate dread; and the English visitors, whose reputation for courage had suffered from their inoffensiveness during the foray, attained the highest pitch of honour by the fearlessness with which they encountered, and the ease with which they slew these terrible adversaries.

We have said that they practise concubinage, and it is somewhat strange to hear that a Christian monarch maintains a harem to the number of 500, with a suitable establishment of eunuchs. Marriage is a civil contract, though sometimes it takes place before the Church, and divorce is frequent. Of the state of morality Major Harris reports very unfavourably. The entire literature of Abyssinia consists of 110 manuscript volumes of theological controversy and monkish legend; of these, four only are in the living or Amharic tongue; so that, worthless as they are, few but the priests and *defteras* can decipher them, for those only destined to the Church, receive the rudiments of education. They have a number of curious habits or usages, of which we must not omit to mention the string of good wishes which composes their salutation in the streets. "How are you? How do you do? How have you passed your time? Are you well? Are you very well? Are you quite well? Are you perfectly well? Are you not well?"—are questions which form merely the preface to a long list of similar interrogations. Another singularity is what Major Harris calls "the mode of extortion by *mamalacha*,"—an ingenious system of begging. This consists in the petitioner presenting some gift, which, however worthless, it is scarcely allowable to refuse, and which, when accepted, must be acknowledged by the return of whatever the giver has the assurance to demand. It is constantly and importunately practised by all ranks; and of its operation, a notion may be formed from the statement, that "servants present sticks and handfuls of grass;" and that "for hours together, men stood before the door" of the residency "with cocks, and hens, and loaves of bread, to establish their right to the possession of 'pleasing things.'" As remarkable is the practice of scarifying their cheeks on occasions of mourning. This they do by tearing from below each temple a circular piece of skin, about the size of a sixpence; to accomplish which the nail of the little finger is "purposely suffered to

grow like an eagle's talon." All wear the *mateb*, a small cord of deep blue silk encircling the neck, and the badge of Christianity. Last of all, the whole nation delights in the luxury of raw flesh. It is the grand aliment of life.

"The bull is thrown down at the very door of the eating house; the head having been turned to the eastward, is, with the crooked sword, nearly severed from the body, under an invocation to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and no sooner is the breath out of the carcass, than the raw and quivering flesh is handed to the banquet. It is not fair to brand a nation with a foul stigma, resting on a solitary fact; but he who, like the writer, has witnessed, during the return of the foray, the wanton mutilation of a sheep, whose limbs were in succession severed from the carcass, whilst the animal was still living, can readily believe all that is related by the great traveller Bruce, of the cruelties practised in Northern Abyssinia."—Pp. 172-3, vol. iii.

But we must close, leaving untold much that is curious. Nor can we do more than merely allude to the information regarding the countries lying south of Shoa. It was gathered from natives of the several districts, and abounds with interest. We here read of numerous tribes and nations, characterized by the strangest and most revolting manners and usages—of Galla tribes, who, while heathen in religion, and having superstitions that resemble those of Etruria and Rome, regard the Jews as their ancestors, and expect to conquer Jerusalem—of the kingdom of Enarea, half pagan and half Mahommedan—of the country of Zingero, where human sacrifices are common, and the slave merchant, as he passes the Lake Umo, throws the handsomest female captive into the waves, as a tribute to the god of the water—of the Doko, a pigmy race, (supposed by Major Harris to be the Troglodytes of Herodotus,) who are perfectly wild, pray to some uncouth deity standing on their heads, go stark naked, are ignorant of fire, live on roots and reptiles, and are annually hunted like beasts by the savage slave-dealers from Dumbáro, Caffa, and Kooloo. Finally, we read of the great River Gochob, running south and east into the Indian Ocean, and probably that which Arabian geographers call the "River of Pigmies." Rising in the great central ridge of mountains which divide the waters that flow east from those that flow west into the Bahr el Abiad, and more southerly, into the Atlantic, it first spreads into a lake, and then rolling onward, is joined, fifteen days' journey south of Enárea, by the Omo. Hence, their united waters, after falling down the stupendous cataract of Dumbáro, pursue their course to the south-east, forming the southern limit of Zingero, and at last disemboguing into the sea. The exact spot of confluence is unknown. Major Harris thinks

it is identical with the Kibbee, said to come from the north-west, and enter the sea near the town of Juba, immediately under the equator. If not the Kibbee, it must be the Quilimancy, which disembogues, by several estuaries, between Patta and Malinda, four degrees farther south. Its volume of water is very large, and it is supposed to be navigable for a long way; and from the reports, it appears, that its mouth is known, and is already navigated to a considerable distance inland by white people, who frequent it in pursuit of the horrible traffic in human flesh—a traffic of which the enormity is there rendered the more glaring, because many of its victims are Christians.

We have said nothing concerning the commercial and political bearings of the public mission which these volumes record. Nor do we propose to take up this important topic at the close of this notice. One word only regarding the principle and character of such undertakings. Expeditions, having for their object to take possession for a nation of an unoccupied territory, or to gain for it a footing and influence in one already peopled and partitioned, have been long known. But the unparalleled height of civilization to which our own and some other nations have now ascended, has laid them under stronger inducements, and at the same time furnished them with more efficient means than have ever hitherto been in operation, to prosecute such enterprises. We may, accordingly, expect to see them daily multiplied, and attaining to greater importance in the affairs of nations. It is evident that very different motives are conspiring to cause them. Some have sprung from political ambition alone. They have been the effects of rivalry between the great powers, prompting them to seize and fortify themselves in new posts of attack or defence. Others aim at introducing, as it were, one people to another—at throwing down the walls of partition between communities—at bringing the influence of all to bear on the resources within the possession of each, in order that every where men may work, under the most urgent motives, and by aid of the best appliances, at the great task set to their progenitor in Eden, of subduing the earth to human dominion, and extracting from it the fullest amount of human uses. Of these the former are in principle unjustifiable and wicked, and in their effects must be pernicious. The latter are not only praiseworthy, but seem indeed to rank among national duties. To this class, the mission which Major Harris conducted professedly belongs. Having this opinion of its object, we regard it with approbation and interest, trusting that its issue may never belie the fairness of its opening promise, and that the new people, whom our colossal Empire has drawn within the circle of its influence, may never have to tell of the injustice, oppression, and degradation which, in too many

quarters of the globe, have been the sole fruits of British interference.

There are various appendices to the volumes, containing specific information regarding the natural history of the Adel country, and regarding the geology, botany, and zoology of Abyssinia. For these, the author was indebted to Dr. Roth, the naturalist of the Embassy, and they are highly valuable. There is also added an accurate copy of the Abyssinian Calendar, from which it appears that their year commences on our 29th August, which is their 1st September—that every day of the year has at least one saint, while many have a great number—and that the lives of the saints, or the detail of the miracles assigned to each day, are publicly read in the churches at the service, beginning at the cock's first crowing.

ART. III.—JACOB's *Tracts on the Corn Trade*. 1828, &c.

Influences of the Corn Laws, as affecting all Classes of the Community, and the Landed Interests. By JAMES WILSON, Esq. 1839.

Statements illustrative of the Policy and probable Consequences of the proposed Repeal of the existing Corn Laws, and the imposition, in their stead, of a Moderate Fixed Duty on Foreign Corn when entered for Consumption. By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq. 1841.

Great League Meeting in Edinburgh, January 11th, 1844.

In 1801, the population of Great Britain was	8,331,434
In 1811, it was	9,538,827
In 1821, it was	14,072,331
In 1831, it was	16,262,301
And in 1841, it was	18,531,941

The increase in the ten years before 1841 is nearly fourteen per cent., and in the twenty years before is more than thirty-one per cent., and in the forty years, or from 1801 to 1841, the increase is upwards of one hundred and twenty-two per cent., or greatly more than doubled.

We prefer that our argument should be grounded upon data presented in this form, rather than upon any general doctrine on the subject of population. The truth is, that next to being earnest for the soundness of our views, are we in earnest for the acceptance of them. But we are aware of the strong repugnance which obtains in a large class of minds for truth, however

soundly generalized, if generalized at all—even though based on unquestionable facts, and being indeed nothing more than the compendious or summary expression of them. They have a great passion for statistics; but, on the moment of these statistics being transmuted, however rightly, into science, they lose all confidence and regard for it—then, calling it theory, which, without making distinction between a right and a wrong theory, is tantamount, in their estimation, to a baseless and extravagant speculation. They are in their element among figures and tabulated views, and so linger all their days among the primary or raw materials of philosophy; for the philosophy itself is what they recoil from with the utmost aversion and distrust. There has been no subject which has been more exposed to this treatment than the recent doctrine of population, as promulgated by Malthus, although he has done nothing more than affirm to be true on the large scale, what every sagacious housewife knows to be true on the small scale, with no other guide to instruct her than her own observant common sense, concentrated within the limits, and practised on the affairs of her own family. No one will charge her, surely, as if bewildered by the light of a specious or false hypothesis, when she deprecates the premature marriage of one of her own children, or would mourn over the superinducement of another family on means already contracted enough for the expenses of her present establishment. Now, all which Malthus and his followers have ventured to assert is, that what is true of a single household holds true of an aggregate of households, even though expanded to the amount of a whole province or a whole empire. They have but ventured on a summation, every item of which might be verified or deposed to by the simplest of our cottagers. The truths which, in detail, are palpable and familiar to all, have been translated by them into a succinct and general formula, and so become, in their hands, a truth universal; and it is for this that they have been branded as visionaries, or still worse, and as if humanity had been outraged by their reasonings, they have been denounced as most unfeeling and cold-blooded speculators.

We shall not, therefore, burden our argument with a theory, which, though we hold it to be demonstratively certain, is so obnoxious to many. We will not let them off, however, from the stubborn exhibition of those facts wherewith we have prefaced this article—presented to them, too, in their own favourite form, and which the statists and economists of our day will be least of all disposed to quarrel with. All which we need to take for granted is, that the produce consumed bears a sufficiently near proportion to the number of consumers, for the purposes of our argument; or, in other words, that, as the population has doubled

in a given time, the quantity of corn used by them must have about doubled also. This is not a point, however, upon which we require to be particularly strenuous; for if the corn should have more than doubled during the period in question, does not the outcry of starving multitudes prove that the mere increase of food brought to market is not of itself a specific for the distress under which our nation is said to be labouring? Or if the corn should have less than doubled, does not this fasten that conclusion upon the adversaries of the Malthusian doctrine which they recoil from so violently?—even that the population may keep ahead of the means of subsistence, and so far ahead as, notwithstanding the mighty enlargement of our resources, to account for the wretchedness and want which are alleged to exist amongst us.

But, not to speak of population in these general terms, or so as to make of it the article of a creed—not to travel beyond the brief prefatory record which we have placed at the head of this article—we gather from it that, during the ten years between the two last censuses, the increase of number in the inhabitants of Great Britain amounts to about 14 per cent. Now the greatest annual importation of corn ever known, never amounted to more than the consumption of 33 days, or about 9 per cent. of the whole consumption for the year. Even though we should imagine an importation so large as this to be the immediate effect of the abolition of the corn laws, it is not long before a population increasing at the rate of the few last years, would fully overtake it. The only difference between the two cases is, that the one increase would follow on the increase of supplies from abroad, whereas the other has mainly followed on the increase of our own home produce. Even the most captious of our antagonists will not affirm that this is a difference which should in the least affect the result, that experience warrants us to anticipate from the abolition of the Corn Laws.

We offer these views, not because we in the least desiderate the continuance of these Laws, but because we should like, and that for the sake of a great and high interest, to chasten and, if possible, repress the extravagant hopes of those who, in the spirit, we have no doubt, in many instances of a pure philanthropy, are now labouring for the abolition of them. Why, there are advocates of the measure, who talk, as if it were to usher in a long millennium of indefinite and ever-advancing prosperity, telling us, as in one of their recent speeches, that the blessing would spread and multiply, and be,

“ still educating good,
And better still and better thence again,
In infinite progression.”

Now, we should like to know from these friends of our species why it is that the agricultural produce of our own island should have more than doubled within the recollection of many of us, and yet that this progressive amelioration; whether in the state or habits of the common people, has never been realized? How comes it, that at this moment there should be as vehement complaints of a wide spread destitution, and not complaints only, but probably as much, if not more, of severe and actual suffering as ever? Is there any charm in the corn to be imported from abroad, which, certain it is, that we have never yet experienced in all the additional corn which from year to year has been raised within the limits of our own territory? We are quite aware of the impulse given by every fresh supply of corn from without to our export manufactures; but it were easy to demonstrate that an equal impulse is given to home industry, or to home and export manufactures together, by the same additional supply of corn from within. The proportion of native and foreign grain brought to our market, but affects the distribution of employment among our people, and not the remuneration which is given for it. And the question still recurs, why, with all the undoubted enlargement that has taken place in these supplies, we yet see no corresponding enlargement or elevation in the sufficiency and comfort of the working classes? It is for their sake, and from a strong genuine unaffected regard for their interests, that we thus write. They have been the subjects of many a fruitless experiment hitherto, and of many a speculation, all the bright and beauteous promises of which have vanished into nothing. We hold it the greatest of all cruelties thus to practise on the popular imagination, or to strike up a false and bewildering light in this one and that other quarter; so as to lure away either their own attention and effort, or that of their best friends, from the only road which can lead to their secure and permanent amelioration. Certain it is, that they have not yet been placed on that road, nor has it yet been effectually pointed out to them. And certain it is, that the abolition of the Corn Laws is not in itself the pathway which leads to the desired consummation, though we think it possible that this abolition might help us on to it. Meanwhile, it is sufficiently glaring that though an increase of food may be the specific for a larger, it forms no infallible guarantee for a happier or better-conditioned population.

And yet, however powerfully this consideration is fitted to tell on statesmen and philanthropists, in mitigating their desire for freer and fuller supplies of subsistence from abroad, and so causing them to sit loose to the question of the Corn Laws, we are not to expect from the community at large, and least of all from

the immediate sufferers in our present condition of straitness and difficulty, on whom the calamity has actually alighted of under-paid labour and under-fed families—we must not expect that they are to look with all the coolness and self command of so many thoughtful speculatists upon this question. We might as well try to pacify the man who is goaded by the agonies of a present hunger, by telling him to acquiesce in the want of this day's meal, for that even though he had it, the very same visitation, and in every way as painful, would come back upon the morrow—as to philosophize our starving operatives into a quiet endurance, by assuring them that all they have to gain from a free trade in corn, was but a brief and evanescent heyday of enlargement, to be again followed up, and that perhaps in the very next year, or at most, the next decade, by as great want and wretchedness as before. The pressing and peremptory demand on the part of our working classes, and that, whatever might turn up in future, is relief from their present intolerable cravings; and this is not to be appeased by any demonstration of the consequences which are to take place afterwards. He who thinks that an imminent because it is but a temporary relief, will not therefore operate, and with resistless power, throughout the mind and mass of a nation, must have studied to very little purpose, what the nature and what the quality of those moving forces are, which act with mightiest effect upon society.

But we mistake it, if we conceive that the present urgent, and to all appearance, irrepressible demand for the abolition of the Corn Laws, is confined to those multitudes whose mere outcry is for food. It is fully shared, and that with as great intentness and vehemence, by classes a far way above them, the occupiers of a more secure and elevated region, who have never once had the experience of penury or privation, nor, perhaps, been ever visited by aught like the serious apprehension of it—and yet who have their peculiar distresses, even as our labourers and men of handicraft have theirs. The holders of capital, and more especially of capital vested in the preparation of export manufactures, feel that they have an immediate and direct interest in the abolition of these laws. They, along with all foreign merchants and ship owners, that is all who have to do whether with the fabrication or sale or conveyance of goods to foreign markets, look for an instant enlargement to their trade and profits, on the moment of all obstructions being removed in the way of a free importation of corn from abroad. They calculate that the inlet thus opened for additional means of subsistence to our British operatives from distant places, would prove also an outlet to these or other places for an equivalent additional produce of British industry. Were a million-worth of corn thus brought into this country from with-

out—the mere effect of this on our foreign exchanges might, of itself, prove such an addition to the price of our export articles, as to convert what at this moment would be a dead loss into a remunerating profit, and thus unlock from our warehouses as much produce, now lying a useless weight in the hands of their owners, as would load a whole flotilla sent forth from our shores, on a voyage of hopeful, and in their sanguine view of thriving speculation. That there should not, in these circumstances, be a most intense desire for the breaking down of that artificial barrier, which not only keeps out foreign grain for the subsistence of our people, but keeps in British goods from those markets abroad, where, otherwise, they could be disposed of to the advantage of their holders, were to suppose that the very soul and spring of commercial adventure might be taken out of it and kept in abeyance, or that one class should give up their heart's life—that which animates and gives birth to all their doings—for the benefit and at the bidding of another class. This is really too much of British landholders to expect of British merchants; nor are we to wonder that from all the great towns of our land, from Birmingham, and Sheffield, and Manchester, which make up the goods for exportation, from Liverpool, and Hull, and Bristol, which have to do with their conveyance and sale, from our own Glasgow and Dundee, which combine both these interests, and share alike in commerce and manufactures—that from all these places there should be so vehement a cry, and not from their populations only, but from every rank, up to the highest of their aristocracies, for the repeal of those Laws which they regard as so many fetters or limitations on a prosperity that would instantly break forth on the moment of these being done away—a prosperity, too, quite indefinite in their eyes, of which they see no bounds, and to which they anticipate no termination.

We may here say, once for all, that we do not share in these brilliant anticipations; and much fear, that, sooner than many calculate, the infinite progression of which they fondly dream will turn out to be a deceitful mockery. We hold that, after the artificial limit which our present Corn Laws impose on the extension of our commerce is taken down, it will be found that there is a natural limit standing a little way beyond it, which will in a very short time be overtaken, and which it will be a vain attempt to overpass. We think it possible, at the same time, that there may be a season of enlargement, and that both to a greater extent and for a longer period, than at any former step in the advancement of Free Trade towards that full and ultimate establishment which we both hope and believe is awaiting it. It is not improbable that the abolition of the monopoly in food will do more for the expansion of our trade and manufactures than the abolition of all

former monopolies has done for it; but we are very confident that the spirit and enterprise of merchants will push a far way beyond it, and, like the splendid predictions of Canning when he opened up South America to British capital and adventure, will issue in a whole host of rash and ruinous speculations—till at length, admonished by the lesson of a thousand bankruptcies, that to capital as well as population there is a barrier, which if unduly pressed upon must infallibly lead in the one case to ruined fortunes, and in the other to starving families.

Still, it were ridiculous and vain to expect that any ulterior prospect of this sort is to check the present appetency of merchants and manufacturers for a present opening to a new and wide field of enterprise; every way as vain, in fact, as to think of arguing down the clamours of hunger for an instant meal, by representing that, in a few hours, the hunger would recur, and that with as painful and agonizing a sensation as ever. It is thus that all the demonstrations, even of the most enlightened political economy, will not have the effect of so much as a single drop of water in cooling the ardour of that vehement and most natural, and, we will add, most justifiable desire both of capitalists and operatives for a repeal of the Corn Laws. Both the mercantile and the popular interests are arrayed against the landed interest on this question. We think that they will prevail; and we think also that they ought.

It is well, that in the matter of property, and more especially of property in land, there are what may be called certain possessory feelings, shared in by all men, and of which all are conscious; and that these feelings, strong, instinctive, and natural, should be so much on the side of the actual owner. The unquestioned possession of an estate for so many years, will at length convert the actual into a rightful ownership;—rightful not merely in the sense of its being so ordained by law, but rightful in the honest feeling of the proprietor himself, gathering into greater strength every year, till it becomes an absolute and unchangeable fixture in his mind—nay, rightful in the estimation of all his neighbours, each conscious that, if placed in the same circumstances with the lord of the domain, they would have the very same feeling of relationship to it as their own, which he has. So far from denouncing this instinctive proprietary feeling as an irrational prejudice, we perfectly rejoice in it, as we should in any other beneficial law or tendency of our nature, and would altogether refer it to the goodness and wisdom of Him who framed the human constitution, and of whom—adopting the language of an Apostle, who speaks of Him as the Author not of confusion, but of order in the Churches—of whom we recognize, in the very strength and universality of this possessory

feeling, that He is the Author not of confusion but of order in society.

Yet, however grateful for the strength and prevalence of this feeling, and for the quiet and goodly distribution of property to which it has given rise, thereby securing general acquiescence in the existing order of things, and establishing the peace of the commonwealth on the basis, not merely of conventional, but also of natural laws—however grateful for the strength of such feelings on the side of property, it were the wisdom and duty of its holders not to presume too far upon these, and so as to abuse the privileges which Providence and Nature have conferred upon them. More especially is it incumbent on our landed proprietors not to make wanton abuse of the great power which their property in the soil has conferred upon them—either by the conflicting of their rights with the urgent necessities or palpable good of the community at large; or, what were still more hazardous, by making inroad or encroachment on other rights as deeply seated, both in the nature of things, and in the nature of our common humanity, as their own.

In all circumstances, it is best for the Legislature to interpose, when either the real or imagined rights of our landowners require to be overruled. And the Legislature often does interpose on such occasions; as when roads, or railways, or canals are carried for hundreds of miles through a series of properties—the rights of owners being at the same time so far deferred to, that an indemnification is ordained for whatever injury their property may have suffered. Or we might imagine the absolute dependence of a town on a spring of water in the estate of some conterminous proprietor, who might either refuse all access, or demand an outrageously high price for it, so as to cut off the supply of a first necessary of life from some hundreds of families. It were the wisdom here, too, of a Legislature to interpose, were it for nothing else than to prevent an outbreak of popular feeling, that were sure to be held in countenance by the general sense and sympathy of a nation.* And so, should a landlord refuse a bit of useless waste on which to erect a place of worship, however difficult it might be to balance the rights of conscience with the rights of property, these two being incommensurate the one with the other, still it were highly befitting that a Government should, in such a case, apply or extend the law of toleration. But on the question of the Corn Laws, if we have not a much

* One is reminded here of the saying of Dr. Johnson on the maxim that "the King can do no wrong." "That if the abuse be enormous, nature will rise up, and, claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system." It is the duty and the wisdom of every Government to keep a far way within the limit beyond which such a catastrophe is at all likely.

stronger, we have at least a much clearer principle on which to found a judgment. The conflict here is not between elements which are incommensurate, but between the rights of property in one class, and the rights of property in another; and where the aggression, too, is clearly on the side of landlords, not repelling an encroachment upon themselves, but making forcible encroachment upon others, and so as to restrain shipowners, and manufacturers, and the purchasers of goods, from doing what they will with their own. The proprietary right which a man has in the fruit of his own labour, or in what he may have acquired by the price that he has given for it, seems to have in it as much the character of a first principle of justice, as the proprietary right of a landlord in the soil which belongs to him. And yet what is the effect, or rather what is the express aim and intention of a Corn Law? It is not to defend the latter from any inroad made upon him by the former; but it is to enable the latter, the landlord, and this for the declared purpose of keeping up or raising the value of his property, to make what, but for law, would be felt and resented as a most violent inroad on the natural rights of the manufacturer or merchant. That a man shall work up goods in this country, either by his own labour, or by labour which he has paid for—that he shall place them in a ship which he has freighted—that he shall carry them beyond seas, and after having disposed of them in a foreign market, shall, with the price which he has gotten for them, load his vessel with a cargo, from the sale of which, he anticipates a profit in his own land—that if this cargo should happen to be corn, on the moment of its touching the shore, it shall be seized upon, and wrested from its owner, as if it had been made up of stolen goods found in his possession, and now to be restored to their lawful owners—Why it does thwart and come into painful collision with every natural apprehension of justice, when, instead of being thus laid hold upon for the indemnification of those to whom it properly belongs, it is forcibly torn from the proper and rightful owner, and that for the enrichment of another party, who has no claim upon it whatever. Instead of a robbery by him against the landed proprietor, it has far more the appearance and character of a robbery upon him, and in behalf of the landed proprietor. One cannot wonder, in these circumstances, at the sensation so prevalent and powerful of a great wholesale outrage inflicted upon one class for the benefit of another; or that such exasperation should be now abroad, both against the Government which legalizes this iniquity, and against the order in society who profit by it; and that, not because of its conflicting with the principles of sound economical science, but because of its felt and palpable violence against the original and imprescriptible rights of humanity.

We profess ourselves to be not so confident as many, of some great economic good that is to ensue—some vast enlargement to the capabilities and wealth of our nation—from the abolition of these Laws. Were the sea to recede ten miles from our shores all round the island, and leave an exterior margin to that extent of arable land, there might take place some such expansion in our affairs as this would give rise to. We should have a somewhat larger Britain in consequence—only, to make out a closer analogy, the soil thus acquired behaved to be of a quality so sterile, as but to yield the remuneration of wages and profit for the labour and capital employed on it, without yielding any of that surplus, which, in more productive land goes in the form of rent to proprietors. The corn thus raised would subserve all the functions of the corn that is imported—that is, would maintain so many additional labourers, and afford the requisite gain for so much additional capital, the only difference being that we should have thereby a larger agricultural and rural, instead of a larger manufacturing and marine population than before. There is still another difference, however, and which would make us desiderate more an extension of our agriculture, than an extension of our commerce—and that is the greater stability of the former augmentation than of the latter, exposed as it would be to those ceaseless fluctuations in trade, which are utterly beyond the reach of human foresight or regulation. This last is a hazard, that, for the sake of our country's internal peace, we should certainly brave by putting an end to the Corn Laws—for we have a most thorough conviction, that Britain reposes on far too extended an agricultural basis of her own, to be in the least danger of ever sharing in the fate of those commercial states in Italy, which lost their greatness and power on the moment that the trade of the world flowed in a different channel from before. Yet, however firm an assurance we have thus far, we are not at all sanguine in our hopes of that indefinite and prosperous career which many anticipate from an abolition of these Laws. It might land us in a larger, but not, most certainly, on that account, in at all a more thriving or better-conditioned population.

On this question, then, though we take the side of the repealers, it is not because of any such distant or ulterior good as that which is pictured in the imaginations, or set forth in the speeches of its advocates; and of which we feel very confident, that, apart from the operation of other causes for which, we fear, they have little value or demand, it is a good which will never be realized. But though we have no desire for this abolition, on the ground that it would effectuate a distant economic good, we have a great desire, on the ground that it would remove a present, and that a most urgent moral evil. It would heal the greatest and fiercest quarrel which now rages between the Government and the popu-

lation, and also the greatest and fiercest quarrel which now rages between the higher and lower orders of the community. When the popular resentment is ill founded, we do not say that it should be much cared for; but, in the present instance, it is called forth, not by a fancied, but by a felt and a real injustice. When *grandeesh* and landowners assume to themselves the exclusive benefit of the maxim, that every man has a right to do what he will with his own, denying the very same right to certain other orders of the community, we must not expect of them—the aggrieved parties—that they are readily and tamely to acquiesce. When this undoubted moral aphorism is violated to the prejudice of any man, a rankling sense of hardship and injustice is and must be the inevitable consequence; and hence the very strong and very natural discontent of our merchants and manufacturers, that they cannot carry the goods which themselves have made or purchased to any market they like, so as to bring home in return any commodities they like—and more especially when the one commodity on which the prohibition is laid, is often that which, among all others, they could dispose of to the best advantage. The feeling is much aggravated by the restriction in question being imposed, not for fiscal purposes, or for any object of patriotism, but for the express purpose of keeping up the price of corn, and that to enrich the men by whose votes in Parliament it is that this iniquitous law is perpetuated. It serves greatly to enhance the provocation, that prior to, and apart from, all duties on importation, British landlords have the benefit of a high money price for their agricultural produce, greatly above that of other countries, and for which they are altogether indebted to the superiority and underselling power of British manufacturers. It is precisely because of our peculiar advantages, and, among others, the machinery of our capitalists, along with the skill and industry of our workmen, that we are enabled to work up goods of various descriptions, which are in extensive demand all over the world, and which we alone can provide so cheaply, as, in the sale of them, to bear down all competition, and keep exclusive possession of so many markets abroad. It is just to meet this extensive demand, that so great an additional number of labourers is required; and hence a population greater than in ordinary cases can be subsisted by our home produce; or who, if I may so express it, overlap, to a certain extent, the agriculture of our own territory. It is thus that corn must be imported from foreign countries; and, as there cannot be two prices for an article of the same quality, this implies, that the British corn must—and owing altogether to that increase of population which has been created by the demand for our manufactures—must have risen to a price superior to that of

the corn brought from abroad, by the whole expense of its conveyance, along with the profit of the capital embarked in these purchases. But, averagely speaking, the conveyance of corn from Dantzic, far the greatest emporium for these supplies, amounts, on the lowest calculation, to 10s. or 12s. a quarter; or, in other words, our British landowners virtually receive this addition to the money price of the produce yielded by their estates at the hands of the British manufacturers. And the ungenerous reaction for this benefit, on the part of the landlords, is a rapacious demand for more, and that in the shape of a corn law, and of corn law duties. The crowded manufactories of Britain have enhanced the price of British corn, just as the wants of the teeming population in London have prodigiously added to the value of all the produce that is yielded by the estates in Middlesex—that is, has raised it above the produce of the other counties, by all the expense of conveyance from the places at a greater distance. It were a strange return on the part of the landholders of Middlesex to London, for all the benefits of their contiguity to the great metropolis, should they prefer a demand for a tax on all the produce brought from other parts of England—and this, that they might furthermore add the tax, too, to a price which has already risen so much in their favour. But this is the very character of the demand preferred by British landlords in the matter of the Corn Laws. There is in it a barefacedness which, of itself, is sufficiently irritating; but when to this we add the outcry of starving multitudes for food, and the quieter, but not less influential, demand of merchants for relief to their glutted warehouses, and a profitable outlet for their idle and overgrown capitals—we cannot but wonder, that a system of such unnatural violence and constraint, should have stood so long against the righteous indignation of all the parties who feel themselves aggrieved by it.

And yet, after all, we are strongly persuaded that the gloomy fears of our landlords, just as much as the sanguine hopes both of our manufacturers and our general population, will turn out to be visionary. Both parties are under a delusion—the hopeful misled by an *ignis fatuus*, the fearful by a bugbear. Beyond a present relief to the former, which, at the same time, should be no more withheld from them than should a present meal from the hungry, there will be no great or abiding enlargement. And beyond, it may be, a slight but temporary shock to the interests of the latter, and for the alleviation of which there are other and better expedients than this obnoxious Corn Law, there will be no permanent depression, and far less aught in the shape of an overthrow. The mere political economist will be astonished to find to how paltry an extent any of those objects which come

within the sphere of his contemplation, have either been frustrated on the one hand, or realized upon the other. But there are higher aims and nobler interests than those of the mere economist; and it is for the sake of these that both the philanthropist and the statesman should be alike intent on the abolition of the Corn Laws. It might be a mere bagatelle that the parties now arranged in such stout hostility against each other, are fighting for. But the fighting itself is no bagatelle; and this should be put an end to. And nothing will put an end to it but the erasure from our statute-book of these barbarous Laws. There will be no stable tranquillity in our land—no relief or security from the din and perhaps the far more serious outbreaks of this endless and sore controversy, till that which letteth is taken out of the way. The most urgent, at this moment, of all our social and all our political wants, is a better understanding between the higher and lower classes in the state; and, for the achievement of this, there should be an instant sacrifice of these wretched Laws on the altar of peace and charity.

But let us now address ourselves more closely and practically to the question, taking advantage of the informations which are laid before us in the various works whose titles are prefixed to this article. The argument on which we are about to enter is made up of three stages. We shall first reason on the actual money prices of corn, both at home and abroad, for the ten years preceding 1840, when under the operation of Corn Laws. We shall then present the likelihoods, or rather the all but certainties, which might be expected to take place in regard to these money prices, should the Corn Laws be done away—confining our attention singly to the influence and operation of this one change. And, lastly, to complete our view of the whole subject, we shall advert to other influences, and which are fitted to tell more powerfully and more steadily upon prices than even those Corn Laws to which public attention is now so intensely and exclusively directed. It is useful to entertain the first of these three topics, were it for nothing else than to prepare a way for the second of them. But it is worthy of attention even on its own separate account, for, despite of the mighty revolution which many anticipate from the abolition of these Laws, it may turn out, after all, that things will move very much in their wonted order, and that there will be marvellously little effect produced on the state of the Corn Trade, to the astonishment of every one, and more especially of the alarmists. There would be nothing in this result to excite any great wonder in our own minds, accustomed, as we have been, for about half a century, to the most dismal forebodings, both for trade and agriculture, on the event of this one thing and that other taking place. It

is not so easy to shake the average prosperity of a nation, or materially and permanently to influence its economical condition, as is generally imagined. We can recollect a variety of measures, both by our own and other states, discussed with as keen an interest beforehand as if they were questions of life or death; and, according to the different views of the controversialists, either awakening the most exaggerated fears upon the one hand, or, on the other, the most brilliant and joyous anticipations of a great coming enlargement. In all the instances, the visions of both parties have been alike dissipated—whether they were the visions of an anticipated ruin from acts of our own, as the abolition of the slave trade and slavery, and from the non-importation acts of foreign powers, even those enforced by all the might of Bonaparte—or the visions of sudden and sure expansion, from the termination of monopolies, and the successive openings of India and China and South America to the enterprise of all, and the indefinite facilities now held out both for capital and labour on the yet unbroken ground of Australia and Canada. It is remarkable how, amid these prophecies of an impending ruin on the one hand, and these bright anticipations of her advancing wealth and greatness upon the other, how steadily Britain, in respect of any economical estimate which may be formed of her, how steadily she keeps on in the even and undisturbed tenor of her way. We think that the rationale of this great and undoubted phenomenon, is perfectly assignable, though we dare not attempt the exposition of it here. But witnessing, as we have so often done, how our national prosperity has weathered the rough handling of all that was adverse and menacing—and also how often it is that the promises of a golden era have turned out to be signal and entire failures—it is not to be wondered at, that we can contemplate without dismay an instant and total abolition of these Corn Laws; and, instead of any engulfment or overthrow as the consequence thereof, can look calmly across to the spectacle of a country not sensibly of larger prosperity, or more affluent than heretofore, but in every way, and with respect to all her great interests, just as full and flourishing as ever.

But our landed proprietors, the representatives and holders of one of these great interests, should be told, and without palliation or disguise, how it is that their incomes, or their command over the comforts and conveniences of life, is likely to be affected by this proposed change, so portentous in the apprehensions of many, of good or evil to one or other, or all the classes of society. We are quite sure that an intelligent perusal of the three works now presented to their notice, would serve greatly to mitigate their fears: the reports of Jacob in demonstrating how little we have to expect of such additional imports from the Continent as

would at all overwhelm the markets of this country, even though all its existing fetters were removed from the corn trade; and the tracts of Wilson and M'Culloch in the numerical estimates which they found on the actual money prices for a period of years. There is one important variation between the two last writers in the data on which they respectively calculate. According to the former, the whole expense of conveyance from Dantzic to the place of sale in Britain amounts to 18s. 3d. per quarter of wheat; and to which he adds 2s. 6d. for the profit or commission between the merchant in Dantzic and in England—making in all the addition of 20s. 9d., which should be made to the price of wheat at Dantzic ere it can be sold with advantage in our own markets. Mr. M'Culloch again makes out the whole expense of this conveyance to be only from 10s. to 12s., and that though he gives all the items of freight, and warehousing, and duties, &c., with the same particularity as the other. The requisite profit, however, will bring it up to about 15s., which still leaves an important difference between him and Mr. Wilson. If this difference be made up by the fixed duty of 5s. or 6s. per quarter on the importation of wheat, for which Mr. M'Culloch contends, it will bring the respective conclusions of these two writers very nearly to one. With these explanations we now enter on the successive topics that we have already specified. To avoid every risk of exaggeration, let us assume 12s. as the utmost that should be allowed for all charges on the passage of wheat from Dantzic to Britain.

I.—Let it be our first supposition, then, that importations will continue to be made very much at the same average cost to the merchant as for the 22 years ending in 1838. Then, taking our information from Mr. M'Culloch's tract, this cost at Dantzic amounted to about 35s. a-quarter. To this, if we add 12s. for freight and profit, its price in the market would come to 47s. a quarter, or about 9s. beneath the average price of British wheat for the ten years ending in 1840, that price having been 56s. 11½d. But for a reason to be afterwards mentioned, and not for the protection of agriculture, but for justice to the public revenue alone, we should not object to a duty of from 5s. to 6s. a quarter on importation, which would bring up the price to 52s. or 53s. a quarter, or to within 4s., at most, of the price upon the whole at which British wheat has been sold from 1830 to 1840. This does imply a certain reduction of monied income to the landlord, and a reduction, too, which will not be wholly compensated by the cheapening that takes place in all other articles of consumpt, when there is a general lowering in the price of the first necessaries of life. Apart from mortgages, and more especially from that heaviest mortgage of all, our national debt, the

reduction in the fall of his monied income would have been fully compensated by the proportional fall in all other prices—implying, as it would, the very same command that he had before over the comforts and conveniences of life. But then, if indebted to private creditors, he has the same interest to pay to them as before; and furthermore indebted, as he and all others are to the creditors of the State, he has the same taxes to pay for the interest of the national debt as before. Still there is a partial, if not an entire compensation, for the nominal fall of revenue, by the general fall of prices that ensues on the cheapening of human subsistence. Should the landowner have to part with one-half of his income for the payment of interest to the national and personal creditors together, and so reserve the other half for his own proper expenditure, he has not the whole reduction of his monied rental; but he may have about one half of it made up to him by his now diminished outlay in purchasing the same amount of personal and family enjoyment as before. Let us assume, then, that this is the proportion over head for British landowners—that, taken generally, they have as much to give for the payment of all creditors, whether public or private, as for their own proper expenditure; and then, though we cannot promise to restore, in another form, the whole of the 4s. per quarter, which, under our first supposition, they will have to lose in the price of their wheat, we can, at least, restore one half of it, which would still leave them 2s. per quarter less under the proposed repeal than they have at present; and to this extent they will be substantially poorer than before. Whether, to save them this slight descent in the scale of wealth and importance—whether, for the sake of upholding them in a very little more splendour, and a very little more luxury than they might otherwise enjoy—it is right that our whole nation shall be kept in a perpetual ferment; and jealousies and heartburnings and all sorts of peccant humours shall be suffered to rise and to rankle in our body politic, so as to array the classes of society in lowering hostility against each other, and fearfully to endanger the peace of our commonwealth,—Whether such a tremendous sacrifice of the patriotic to the personal, this surrender of a country's well-being on the altar of a hateful favouritism, shall be thought consistent with the duty of those who govern, or with the maxims of a sound and wise statesmanship, it is now for the Legislature to determine.

II.—But if landlords could be persuaded that this were the whole loss to them which should ensue from the abolition of the Corn Laws, it might reconcile them to a change of which they stand so much in dread. Let us now suppose then, that the Corn Laws are done away, and see how matters will proceed under the

influence of this change. We know what their apprehension is, even that the importation will greatly and indefinitely increase—and this to the glutting of the market, and the as indefinite fall of prices. It is this apprehension on the part of our agriculturists which lies at the bottom of their strenuous resistance to the abolition of these Laws. Would they but read such papers as those of Jacob and others, it might greatly lighten if not wholly dissipate their fears. It will be thence seen that there is a barrier beyond which these importations cannot possibly proceed; and that this will be reached greatly sooner than the troubled imaginations of our landowners will permit them to think of. We have already presented the reader with the average cost of wheat per quarter at Dantzic for so many preceding years; and in calculating on which, we found that with a fixed duty of 5s., the same could be sold with a barely remunerating profit in this country, after all the charges of its transit at 52s., or 4s. below the average price of wheat in Britain for the ten years ending in 1840. Let us imagine a great impulse given to the foreign corn trade by the repeal of our duties; and we have no doubt, that, as in all similar cases, a brief season of delusion would ensue, most ruinous to many of our speculators, whose hopes of enrichment would be just as extravagant on the one hand, as the terrors in the minds of our landlords of their approaching poverty are upon the other. Still it cannot be doubted, that the spirit of commercial enterprise would be set afloat, and that a great additional demand for wheat from abroad would be the consequence. Let us see how this would operate in one place, as a specimen of the process and the result in all other places. Dantzic, as being the greatest emporium for this trade, is the fittest example to be set forth for the purposes of illustration. We have already found that, averagely speaking, it might for ten bygone years have been purchased there at 35s., and sold here at 47s. per quarter. In estimating the effect of a larger importation, the constant tendency of our alarmists is to look singly at the effect of these larger supplies in the market at home, without ever adverting to the effect of these larger demands on the markets abroad. They will only look at the terminus of the journey which corn takes on its way from abroad to this country, and imagine the effect of every additional supply here on the falling markets of Britain. • If they would look also at the commencement of that journey, and behold the effect of every additional demand there on the rising markets of the Continent, it should dissipate their fears. The true secret of their disquietude is, that they are looking at the matter with half an eye. They can see that every cargo landed on our shores, must tend to depress prices at home; but they will not see that every cargo taken from the place where it is

shipped, must also tend to raise prices abroad—that with every increase of the trade the article itself, as purchased at the emporium or place of embarkation, becomes dearer than before—that both the sea and river freights become higher than before—and, above all, that, because of the greater distances from which the corn has to travel, the land carriages become far heavier and more expensive than before. Reverting to the numbers in our last head, even though reconciled to the price of 47s. a quarter, with the fixed duty bringing it to 52s., their terrors are awakened anew when they think of larger importations, because these must effectuate a reduction beneath—and as they gaze on the descending gulf they cannot tell how far beneath—the average 47s., at which the foreign wheat could have been sold here for ten years in the absence of all duties. They forget that the dealers could afford to sell so low as 47s., only because they purchased at Dantzic so low as 35s., and conveyed from Dantzic at so low as 12s. But should the imports be augmented, this must raise the price there higher than 35s. and the freight higher than 12s., and so the price here higher than 47s. Doubtless every addition to the supply from abroad, should reduce the price for a time, at least beneath the average British price for ten years of 56s. But the same invariable market law which would thus sink the price beneath 56s., must also raise the price there above 35s., and so ensure a price in Britain at some intermediate point between the 47s. and the 56s.—to be augmented, if thought good, by the proposed moderate fixed duty. Certain it is, that the instant effect of this increased demand for wheat at Dantzic would be to raise its price there, and all the more, the larger and more urgent this demand might be. We cannot stop to explain how it is, that corn, of all other articles, ranges so much in price, or by far wider fluctuations than the general run of commodities. But most certainly so it is; and beside this extreme sensitiveness and liability to variation essential to it as a first necessary of life—the cost of it on every addition to the demand is greatly enhanced by its being so uncarriageable, and therefore of such expensive transportation. It is thus that new and heavy charges must be taken to account, when, in virtue of the greater demand, the grain must be fetched from longer distances; and, more especially, when it has to be brought from inland places, whence it can only be taken by land carriage either to the sea-shore, or to the banks of navigable rivers. We are informed by Jacob, in his Report to the House of Lords on the Corn Trade, that a land carriage of 24 miles adds $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to the original expense of the grain. Even when brought by river navigation, as from Warsaw to Dantzic, the charge of this conveyance is in ordinary years about 5s. per quarter, and when brought from Cracow fur-

ther up the Vistula, it is about 8s. a quarter. These charges are greatly increased by an additional demand—inasmuch, that Jacob tells us, “If from any circumstances a demand should be created for as much wheat as is consumed in England in six days, it would raise the price of freight on the river probably thirty or forty per cent., and half of that proportion in the sea from Dantzic to this country.” But even these charges are comparatively trifling when put by the side of the expenses of land carriage. The cost and risk of conveyance from Lemberg, a good way off the Vistula to Dantzic, was 26s. 6d. per quarter.

But there are other limitations in these supplies from abroad which ought still more to mitigate the fears of our agriculturists. Of these, we have occasional notices from Jacob, and Torrens, and M'Culloch, and others. Take as an example the following statement by Jacob. “In every part of my journey through Poland, the impression communicated on looking at the fields, whether with growing crops, in stubble, or under the operation of the plough, was that they were approaching to a state of exhaustion from excessive cropping.” This has been frequently remarked as the effect of exportation from any country. And accordingly the fears of our landowners at home meet with no counterpart or echo from the hopes of landowners abroad. In a memoir circulated among the landowners in Brandenburg, Pomerania, and West Prussia, we read that the production is retrograding. They seem to have looked more largely, and with far juster anticipations on the question than do our British proprietors, who think, that, on all restrictions being done away, our markets are to be overwhelmed by the exuberance that will thence pour in upon us from all parts of the world. Whether it be that hope is a less bewildering emotion than fear, certain it is, that they whose interests would be promoted by a larger corn trade, look more knowingly and intelligently at the whole matter, than they whose interests, real or imaginary, are put to hazard by it. They estimate aright the extreme insignificance of all the corn sent to England from abroad, when compared with the whole amount required for the subsistence of its population. The exportable grain of the whole Continent would not overlay by more than a fourth part, the quantity necessary for a single great country in Europe. “The corn actually under bond in England, will scarcely supply the thirtieth part of its annual consumption, while the whole surplus quantity of Europe cannot supply the population of France with bread for one month.” Such views and statements as these, if made more familiar to the minds of our landlords, might help to dissipate their alarms. As when Jacob tells us that the whole stock of wheat which he found in the warehouses of the Vistula amounted to 741,473 quarters, and of this, if all that was good

in quality or 556,360 quarters were sent to England, it would not be more than the consumption of ten days. Colonel Torrens, in his able Essay on the External Corn Trade, urges this argument with great effect against the alarmists. He quotes the authority of Mr. Jacob for the importation during the years of greatest scarcity being considerably less than we have stated it—namely that, if the one be correct in his calculation, and the other in his quotation, the importations of 1800 and 1801 taken together did not amount to five weeks' consumption, or to little more than two weeks' consumption for each year.

In strict and sober arithmetic then, what is it that our agriculturists do apprehend? We have already seen, under our first position, that if wheat continue to be imported to the same amount as throughout the ten years preceding 1840, then, all other causes and circumstances continuing as before, we should have it brought to our market at the cost of 47s. per quarter, and if sold under the fixed duty to which we have given our consent, at 52s. a quarter. What should be anticipated then, if, on the repeal of all our subsisting duties, a greater amount shall be brought in from abroad than the average of these ten years, and so as to land upon us a larger average for the ten years to come? Looking to this larger importation as a cause of what is to follow, or regarding exclusively its influence on prices at home, we must admit, as its undoubted effect, a reduction of price in the British market beneath what, *but for this additional importation, the price would otherwise be.* But looking to anterior influences, or regarding this augmented importation, not as a cause, but as an effect, it must arise in such an intenser demand from this country as holds out the promise and the encouragement of larger prices than before. Without such promise, the larger expenses attendant on the conveyance of a larger quantity will not be incurred; and without the promise being made good, the larger importation will not be continued. If continued it be then, this will tell us, that whereas the prices of ten years past were such as to support a certain expense of transportation, the prices of future years will be such as to support a so much greater expense of it. We are not predicting such an augmented importation. We are merely supposing it. But we should not treat it as a supposition to be reasoned on, unless we held it entitled to a place, if not among the certainties, at least among the likelihoods of futurity. For aught we know, such may be the increase of underselling power among British manufacturers, as shall enable them to work up their export articles at a far cheaper rate, and in greater abundance, than heretofore, and so enable them to take in a greater number of workmen, though at higher money wages, because of the now dearer means of subsistence. It is this under-

selling power, in fact, which gives rise to any importation of grain at all, and every increase of this power will just give rise to all the larger importation. It is thus that we may have larger supplies from Warsaw than heretofore, whence the expense of conveyance to this country is 17s. per quarter, or from Cracow, whence the expense is 20s. per quarter—or even from Lemberg, whence the expense is no less than 38s. 6d. per quarter. And these freights would rise with every increase of the demand for them; but not only so, the prices of wheat would also rise at the various places where the larger purchases were made. Mr. Jacob tells us, that “if, from any circumstances, a demand should be created for as much wheat as is consumed in England in six days, it would raise the price of freightage on the river probably thirty or forty per cent., and half of that proportion in the sea freight from Dantzic to this country. If that demand should extend to twelve days’ supply, it would exhaust the whole stock of wheat fit for our market, and cause it to advance in a much greater degree than the shipping of such a limited quantity in any former period has witnessed.” So far, then, from looking to larger importations as the causes of an indefinite fall in the price of wheat in our own country, they should rather be looked to as the effects of anterior causes, which guarantee a rise in the British markets, and without which rise, in fact, these larger importations will cease to be made. They would argue, that the same underselling power, to which our landowners stand indebted for the difference of 12s. per quarter between the prices of wheat in Britain and at Dantzic—that this power is still upon the increase, and so ensures to them the advantage of still higher differences between the prices in Britain and the prices on the Continent, as well as higher prices on the Continent to the bargain. The increase of our export manufactures and of our manufacturing population—the proper and efficient cause of our augmented imports—will advance still farther the superiority of British over foreign landowners, and in the very way that every increase in the population of London serves to increase still more the superior value of the land in Middlesex over land of equal fertility in the provinces. It is because they are not satisfied with this advantage, and because of their nibbling attempts to superadd thereto by the adjustments of their wretched sliding-scale, that they have armed against them not only the passions of the multitude, but the calmer though not less resolute hostility of large and influential classes in our land, so as to distemper the whole of our social economy, and bring all the great interests and institutions of the commonwealth into a state of fearful precariousness. Surely it were their wiser and better course to forego a policy which is of no real benefit to themselves; and

to hold it enough to have the quiet and undisturbed possession of all those local and natural advantages which have made Britain the exporting country that she is, and which cause her to be spoken of, and gloried in, as the commercial metropolis of the world.

III.—But we should be leaving the subject of money prices incomplete, did we but attend singly to the operation of the Corn Law upon them. We have already found, in the first stage of our argument, that with or without such a law, there was an influence which ensured a superiority of the money price in Britain over that at Dantzic, by at least 12s. a quarter; and such an influence as, judging of the future from the past, would always prevent the price in this country from falling beneath the average of 47s. per quarter without, or 52s. with, our proposed duty. At our second stage, we supposed a repeal of these Laws, and under this supposition proved, that though the apprehension felt by our agriculturists of a large consequent importation should be verified, their further apprehension of a large consequent fall in money prices would not be verified. That this repeal should sink the money price beneath 47s., is wholly out of the question; for surely there is no virtue in it whatever to cheapen the wheat in Dantzic beneath 35s., or the freight and other charges from Dantzic beneath 12s. a quarter. Nay, should there be larger imports than before, this cannot happen but with an increase of prices on the Continent, and an increase on the expenses of conveyance therefrom; or, in other words, larger importations of corn cannot ensue on the abolition of the Corn Laws, without corresponding advances of money price in the markets of this country—advances not due, it is certain, to the repeal of the Corn Laws, but due, in spite of this repeal, to an influence apart from that of legislation altogether—the very influence to which the landowners of this country are indebted now for higher prices than those in Dantzic by 12s. a quarter, and to the continuance or the increase of which they would be indebted for a still larger superiority. We hold it both rapacious and unjust, that not satisfied with the benefit they derive from this influence, they should, as if it only whetted their appetency the more, seek, over and above, another benefit, by the enactment of a Corn Law. This influence, however, instead of increasing, may itself undergo a process of diminution, nay, at length may cease altogether. In virtue of its decay, importations may be lessened every year. The prices in Britain may gradually approximate to those on the Continent—inso much that the expense of conveyance may come at length to exceed the difference between them; on which event, Britain would be an importing country no longer. The cause, whatever it is, which enables Britain to

pay 35s. for wheat at Dantzic, and 12s. more for the transportation of it to our own shores, and after all to sell it here with a profit—this cause may become less intense in its operation than before, and hence a gradual diminution, or possibly a termination to our imports of corn. The Corn Laws, which under our last supposition are unjust, would be altogether absurd under our present one. There could be no possible call for legislation to abridge or to prevent the imports of corn, when this very process was going on at any rate, and by an influence distinct from that of legislation. We feel that we should leave this whole argument incomplete, did we not encounter the supposition we now put, and make some remarks on the cause wholly distinct from legislation, under which it might be realized.

That cause is neither more nor less than the decline of our present manufacturing superiority over other nations. We shall ever retain the advantage of our present insular position, and for a long time at least, of our present unlimited command of fuel, that great impellent of machinery. But it is not impossible, nor even unlikely, that the people of other countries may at length rival us, both in the skill and industry of their artisans, and in the enterprise of their capitalists. In these latter respects, there is a constant tendency to equalization; and it may proceed so far, that we shall not be so able as now to undersell our neighbours—subject as we are to the higher money wages of labour, brought on by the higher money price of provisions transported from distant lands for the subsistence of our labourers. With every addition to the manufacturing capabilities of other nations, will the underselling power of our own manufacturers be necessarily abridged; and as the superiority of Britain lessens from one period to another, will the demand for corn from abroad lessen along with it. Just as the power she now has to sell her manufactures so much cheaper than her neighbours underwent a process of decay, her power to buy corn so much dearer than they, would decay also. She would import less corn, just because she could pay less for it than before—confining her purchases within narrower limits, and to the places of easiest and cheapest transportation. If for ten years she could afford to pay 35s. per quarter for wheat at Dantzic, and 12s. to the bargain for bringing it to the home-market—this guaranteed a price of at least 47s. a quarter to the British farmer, and which could be further raised to 52s. or 53s. by means of a moderate fixed duty. But if, in virtue of her manufacturing superiority over other nations being lessened, she could not afford to pay a sum made up of both the Dantzic price and the Dantzic freight, she could as little afford to pay this sum for the corn raised at home as for the corn from abroad. With such a superiority in manufactures as we had

from 1830 to 1840, we could, without a Corn Law, have ensured the price of 47s., and with a duty, the price of 53s. a quarter to the British landowners. Let us fall from this superiority, and this price will inevitably fall along with it. We should not answer for its not coming down to the Dantzic price of 35s., or even lower than this. Should we lose our present ascendancy in trade and manufactures, this is the downward movement in the money prices of corn that would be the unfailing consequence, and this is what neither restrictions nor duties could by any possibility countervail. It is thus, that, however the question of the Corn Laws may be disposed of, there is another cause in reserve which, by its resistless operation might so degrade the money price of corn in this country, as to supersede the corn-law controversy altogether, and stamp an utter insignificance on all the questions which are connected with it.

Such a change from such a cause scarcely ever seems to have been contemplated by agriculturists, and not even by economists in general. In speculating on future likelihoods as to the money price of corn, they have confined their attention very much to the Corn Laws, as if they were the only means by which an alteration of prices were to be looked for, the existence and extension of these Laws being the instrument by which prices might be made indefinitely to rise, and their relaxation or repeal the instrument by which they might be made as indefinitely to fall. In their reasoning on the effect and expediency of these Laws, the original and distinct cause of a higher money price for corn in Britain than on the Continent, has been kept out of view—a cause by the increase of which this superiority of price would, with or without a corn law, become still greater, and by the diminution of which the superiority would become less than before, nay, might disappear altogether. It is forgotten that, apart from corn laws entirely, the very circumstance of Britain being a grain-importing country at all, and which is wholly due to the superiority of her manufactures, does of itself ensure a higher money price for wheat in her markets than in those of the Continent, and that by a difference equal to the whole expense of its transportation. Let this superiority be still further increased, so as that the demand from abroad for the products of her industry shall become larger than before, then will our demand for the means of subsistence become larger than before; and though the Corn Laws were repealed to-morrow, this cannot prevent the British prices of wheat being always higher than the continental prices, and by a difference ever increasing with every addition made to the expense of conveyance from abroad. But, on the other hand, the reverse of this may take place, a change not impossible, and, to a certain extent, not unlikely. It was

the jealous apprehension of such a change, and the desire to guard against it, which prompted the legal restrictions of other days, against the exportation, not only of British machinery, but of British workmen, and this to preserve entire the underselling power of our master-manufacturers, so as to secure a monopoly for their own goods in the markets abroad. It was the commercial body then who infringed on the principles of Free Trade, just as it is the agricultural body now by their demand for the continuance of the Corn Laws. We should hold it vastly more rational for the latter to make common cause with the manufacturers, and seek for a revival of those old exploded statutes by which it was attempted to imprison both all our mechanism and all our mechanics within the limits of our own shores. The object of a high money price for grain is far more effectually secured by our mercantile and manufacturing superiority than by these wretched Corn Laws. But neither of these parties, the commercial nor agricultural, see very far. They can prefer a stout demand for all that is proximate, or which touches visibly and immediately on their own concern. But if the influence, however beneficial, lie at the distance or remove of one or two steps, it is beyond the reach of their observation; and, as it is not perceived, so neither is it cared for. Had their policy been as far-sighted as it is essentially selfish, they might have joined forces with the manufacturers, in seeking for all those protections which might secure the amplest exportation possible of British commodities, and this to necessitate all the larger importation of corn from abroad—for it is truly this need of supplies *ab extra*, which forms the main and originating, and stedfastly operating cause of that high money price, which is the drift and object of all their anxieties. But we shall as soon see agriculturists leaguings with manufacturers for such a measure as might obtain for British goods a monopoly in the foreign market, as we shall see manufacturers leaguings with agriculturists for such a measure as might obtain for British corn a monopoly in the home market. Meanwhile, it is the wisdom of every enlightened statesman to defer to neither, but to deal equally with both, by letting both alone. There is not a single interest truly entitled to the name of national, that will be in the least affected by whatever fluctuations. The wonted cycles of prosperity and depression will be repeated as heretofore; and seasons of bright and cheering promise will alternate as they have ever done, with seasons of boding disaster and alarm. When that system of Free Trade which bears an equal respect both to classes and nations is once fully established, and in full operation, men will wonder at their former jealousies and fears. It will not so enlarge the world's wealth as its sanguine advocates anticipate, but it will allay a thousand heartburnings, and dry

up a brooding fountain both of internal discontents and foreign wars.

We confess that for our own parts we can look without dismay, nay even with satisfaction and a certain feeling of augmented security, on the cessation of all corn imports, even though it should proceed from the cessation of such a preference and such a demand in other countries for British manufactures, as necessitate those large supplies from abroad which are required for the subsistence of our so much larger manufacturing population. We have no value whatever for a larger population within our territory than can be fed by its own produce. We think it demonstrable that every addition to our *extrinsic* population, that is of a population beyond what we ourselves can subsist, is a burden rather than a benefit to our nation, in any of its great public interests. We have not room for the demonstration here, though we think it a demonstration which may and which has been given, that while every million of our *natural* population, or of those who are fed by the produce of British agriculture, represents its own fractional share of the country's strength and revenue—say a sixteenth part of the whole,*—it were a grievous miscalculation to imagine that any such accession of wealth or power would accrue to our country by the superinducement of an extrinsic population, to the extent of a million of human beings. We cannot in this place state our reasons for the humble estimate that we have formed of the importance of an extrinsic population, whether as respects the political or the economic well-being of our nation; and will only, therefore, assert here, what has been argued at length elsewhere, that we can see no real advantage to Britain in that she happens to give standing room to one or two millions of human beings, who do little or nothing more by the labour of their workshops than feed themselves, and uphold the fortunes of the capitalists who employ them. To say that we should like to be quit of them were the cold-blooded utterance of one who could look unmoved on the starvation or banishment of thousands of families. But we should certainly rejoice, if through the stimulus given to British agriculture by the decay of our underselling power, and so the inadequacy of our exports to pay for the corn that went to support an extrinsic population—if the extrinsic could at length be absorbed into the natural, and instead of a commerce overlapping our own means of subsistence, we saw a commerce safe and prosperous up to these means—when

* On the supposition that the natural population of Britain amounts to sixteen millions, and that in each million are included the capitalists by whom they are employed, and the proprietors of the land from which they are subsisted. In a million of the extrinsic population we can only reckon labourers and capitalists. Their counterpart landed proprietors belong to the countries from which they are fed.

under all the interruptions to which the products of British industry might be exposed, whether in the channels of home consumption or of the foreign demand for them, the materials for at least the maintenance of all our population were to be found within the circuit of our own territory. It is thus that however much we agree with the advocates of Free Trade in their conclusions on the specific question of the Corn Laws, we can sympathise so little with them either in their hopes or their arguments,—not even with Mr. Wilson in his reasonings on the loss of capital; but far less with Mr. M'Culloch, when he tells us, “that the preservation of the wealth, power, and prosperity of the empire depends essentially on our being able to maintain our manufacturing and commercial ascendancy.” We have heard that the latter gentleman has more recently modified his views upon this subject; and that he begins to doubt whether the prosperity of Britain is so essentially linked with her manufactures as he has hitherto imagined. What his next deliverance will be upon this matter we shall not venture to anticipate. It has been long our own confident opinion that the strength of Britain, and her ability for the maintenance and employment of all her population, lie much deeper than to be affected by the competitions, whether of the Exchange or of the market-place. It is well, however, that the bugbear of any apprehended mischief from the repeal of the Corn Laws has been sufficiently exposed by the economists of greatest name in our day. But these, too, have their bugbears, and that because the leaven of the mercantile system still adheres to them; and when we hear the phantom of commercial ascendancy thus spoken of, by men of study and speculation, and who have written books for the enlightenment of their countrymen, we can no longer wonder that the imaginary terrors of squires and farmers have withstood all the evidence that has been adduced, and all the argument employed for the dissipation of them.

The contest between the friends and the enemies of a free trade is, to a great extent, a contest between the political economy of Dr. Adam Smith, and an anterior political economy, which still keeps such a hold of the public mind, as to be made available by those who feel an interest in the preservation of such restraints and monopolies as are not yet done away. And so when these parties meet in conflict, the reasonings on both sides are altogether characteristic of their respective theories. For example, when the promise is held forth, on the one hand, of a mighty and indefinite enlargement to our commerce, once that it is unshackled from all its fetters—it has been retorted, with great alacrity, upon the other, that within these few years, and when, by one abolition after another, the greatest approaches have been made to a state of perfect liberty, there has been an

actual decline in the exports of this country—a fact alleged on the authority of Parliamentary Returns, and which is said to have greatly disappointed and annoyed the advocates of freedom. For ourselves, as we do not sympathise with either of these arguments, we neither participate in the triumph of the one party, nor in the mortification of the other. We look for no very great expansion to any of our merely economical interests from a system of free trade, and not even from that special instance of it which now most engages the attention of the public—the abolition of the Corn Laws; yet we greatly desiderate the establishment of an entire freedom in commerce notwithstanding; but that chiefly, if not altogether, because we desiderate the return of peace and good understanding among ourselves; and, on a still larger scale, because we desiderate the removal of every disturbing force in the way of peace and good understanding among the nations of the world. We should furthermore like, that Government, relieved and disembarassed from the regulations and the responsibilities of this department altogether, were set at large for her more appropriate functions—as the protector of the nation from all injustice at home, and all violence or hostility from abroad, as well as the generous patron of every beneficent institution, whether for the health or the education, or whatever might contribute to the happiness and improvement of the people under her care. And then as to exports, we have no value whatever for that underselling policy which all our commonplace economists so set their hearts upon, and the only effect of which is to land us in more or less of an extrinsic population. It is surely not an object worth the straining after, that we should have within our borders so many thousands more of families than can be fed by the agriculture of our own country, and whose subsistence, therefore, must be imported in return for the exports which they prepare and send off to other lands. Apart, then, from these, but a very small fraction, at the most, of all our inhabitants, and looking only to our natural population, maintained by the produce of our own acres, and employed, whether in home or in export manufactures, at the bidding, and according to the taste or demand of our own inland consumers—It positively matters not in what proportions our home and foreign trade stand to each other; and whether, in particular, the latter shall increase or decay with the increase or decay of a preference for foreign over home articles of consumption. These fluctuations may affect the distribution of employment, but they will affect neither its amount nor its remuneration; and under all the temporary inconveniences and alarms which are attendant on every transition from one branch of employment to another, we shall, amid all such variations, behold on the average the

same uniform spectacle of as large a population, with the same amount of as well-paid industry as before.

This subject merges into other subjects cognate with itself, and which could not be adequately prosecuted without a monopoly of this whole Number—the first of the Review—by the present article alone. Let us, therefore, be satisfied meanwhile with the bare and general statement, that what we deem the best financial system for our country, is one that would yield the greatest revenue to the Government, with the least burden on all the classes of the *natural population*; but that, if our view be correct, it is such a system as would draw little, or almost nothing, from any of the *extrinsic population*. This has deepened still more our conviction of the extreme unimportance, in a national point of view, of our having any extrinsic population at all; or, in other words, how utterly valueless that underselling policy is which so augments our manufactured exports as to necessitate a supply of agricultural imports, and so land us in such an excrescence as Cobbett had in his eye, when he denominated London the wen of the British empire. It is this which reconciles us to the imposition of a moderate duty on all corn fetched from abroad; for though this should limit somewhat the amount of importation, and so lessen somewhat the proportion which our extrinsic bears to our natural population, we see and feel no injury whatever in such a result. But the consideration which not only reconciles, but would also lead us to recommend such a duty, is, that under what we believe the wisest system of taxation, the extrinsic population could be made to contribute in no other way than by a tax on the necessities which were imported for their subsistence; and for this purely fiscal reason, that they should pay somewhat to the State—seeing that every addition to the number of the governed must add somewhat to the expenses of the government. But even this obvious equity we are willing to forego, rather than put to hazard those moral benefits which form with us the main consideration on which we are disposed to plead for the abolition of our present Corn Laws. And, on the other hand, feeling the indifference that we do at the prospect of lessened imports, even though this should proceed from the lessening of our exports, we can own no fellowship with the chimerical apprehensions of those who see in such a diminished commerce the precursor of an approaching ruin; and fetch an historical argument for their fears from the downfall of the mercantile states in Italy, nay, are reverting still farther back to what befell Italy at the dissolution of the Roman empire, when the imports which fed her people were withdrawn—and so they prophesy for Britain a like dreadful consummation. It should help surely to allay all these inquietudes, to be told that Britain on the average of

many years back has not annually imported more than eleven days' consumption, and certainly not more than the consumption of a fortnight. In other words, Britain is raising as much corn as serves for fifty weeks' consumption in the year of all her population, and which by a thousand shifts and expedients could be easily made to serve for two weeks longer. But besides, the change, come when it may, will in all likelihood come gradually, and be amply met by the still more rapid increase of our own agriculture, which has more than doubled its produce during the last forty years. In short, Britain is wholly beyond the reach of those analogies which are now being conjured up to frighten our isle from its propriety; and unlike either to Carthage or to Italy in any former stages of its history, she may share in their fate from some other cause, but not certainly from the cause under which the once powerful states of Venice and Genoa have withered into extinction—even that when abandoned by their commerce, they had no sufficient agricultural basis to fall back upon.

But there is still another ground for dismay, and more reasonable than the one that we have just disposed of. We have spoken of another cause for a reduction in the money price of grain, distinct from the abolition of Corn Laws—even such a decay of our underselling power, and so such a diminution of exports, that we may at length cease to be a grain-importing country, when common agricultural prices will fall towards a level with those on the Continent. Would not such a result, it may well be asked, entail ruin on our landlords, and derange or overturn all the existing relations of society? It would not if ours was a wholly unindebted country—for with the fall in the price of first necessities, there would be a proportional fall in the price of every thing else, and so the same command as before even with the smaller money-rents, of all those articles which make up the style and comfort of families. But ours is a heavily indebted country, and it is the great national, along with the private mortgages, which give to our landlords not a nominal only, but a real and substantial interest in high money prices. But neither is this beyond the reach of adjustment—and all the more practicable, the more that our public revenue were drawn from taxes on income and property, and less from taxes on commodities than heretofore. Under such a system of finance, it were possible so to share the Income tax between landholders on the one hand, and fundholders or private creditors on the other, as that, by a regulated scale of centages, varying with and dependent on the average yearly price of corn, each of these classes might retain the same proportional wealth, and be upheld in the same relative station to each other as before. We can proceed no farther at present with this explanation; but shall only say, that on the adoption of such

a system, the apprehension lest a lower money price should throw the poorer soils out of cultivation, would become a downright chimera.* In every country where justice and protection are strong enough to secure for every man the fruits of his own industry, land will never cease to be cultivated—save from choice, but never from necessity—so long as it gives back, in return for the labour bestowed on it, enough of produce to maintain the labourers, along with a sufficient surplus to defray all the expenses of its management, and yield a remunerating profit to the farmer. But, in proportion as taxes are taken off from commodities, and laid on the net-income of landholders and mortgagees, including, of course, fundholders, the joint proprietors of far the heaviest of all our mortgages—in that proportion will the expenses of farm-management be diminished, and husbandmen be enabled to enter on the culture of still poorer soils than before. It is thus, that so far from a narrower, we might have both a more thorough and a more extended agriculture than before; and not only would landowners receive an equivalent for their lower money rents, in the general and proportional cheapness of all that now enters into their personal and family expenditure; but in the now larger difference of rent between that of the superior soils and that of the land last entered on, would they receive an overpassing compensation. Truly, they have nothing to fear but from their own obstinacy and their own blindness—when standing in conjunct array, at one time against the rights of property, and at another against the rights of conscience, they call forth the re-action of every generous and indignant feeling in society on behalf of the natural liberties of men.

But there is a far higher interest than any that we have yet spoken of—immensely higher than either the revenue of landlords, or the accumulating wealth of capitalists—we mean, the cheering spectacle of prosperous and well-paid industry throughout the great bulk and body of our common people. What we most aspire after is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. All the gaudy efflorescence of an affluent and high aristocracy is but tinsel and vanity, when compared, in respect of importance, with the substantial well-being of those thousands and

* If we may judge, indeed, from the experience of the past, there is much of the chimerical in this apprehension, even under the existing economy of things. Mr. M'Culloch tells us in his *Treatise*, that "the price of wheat in England, at an average of the ten years, ending with 1820, was no less than 86s. 3d. a-quarter. Its average price has since, as we have just seen, been reduced to 56s. 11½d. a-quarter; and yet, notwithstanding this tremendous fall, a most extraordinary improvement has taken place in agriculture since 1820; so much so, that we now provide for an additional population of, at least, SEVEN MILLIONS, not only without any increase, but with a very considerable diminution, of importation."

millions who overspread the ground-floor of our social and political edifice. To elevate this lowest platform of humanity—the platform of humble life—is the best object, on this side of death, to which either patriot or philanthropist can consecrate their labours. We have said, that should any brief or temporary enlargement ensue on the abolition of the Corn Laws, some advantage might possibly be taken of it for the permanent amelioration of the working classes. But this subject is far too unwieldy for being entered on now. It is the theme, however, which, of all others, most occupies and engages the public attention, and on which the press is even now teeming with authorship. We therefore trust, that, in the exercise of our vocation, we shall meet with a still fitter opportunity than is afforded by our present argument for entertaining this momentous question—a question which, in the magnitude both of its character and its results, might well cast into the shade all the commonplace topics of our present popular and political agitation.

We shall offer a summary of our present article in three sentences.

The abolition of the Corn Laws will not inflict on the upper classes the evils they are afraid of.

The abolition of the Corn Laws will not confer on the lower classes the good which they expect from it.

The continuance of the Corn Laws, from the very aspect which they hold forth, nay, from the very purpose for which they were framed, of enriching one order of the community at the expense of another, will never cease to awaken fierce and hostile passions in the bosom of society; and, therefore, they ought to be dealt with as a moral nuisance that is, utterly and conclusively swept away.

ART. IV. — *Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Author of "Letters from the Mountains," "Memoirs of an American Lady," &c. Edited by her Son, J. P. GRANT, Esq.* 3 vols. London, 1844.

SOME people burn all the letters they receive, and keep no copies of those they write. Others dip their whole epistolary treasures into an anti-dry-rot-solution—embalm every scrap to or from friend and foe—and, with wonderful method of label and docquet, exhibit to gossiping contemporaries and gaping posterity a collection which entomologists may envy, while they imitate it. Heavy charges, and a good deal of practical benevolence, may be said to lie at the doors alike of the Destructives and the Conservatives. Both are wantonly indiscriminate for good and evil. The trash from which we have been saved by wholesale and promiscuous conflagration can only be estimated, with a pleasant shudder, by looking at what has been imposed on us from an over-sensitive dislike to a single act of incendiarism. Spontaneous combustion, we fear, is too lofty a sacrifice to expect from foolscap or double-weave. But, at the same time, what we possess—of course we mean the really valuable part of our acquisition—leads us undoubtedly to believe that much has irrecoverably perished, which the judicious world, had its voice been heard, would not willingly have suffered to die. And, on the whole, the legacies left to us, during cycles of centuries, in the letters and correspondence of all sorts of men and women—the virtuous and wicked, the wise and silly, the illustrious and insignificant—have afforded so much pleasure and instruction, that we ought not perhaps to complain too loudly, though the grain of Pactolian gold must often be wearisomely culled out of a bucket of sand.

We feel especially that *familiar* letters—"Epistolæ ad Quintum fratrem," "Epistolæ ad Atticum,"—the very effusions most likely to escape us, are precisely what we chiefly long to seize and to perpetuate. They are, indeed, windows through which we look far into the heart—valves, at which we observe the wayward ebullitions of temper escaping—meters, by which we calculate the mind's elasticity, the intensity of passions, the oscillations of the will. The easy private letters of an individual bear some analogy to the ballads of a nation. They embody and carry off, as the mood may be, softly or nervously, jocularly or sadly, coarsely or elegantly, and, nine times out of ten, we believe, honestly, the whim or resolve, enjoyment or anguish, rankling or effervescence of the spirit, at the moment of their composition. The pen becomes Ithuriel's spear to the writer; and, now and

then, the paper acts like Medusa's head upon the reader. What a flood of light has not the twinkling star-ray of one letter poured over the previous gloom of a nation's annals! With what a cloud has not another obscured a hitherto sunny renown! And how much reality—fresh living truth, in feature, costume, deportment, habits—is imparted by these illustrative portraits, as we may call them, to the vague delineations of history, of which the high and wide purpose seems to be fulfilled in presenting to us the substance of the action, and only the shadow of the actor. Had the Oration alone emerged above the inundation of ages and barbarous neglect, could we have ventured to dream that the prosecutor of Verres, the denouncer of Antony, the destroyer of Catiline, was a flexible politician, a pusillanimous patriot, an irresolute Roman? The loss of the letters of the younger Pliny had been the loss—a heavy one—not merely of an intimate friend and delightful companion, but of our present familiarity with the tastes, accomplishments, pursuits, and temper of his order, his country, and his times. We never read these graceful and fascinating lucubrations of the Roman, without mentally determining to abstain in future from all censure of any collection whatever of familiar letters, and maintain our resolution, until—much too frequently now-a-days—an unfortunate publication compels us to be forsworn.

It is obvious that, in many instances, the sort of household censorship which settles the propriety of putting forth into the world the letters or correspondence of a deceased friend must be gentle and partial. The hand of love unconsciously inclines the balance, and the want of real weight will be more than compensated by the tremulous bias of natural affection. From this very cause, almost commendable in itself, there is occasionally displayed so prodigiously blind a vanity in appreciating what disclosures are fit for the general eye, that it is impossible, in the most indulgent mood, to palliate the folly which has robbed oblivion of its lawful prey. Our present duty, luckily, does not oblige us to deal with any offence of this kind. But it does repeatedly happen, that much is ushered into the garish light of day, which meaning and doing no harm, not meriting or provoking any actual blame, is entitled to little more than this negative commendation. A certain celebrity during life, it would appear, easily induces surviving friends to imagine that they cannot too lavishly distribute what they find in their hands as executors, and rashly to expect a price for their gift which could be allowed, if at all, but in virtue of associations with which the living generation, or the busy marts of men generally, can be in nowise familiar, and only dimly cognizant. This error, it is true, may spring from a not unamiable infatuation, when, with our whole heart

yearning towards the object of its passionate regard, we expand our faith in human sympathy, and credulously intrust to the rough handling of frigid curiosity, what has no value or grace, except as seen through the mist of private affliction. So it will be, as it has been, for many a long day! This is an error of judgment in yielding to feeling instead of obeying reflection; but it is no error of judgment in the readers of the books where such unnecessary matter appears, if they are not deeply stirred by the perusal of them, and lay them down, never to resume them, or to remember that they once had the work in their hands.

It cannot, and ought not, to be otherwise. *Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto*, is a sentiment to which all mankind, as one mighty theatre, will applaudingly respond; but its application has limits. The grief which sits lamenting beside a desolated hearth, must not hope to hear the wail out of doors as loud as its own, while the domestic standard by which we test the virtues or talents of our immediate circle, is again and again lowered many an inch, till it reaches the measurement of public opinion. There is a harshness, we know, in uttering, but how can we help enforcing, these truths? The fecundity of the press at this moment in Memoirs, Diaries, Biographical Notices, Letters and Correspondence, is beyond all former precedent. Few men can write letters like Cowper and Byron; and of female letter-writers we open and close the list with Madame de Sevigné and Lady Mary Montague. Yet, even as we are inditing this sentence, a single glance at the columns of any newspaper, or at a bookseller's catalogue, nearly startles us from our creed. Everybody now, it would seem, writes as naturally and attractively as Cowper or Montague, and, in addition, is entitled to as much biographical notoriety as Napoleon or Scott. For this extravagant absurdity there is but one cure, which will come speedily, and that is—a surfeit.

Now, here are before us three volumes, containing 392 letters, the productions of one pen—of a very estimable, shrewd, and clever lady. It will hardly surprise our readers to hear, that some of our preceding observations are directly applicable to this publication. Can anybody doubt that there must be an alarming prodigality in this gift? For ourselves we state it unhesitatingly as our conviction, that there is much in these books which cannot possibly attract the public now, or at any future period—much of the merest tittle-tattle, quite unintelligible as it stands, and when a key to it is obtained, referring to people and matters equally uninteresting—*far too much* dragged from the sanctuaries of domestic sorrow—and a very great deal exactly within the negative commendation of meaning and doing no harm, deserving and inviting no rebuke. We could point out

we know not how many letters, the publication of which is only explicable and defensible on the theory we have already noticed, that they are made patent in obedience to a feeling which mistakenly urges the survivor with the pressure of duty, to be lavish to everybody of everything connected with the memory of the departed.

Let us not be misunderstood. It is the very reverse of our intention to imply that the abilities of Mrs. Grant of Laggan were so trifling and undeveloped, her reputation so narrow or transitory, her character so unmarked, or her life so uninteresting, as to justify a total suppression of any notice of her worth, or to make it appear foolishly fond in those who loved her best and admired her most to soothe their regret, and gratify an honest pride by admitting all to a participation in their sentiments. But, honestly, we cannot believe that it was expected or desired, and certainly it was not necessary in the case of Mrs. Grant, for the illustration of character, to illuminate, during a period of years, for the common gaze, the privacies of a heart too constantly and deeply acquainted with affliction in its sharpest earthly form, or for the confirmation of fame, to make the million confidants in the casual unimportant intercommunication of female friendship, or in other mysteries of equal moment. On the first of these subjects, we have a very decided opinion. Grief in itself is a sacred thing, while the language of grief is that probably most universally spoken by mankind. Where, therefore, there is an objection—and, to our mind, there is *always* an objection—to perpetually, or at least over-frequently obtruding the *thing*, little or nothing is to be gained by parading its *language*, which blunts its edge by monotonous repetition. On the other matter, we are inclined to be not a whit more tolerant or less severe, regarding it conscientiously as a besetting sin of the day, against the prevalence of which we unreservedly and energetically protest. And we do this all the more emphatically, when an opportunity is afforded for recording our animadversions in a case like the present, where, after winnowing what is superfluous, so much remains which we can heartily admire and sincerely respect.

We are confirmed in the remarks we have just made, on turning to the Memoir of the life of Mrs. Grant, which is prefixed to the collection of her letters. This brief sketch of her earlier years, from her own pen, was found at her death in her repositories. "It contains," we are told, "a rapid view of the principal incidents of her life, from her birth in 1755, down to 1806, when she became known to the public as the author of 'Letters from the Mountains.' At that period the Memoir terminates, leaving the events of the last thirty years that she survived still untold."

It is a great pity that this sketch of the first fifty years of her life has not been taken as the model for the sequel of her biography. In adopting this course, the editor could have gracefully and agreeably incorporated, with a terse and simple narrative, a great many interesting and amusing letters, illustrative at once of the moral and intellectual character of the subject of the Memoir, and of the society and events among which she moved. There is no doubt, that, according to this plan, Mrs. Grant's fame would have lost nothing, while the public would have gained an entertaining and readable book.

Mrs. Grant's father, Duncan MacVicar, we learn from herself, "was a plain, brave, pious man." Born in the parish of Craignish, in Argyleshire, and early left an orphan, he removed in his youth to the house and family of a relative at Fort-William in Inverness-shire. In 1753, he married a grand-daughter of Mr. Stewart of Invernahyle, an ancient family in the neighbouring county Argyll. Anne, afterwards Mrs. Grant of Laggan, was born on the 21st February 1755. Two years after her birth, her father went, as an officer in the 77th foot, to America, whither his wife and child followed him in 1758. For ten years, America continued to be their home; and during her residence in that magnificent country, which had then, probably, more of the primal freshness of nature about its fields and forests, than may now exist in the same localities, we can easily perceive, that the heart of the young girl imbibed and cherished those enthusiastic emotions, which the scenery of her native Highlands ever afterwards evoked with irrepressible fervour.

"The first summer of my abode at Claverock, my father was engaged with the 55th regiment, to which he was now attached, in the fatal attack on Ticonderoga, where Lord Howe and many of our countrymen fell in battle with the French. The next winter, my father brought us to New York, and in the following spring (1760), we returned to Claverock, where I was again happy with those whom I counted as brothers and sisters. My father returned this year early from the campaign, and took us to the town of Albany, on the Hudson river, where I saw, with keen though childish sorrow, the Highland soldiers dragging through the streets cannon destined for the attack on the Havannah, where so many of them afterwards perished. In October, we set out with a party, in boats, for Oswego, on the banks of Lake Ontario. We had a most romantic journey, sleeping sometimes in the woods, sometimes in forts, which formed a chain of posts in the then trackless wilderness. We had no books but the Bible and some military treatises; but I grew familiar with the Old Testament, and a Scotch sergeant brought me Blind Harry's "Wallace," which, by the aid of said sergeant, I conned so diligently, that I not only understood the broad Scotch, but caught an admiration for heroism,

and an enthusiasm for Scotland, that ever since has been like a principle of life."—Vol. i. pp. 5-6.

It must be admitted that there is nothing exaggerated in these concluding words, and after carefully reading her letters, we can pretty confidently decide, had the painful alternative been put to Mrs. Grant of abandoning her hatred of Democrats, or of renouncing the authenticity of Ossian, where her abiding choice, however reluctantly, would have been. Mrs. Grant mentions, that when about six years old, a friend presented her with a copy of Milton, which she studied with that avidity and energy, always characteristic of her nature—never resting till she had discovered the literal meaning of the words. "In progress of time," she adds, "at an age that I am ashamed to mention, I entered into the full spirit of it. If I had ever any elevation of thought, expansion of mind, or genuine taste for the sublime and beautiful, I owe it to my diligent study of this volume." We have some difficulty in acceding to this proposition at any time, often as it is advanced by people, both with regard to themselves and others. We cannot help suspecting that there is much self-deception in the retrospective reference, which the maturity of intellectual powers especially is apt to make to some fancied seed, out of which, early planted, it has grown up, tree-like, to leafy and fruitful vigour. Nor is there anything inconsistent in this with our recent allusion to the enduring impressions that may be produced on the very dawn of infancy by the scenery of nature. Majestic and thunder-riven hills, gloomy and interminable woods, green and flowery valleys, will daguerrotype themselves on the eye and mind of childhood—and their re-appearance, or something resembling them, rearing themselves up, and stretching out their wildness or loveliness a thousand miles away, strike not with the wonder of novelty, but the delight of memory. But there can be no such early counterpart for the prime of the mind's grandeur, and it is with mistaken gratitude, nursed by delusive associations, that the intellect in its ripe strength reverts to a parentage, of which it is in truth independent. It is certain, however, that while in America, and yet so young, Mrs. Grant secured the attachment, enjoyed the familiarity, and thoroughly studied the character of Madame or "Aunt" Schuyler, whom she long afterward described, and fully portrayed in her "*Memoirs of an American Lady*."

During her whole sojourn in the West, she appears to have been left, unavoidably in all likelihood, to improve herself, and to cultivate or exercise her natural faculties according to her own discretion or caprice. Education is not a plant indigenous to the prairie, and amidst the rough encounters which staggered strong men, there was scanty time or place for the soft tuition of young

ladies. Not for many years later, when the storm had spent its rage, did "the milder genii of the deep" settle down on the land, bringing peace and social order, prosperity and refinement. We cannot better show how entirely she was thrown on her own resources, and delivered over to her own inclinations, than by an extract from one of her letters, written forty years subsequent to her departure from America, in which she amusingly enough answers the taunts of a friend upon a point, which is the object of considerable solicitude in modern female accomplishment. The remarks which follow this jocular apology for her want of manual grace, will be acceptable as being not without interest in the history of the gradual alterations and modifications of the character of the people of Scotland. She is writing to a Miss Fanshawe in London, in the year 1809.

"I am delighted with the pleasantry of your observations upon my defective orthography—which can be the less excused, as it is a thing to be learned merely by a common degree of observation.—But do you know that the first unshackled letter of my very own diction that I wrote in my life was that which begins the series of my printed correspondence;—this I have beside me, written in the most childish and unformed hand imaginable. I was taught to write, when a girl in America, by a soldier in my father's regiment, who began life in the character of a gentleman, but being an incorrigible sot, retained nothing but a fine hand to distinguish him from his fellows when he was chosen my teacher;—this tutor of mine visited the black hole so often, that I got copies—perhaps twenty—at long intervals, when he was removed into another regiment. I was thus deprived of all instruction of this and of almost every other kind; but then it was intended to send me to a convent in Canada, where officers' daughters got some sort of superficial education. This was deferred from year to year, and then dropped, because we thought of coming home, where I was to learn every thing; but, by that time, I was grown very tall, very awkward, and so sensitive that a look disconcerted me, and I went to no school except that where dancing was taught, which I very soon left from the same miserable conscious awkwardness.

"Upon our return to Scotland I exercised my handwriting in little poems, where 'mere description held the place of sense,' inspired by the romantic banks of the river Cart, in Renfrewshire, where I passed summers with a family whose innocence of manners, purity of thought, and odd mixture of perfect simplicity with a degree of refinement that one would have thought incompatible with any thing so primitive—formed, altogether, an assemblage of qualities that I suppose were rarely blended in the same degree. I stop here to observe to you that a class of people then existed in Scotland—of whom few relics now remain—that were peculiar to this country, and died away with the broad Scotch of Allan Ramsay—for they would not or could not speak English properly. They were to be found in middle life, among the clergy, petty lairds, and professional people of the second class. What

distinguished them from all other people was a simplicity of manners, and plainness of language, amounting to rusticity, yet perfectly distinct from vulgarity and not the least allied to it; on the contrary, those derived from the most complete and intimate knowledge of Scripture, of the English classics of Queen Anne's reign, and all the touching and ennobling productions of their own national Muse. And this was combined with a taste for simplicity, and a refinement of sentiment that one would little expect to meet among people moving in an humble and retired circle, without even the wish to quit it.

"To make you understand what I mean, such beings as Miss Burney's Dubsters, Brangtons, and Mittenses, never had an existence in Scotland: they are as new to us as the Caliban of Shakspeare. As the poet tells us, talking of the golden age, that 'music held the whole in perfect peace,' I verily think the pathetic strains of our national music so very familiar to every one, and the soft and even graceful rusticity of our pastoral muse, had some share in this singular delicacy of mind that existed, often utterly independent of modes and forms, and is, I think, the prevailing charm of our bleak uncultured country, but which is vanishing fast, as the latter is more cultivated and improved. It is that which one misses in the middle rank of life in England, where one must really rise above the obscure recesses of life, before any degree of mental delicacy or culture is to be expected. Refinement, in short, is with you carried much farther, but not so generally diffused."—Vol. i. pp. 210-11-12-13.

The resolution of her parents, in 1768, to return to Scotland, was sudden, and so precipitately carried into execution, as to allow her father no time farther to arrange his affairs, than to constitute a friend his agent for selling or letting the lands which he had acquired in America. And these lands, we may just notice, were lost to him by the vindication of American independence, for they lay within the bounds of Vermont, "a new state, which had risen, like a volcanic island, in the tumult of that civil commotion." It would be unjust to withhold here the very graphic little sketch, from her own pencil, of her condition, and her reception on her return to Glasgow in the fourteenth year of her age.

"I was first sought after as something curious and anomalous, having none of the embellishments of education, knowing only reading, writing, and needlework—writing, indeed, very imperfectly, yet familiar with books, with plants, and with trees, with all that regarded the face of nature; perfectly ignorant of the customs and manners of the world; combining, with a childish and amusing simplicity, a store of various knowledge, which nothing less than the leisure of much solitary retirement, and the tenacity of an uncommonly retentive memory, could have accumulated in the mind of an overgrown child—for such I appeared to those who knew my age."—Vol. i. p. 10.

Much of her time was now spent in the society of a family,

one of whom had been known to her in America; and at their country-house, on the banks of the Cart, near Glasgow, with the relics of the old Covenanters round her, she enriched her memory "with many curious traits of Scottish history and manners, by frequenting the cottages of the peasantry, and perusing what I could find on their smoky book-shelves. Here was education for the heart and mind, well adapted for the future lot which Providence assigned to me." That lot was fixed by her marriage, in 1779, to the Rev. Mr. Grant of Laggan; and beneath its manse one-and-twenty years rolled away, not in cloudless happiness, not without any bitterness to sharpen the pleasant waters of life, but tranquilly, contentedly, and cheerfully. Her husband's death, in 1801, left her with a large family, and straitened means. And from this period downwards, we feel bound to declare, that the character and conduct of Mrs. Grant can only be regarded with deep respect, and very great admiration. The kindness evinced towards her—the practical courtesy extended to her, on all hands, from some of which she could have no right to claim more than an ordinary and decent respect for her circumstances—are eminently favourable to her; but her own independence, and energy, and indefatigable steadiness of purpose, from the moment she confronted and gave battle to the probable difficulties of her future position, far more redound to her credit.

With her—as with how many more—the muses had sported in her infancy, and stray leaves—memorials of these dreamy visitations—caught up by passing zephyrs, had reached the hands of watchful friends. There might be little in them, except that deceitfullest of all *mirages*—the promise of more, and perhaps better. At this critical season, they were not forgotten; and, before she was herself aware of the project, proposals for publishing a volume of her Poems, had been dispersed all over Scotland. Partly from the unrelaxing exertions of friendship, partly from the nature of the appeal, a brilliant and long array of subscribers attested their sympathy or esteem; and although, from the knowledge that many were probably influenced by compassionate motives, she confesses her gratitude to have been mingled with a sense of humiliation; yet, encouragement and confidence, must, we think, have visited her heart in company with such an unequivocal manifestation of zeal and good will. Fortunately, Mrs. Grant had, in her youth, communed with nymphs more kin to flesh and blood, than are the "Sacred Nine," and who, as she observes in the dedicatory sentences of the first edition of the "Letters from the Mountains," "were not all 'like some gay creatures of the element, the creation of an exuberant fancy.'" She was therefore earnestly importuned to publish a collection of her

letters ; for her correspondence had always been—and, we have proof, continued to be—voluminous—almost astounding, according to her own admission, to look back on in her old age. With some hesitation, the advice was taken—a journey to London was made—the manuscript, by the intervention of a Scotch friend, was speedily submitted to the scrutiny of Messrs. Longman and Rees—and in a few days came back “the glad sound, that it would do very well for publication.” This was in spring 1805 ; and on this occasion was composed and sent a letter—of which we shall not curtail a word—being altogether a remarkable production, when we reflect on the circumstances of the writer, and marked, as it is, by an union of delicacy and straightforwardness, firmness and diffidence, which are very typical in their amalgamation of the nature of the writer. Here it is :—

“To JOHN HATSELL, Esq., House of Commons, London.

“LONDON, 2d May 1805.

“SIR—The purpose of this address is to endeavour to recall to your memory a person, of whom you had a very slight knowledge indeed, at Fort-Augustus, thirty years ago, then a girl of seventeen, and in whose father's house you resided while there. Since that time, I was happily and respectably married to a gentleman of that country, who was minister of an adjoining parish, and chaplain to the 90th regiment. He was a man of much humanity and generosity. We lived in an open and hospitable manner, and had twelve children, of whom eight remain. I hasten to the sad sequel. Three years ago, a sudden death deprived us of the best of husbands and fathers. To his young and helpless family, his character and example are a rich inheritance. I do not fear that they will feel absolute want, nor were they left absolutely destitute. My friends, however, urged me to publish a volume of occasional verses, which I had wrote to please them or myself. This volume I have taken the liberty of sending you, not to solicit your name, or derive any advantage in that way ; far otherwise. I do not mention my address, to prevent the possibility of having my motive mistaken. But, having come to town to send my eldest son to the East Indies, and conclude some other matters relative to my family, I happened to hear you spoken of as a worthy and benevolent character ; thinking you, too, at the time I met with you, the finest gentleman I ever saw, I was very attentive to your conversation, and remarked that you had a taste for literature. These are the circumstances that have induced me thus to commit myself, by placing a confidence in you that may lead you to think oddly of me. I cannot help it. You will never see nor hear of me more ; and if you do not attend to my simple request, forget, I beg of you, that ever I made it.

You see, by the subscribers' list, that my own country people are interested in me, and have treated me with unexampled kindness ; yet my circumstances rendering it difficult for me to educate so large a family

without encroaching on their little capital, I am now about to publish two small volumes, without my name, of juvenile correspondence, genuine and unaltered, under the title of "*Letters from the Mountains.*" Now I send you my poetical volume—first, in return for two books you gave me at Fort-Augustus, and next, that you may read it: and if you think as kindly of it as many others have done, it will perhaps interest you in the writer; or, what is much better in a large family of orphans belonging to a worthy man. You will, in that case, use your influence, which I know is extensive, to make the intended publication known. I do not expect you to recommend it, because that is useless if it wants merit, and needless if it has. Longman and Rees are my publishers; they have some volumes of the works herewith sent on hand: these, too, I wish you to make known. It would gratify me if you would send a note to Longman and Rees, desiring to have the "*Letters from the Mountains*" sent you when they are published. If you are a man of delicacy and benevolence, you will do this, to show you take my confidence in good part; if not, be at least the man of honour—burn this letter, never mention it, and forget the ill-judged presumption of your obedient humble servant,

ANNE GRANT."

—Vol. i. pp. 54-5-6.

It must be needless to add, that Mr. Hatsell's friendship with her was only severed by death.

The success of the "*Letters from the Mountains*" was instantaneous and wide. They were read with an eagerness, an interest, a surprise, which the present race, even of the youngest breasts, will be totally at a loss to comprehend. Fresh soil had been turned up with a keen and clean plough; and before the astonished vision of a multitude of our southern neighbours, the wilderness of the north unveiled its countless charms. It is not easy to plunge back into the abyss where, at the commencement of the century, an immense mass of intelligent minds on the other side of the Tweed slept in contented incurious ignorance respecting the Scottish Highlands. Sixty years before, some uncouth semi-clad savage shapes, wild caricatures of a well-grazed humanity, had been seen, for the twinkling of an eye, in the very centre of England, ravenously gorging on the food proper to horses, and mowing down with scythes gentlemen of the highest respectability and most ancient lineage. A gust of a whirlwind seemed to have brought them, as it swept them away. To associate any thing with the country of such beings but ragged sterility—with their habitations but the lairs of wild beasts—with their manners and actions but ruthless ferocity,—required an effort of imagination which the sleek Saxon might see no motive for making, as it was not very likely to be ever repaid. That these remote and impervious recesses harboured high-spirited

races, more jealous, even than those who scorned them, of their antique genealogy—of generous dispositions—susceptible of the warmest feelings—capable of the most desperate acts of devotion and faithful service—sensitive in the extreme as to the sanctity of hospitality—and fastidiously anxious about the courtesies of personal respect in their intercourse with strangers,—sounded like the fables of a good-humoured and credulous romancer. But the enthusiasm of a youthful champion, fresh from the monster's den—herself a child of the mist—her heart roused by the same healthful breezes that stirred the heather on her native hills—re-appearing in gentler guise, and advancing her victorious ensigns farther than did her kindred, who ingloriously vanished from Derby—availed more than we can justly calculate to shake lethargy and disbelief from a slumber, which is gone for ever. We have no desire to exaggerate, and do not exaggerate in asserting that the “*Letters from the Mountains*” gave a decided impetus to the tide of popular curiosity and inquiry in a direction which, from apathy or prejudice, it had never previously made for with any settled flood. And there was the right stuff in the Letters—recollecting always the date of their appearance—to operate this result. They had the spell of reality, sometimes more potent than that of fiction, within them. They spoke of what actually existed; and, that they did so, was vouched for by the testimony which the very fervour of the work bore to its truth. For they were the utterance of the first impressions of a young heart, not the worse for that, pouring out its emotions and raptures with a tumultuous ardour, that was impatient of any exact harmony, and in desultory ebullitions which did not admit of severe unity, unless it were the entireness of its glowing faith in the truth of all the glorious, hallowed, and beautiful it saw. Any criticism of the method of the letters, and even of their style, as we are looking at them, appears to us unreasonable, for we are endeavouring to retrace eight lustrums of life, and to listen to the note of the silver trumpet as it then first broke on the drowsy ear. And in no other way, fairly, can the merits of this work be tried. The eloquence or elegance of its diction—and it possesses both largely—the excellence of its style, which, we think, exceedingly graceful, and often powerful, may be leisurely discussed now, or fifty years hence. But to test it—to know what the work was, and did—we must go back in mind to its birth; see it leap with Herculean vigour from its cradle, and suffer ourselves to be hurried along in its career of triumph.

In 1806, Mrs. Grant removed with her family to Stirling; and, in 1810, from Stirling to Edinburgh, where she resided till her death. The year after her residence was fixed in this metropolis, Mrs. Grant published her “*Essays on the Superstitions of the*

Highlanders." We miss, of course, the freshness in them which charmed so much in her first publication, and her favourite paths are, more than once, beaten by her again. But here, as formerly, she exhibited all those already-known qualities which were at the time very concisely and happily summed up by the most eminent of our living critics, "very great powers of description, both of character and scenery; much force of conception, acuteness, and reach of mind in reasoning; great occasional brightness, and perpetual activity of fancy, and a fine enthusiasm for virtue, simplicity and—the Highlands." And, although she did not, on this occasion, stir the soul as she had done before, she was entitled to the gratification of believing that her audience were of more equable temperament from their better knowledge of a subject to which she was undeniably among the first to stimulate their attention and impel their study.

During her residence at Stirling, and afterwards during the remainder of her life at Edinburgh, she is presented to our notice in another character than that of an author, and under very different trials from those which may press on literary exertions. It is not our province to touch even with the lightest hand the sad continuous story of her domestic sorrows. But a brief tribute we must be allowed to the Christian meekness and fortitude which distinguished and supported her through all her dark and thickly-coming deprivations. The iron entered her soul again and again, not merely without stirring the broad foundations of her faith, but without corroding the imperturbable serenity of her resignation to the dispensations of inscrutable Providence. And this placid passive heroism imparted to her a buoyant strength beneath cares from which, till nearly her latest breath, even her many bereavements did not release her. So far as we can see, her duty to her family never flagged—her trust in God never faltered. Blow followed blow, sometimes with a frightful rapidity of succession, shattering the brightest hopes—rivetting the gloomiest fears; but we cannot discover any accumulation or series of disasters under which this lady swerved from the "even tenor" of her discharge of all the offices which the most vigilant, laborious, and tender affection could demand or impose.

Her fame brought many distinguished strangers to her house, but her cheerful nature and animated conversation, made it the resort of affectionate friends, and of the most celebrated men in the society of this city. The present volumes amply demonstrate the powers of her observation of character, and satisfy us also, that although imbued with powerful and even fierce prejudices, they were, in the long run, so held in check by innate good feeling and sound sense, as *seldom* to predominate in her final judgments. There is earnest and real bitterness in the following pas-

sage, but the absurdity of it is so exquisite, that all venom oozes out.

"As for Queen Caroline, I could not possibly be more fully convinced of her guilt now, than I was before she landed in this country, seeing, as I do very frequently, many of our countrymen and others who have resided in Italy; and I am to this hour convinced that she would never again have polluted the British soil, if she had not been urged by the fiction who have made her their instrument. Since the mob did break loose, it appeared to me best, to use an old Scotticism, that they should run the length of their tether—*Anglice*, throw off the mask, and appear in native deformity. When I was at Abbotsford last autumn, Walter Scott said that he considered the populace under the influence of a temporary delirium, and agreed with me in expecting a sudden and great revulsion. The nature of the frenzy, indeed, was such that it could not last, unless, as in the Old Testament times, an evil spirit from the Lord had gone forth for our destruction. My zeal was not less than yours, but my faith is stronger.

"Now that the spirit of loyalty has awaked like a giant from his wine, the Whigs here are put to their very last shift to blow up the embers of their dying popularity. They have lately had a Fox dinner, where they mustered five hundred, and made many verbose speeches. The Pitt dinner, on the same day, and without effort or recruiting, assembled seven hundred. My son was there, and was much delighted: there were only short pithy speeches, and, like the angel Michael, they brought no railing accusation: nothing could be more cordial, joyous, and gentlemanlike than the whole proceedings. I expect some of my Whig friends to come boasting of their superiority in clever speeches, but my answer is prepared. I shall tell them, in the first place, that the speakers among them are talkers by trade; and, next, remind them that the most elegant opposition-speeches any where to be met with are to be found in Milton, and were inspired by the despair of those angels who found they were defeated in their attempts to aspire to a higher place; and that we do not hear of laboured diatribes among the faithful spirits, but are told of their exquisite music, and that

‘They eat, they drink, and with communion sweet,
Quaff immortality and joy.’”

—Vol. ii. pp. 279–80.

The good lady lived to see the “immortality” of her friends rudely disturbed, and their “joy” dreadfully embittered. She did not survive to behold them resume their seats on Olympus, and the official nectar recommence its circuit. We meant to have cited some expressions of her admiration of Wordsworth’s poetry, which are striking and bold for the period (1819,) when they were written, but find we must conclude with a comparison which cannot fail to be interesting, as relating to two most remarkable men—the one dead—the other still with us—who are here brought into juxtaposition.

“You ask me to tell you about Dr. Chalmers. I must tell you

first, then, that of all men he is the most modest, and speaks with undissembled gentleness and liberality of those who differ from him in opinion. Every word he says has the stamp of genius; yet the calmness, ease, and simplicity of his conversation is such, that to ordinary minds he might appear an ordinary man. I had a great intellectual feast about three weeks since—I breakfasted with him at a friend's house, and enjoyed his society for two hours with great delight. Conversation wandered into various channels, but he was always powerful, always gentle, and always seemed quite unconscious of his own superiority. I had not been an hour at home when a guest arrived, who had become a stranger to me for some time past. It was Walter Scott, who sat a long time with me, and was, as he always is, delightful; his good nature, good humour, and simplicity are truly charming: you never once think of his superiority, because it is evident he does not think of it himself. He, too, confirmed the maxim, that true genius is ever modest and careless; after his greatest literary triumphs he is like Hardyknute's son after a victory, when we are told,—

‘ With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rode he o’wre the plain.’

Mary, and I could not help observing certain similarities between these two extraordinary persons (Chalmers and Scott): the same quiet unobtrusive humour, the same flow of rich original conversation, easy, careless, and visibly unpremeditated; the same indulgence for others, and readiness to give attention and interest to any subject started by others. There was a more chastened dignity and occasional elevation in the Divine than in the Poet; but many resembling features in their modes of thinking and manner of expression. . . .”—Vol. ii., pp. 167-8-9.

Mrs. Grant died in the fulness of age—in her eighty-fourth year—going down to the tomb after—with one exception—all those, and they were many, who, in the ordinary course of nature, might have wept over her. She was an excellent, amiable, and most exemplary woman. Her nature, we are inclined to think, was gentle and sensitive, but remarkably firm, and, from the severe discipline of events, peculiarly under self-control; susceptible of keen, warm, enthusiastic emotions, as we may gather from her writings, but capable of strong resolve and steady purpose, as we are taught by the whole course of her life, of which the sterling virtues are a bright model—the poignant sufferings a solemn lesson.

ART. V.—*Histoire des Croisades.* Par M. MICHAUD, de l'Académie Française, et de Celle des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Sixième Edition. 1841.

THERE is no mean advantage in possessing writings which present particular compartments of history. Their authors are generally a plodding race. Without disposition or qualification to generalize, they are at home in specialties and details. We can trust them for the delineation of a country, or the settlement of a date. They are an useful tribe. Though they cannot impress the touches of a majestic statuary—laboriously they quarry, and patiently rough-hew, the block. They work upon that most beneficial principle which divides labour, society reaping the profit at the expense of that more comprehensive and skilled artisanship which otherwise must be employed. To these collectors of authorities and disintegrators of *debris*, the self-assigned task is no drudgery. It is quite congenial to all their tastes: it is the full occupation of their utmost powers. We may pardon in them the occasionally betrayed vanity, not uncommon to men of one study. They must be tempted to think that they perfectly understand, that they have triumphantly mastered, the detached research of years. The difficulty is not unreal when we would adjust their pretensions. They have cleared a space; they have wrought an humbler part of a mighty operation. But their fame does not equal their ingenuity and diligence; and they often intimate their sense of public ingratitude and injustice.

These most assiduous, and too generally depreciated, writers, injure their own character by the pertinacity of a superior knowledge. They compel us to remind them that their knowledge is not of the highest order. They are not the historians whom men will crown. Their desert, and not their fate, ranks them far below. Other minds only can win the full meed of honour. They are the great. They explore whatever is reason or cause. Clothed with a prophet-power, they bring the future near, and make it plain. They combine all events, trace out their bearing, enunciate their lessons, and hold onward in an undiverted progress. Nothing can allure them to partiality or pause. They weave the tissue, and every cross-thread only strengthens the warp. They chant the epic, and every episode hastens the catastrophe. They draw meridian lines for a world.

We have been betrayed into these remarks by the Work at the head of this article. We offer no excuse for dealing with the subject. We may be new-born critics, but we claim the right of

large discourse, if not of old experience—looking after, if not attaining to, prophetic strain. It is a theme of high antiquity. It is variously considered. Its influence has not passed away. It stands in the widest volume of records which was ever written. It subsists in visible, living, fact. We have read it in the treatises of men who have devoted all their powers to the isolated chronicle: we have read it in a narrower page where fell a concentrated splendour, where all was serried into an unbroken texture, with genius for its scribe, and philosophy for its interpreter. Robertson could not have disserted upon these strange events like Mill: yet the two octavos of the latter not undistinguished author, give not the thought, the image, the truth, the moral, which one chapter of the former simultaneously catches and reflects.

The name of Michaud is not extensively known. It has the merit of great and unblemished consistency. He was always royalist and Christian. His friend Chateaubriand has found for himself a more European celebrity, but not by such steady footsteps. His escape from the guillotine, during the Revolutionary furor, was more than once very critical. He tried not to conciliate Napoleon, as his double *Adieux* to that tyrant sufficiently indicate. Early in life the theme of the Crusades excited his imagination, and he began even then to prepare materials for their history. Carried by an honourable enthusiasm, he visited those countries which they signalized. His perseverance accumulated considerable information, and his candour was constantly attested in the revision of his work. The grave has not long closed over him. Deep esteem cleaves to his memory. But though his Work is in six volumes, closely printed, of nearly 500 pages each, not much of novelty is contained in them. The reader will not find his acquaintance with this field of history much enlarged. Not only is the author's mind seriously wanting in those attributes which are demanded by this order of composition, but bigotry vitiates almost every judgment. The Roman Catholic Church is to him the only type of indefectible truth and goodness. She is the mother and dictatress of his soul. Every enormity of her crimes, every fatuity of her decisions, he defends; and he seems not only to retain the ancient superstition, but to imbibe the æthos of its more modern mysticism. Yet we marvel that, with all this fervour, he writes so rarely in a tone of moral elevation.

He betrays continually—no small fault in the historian—a thorough nationality. A Bourbon is his only idea of a king; and he cannot conceive of a civilization of which France is not the centre and the model.

His credulity is not less. His first book opens with the dis-

covery by Helena of “la vraie croix,” “le bois sacré.” No doubt, no reserve, checks his confidence. We regard this manner as no venial offence. It is a rudeness and a shock to those whom he professes to instruct. He affixes with entire assurance the historic seal to what is at its best a simple tradition. We feel that we, from this first incaution, are in the hands of a most fond or most unscrupulous guide. We speak not irreverently of such a relic, could it be verified. That rood—merest instrument as it was—would be to us most tenderly awful in all its associations and adjuncts. But we would not fall down even to the stock of that tree. We are glad, we are thankful, that it has not been identified. The imposture has been turned to sufficient fanaticism and wickedness. Its slivers are turned into amulets and idols. Why speak we thus? Because at this early period, even in the commencement of the fourth century, we find the rudiment of that wild passion, the volcanic outbursts of which so many desolations serve us to trace.

Not dwelling at any greater length upon this author and his voluminous production, we may just remark that a proper history of the Crusades—that kind of annal that is minute and topical—could not be written, which did not interlace itself with the general interest and issue. The fragment is without meaning; but as a part of the edifice it may be a means of strength, and a source of beauty. And it should be further remembered that this inquiry embraces many ages and far distant countries: that a system, mainly uniform, directed and stimulated them: that centuries were the time, and nations the scene, of this dread action. The narrative, accurate and consecutive, statistical and world-wide, remains to be written. Our distance from the epoch, and estrangement from the emotions of the strife, are our best pledges for sober deliberation and synthetic review.

There are two classes of persons who judge these enterprises through a wrong and distorting medium. The first only allow themselves the language of a perfect reprobation. They brand them as idiotic and flagrantly wicked, in unsparing measure. They admit no extenuating plea. The second see in them high policy and statesmanship. They allow them to be guided by no accident or fortuitousness: no impulse or ebullition. They magnify them into proportions of superhuman foresight and magnanimity: they assert them to be a principal clinacteric in the progress of mankind.

In endeavouring to shape our opinions by the great verdicts of the past, not verdicts pronounced but embodied, we wish to follow not “the wisdom of the world,” but more unshifting principles. We desire to read the deeds in question with a Christian eye, and to arbitrate them with a Christian judgment. We know not any

favourite hypothesis, nor the master by whose words we would adjure. We will think for ourselves.

The believer in Revelation, amidst the study of history, honours the Divine Providence, whatever the range he traverses, or the event he inspects. When its footsteps cannot be followed, some of their prints may be desried. The skirt of its garment may be beheld, though not the suspending girdle. Religion being an universal element to the Christian, he discerns all history in its light and by its aid. He observes everywhere, in everything, the indication, the march, of a divine agency. Yet often the "God who worketh all" is not so "near at hand." It is not His more intimate presence—it is not His more direct doing. We feel the vibration to be fainter, and infer that the impulse is more remote. But our sentiments are awed and raised by a most immediate sense of divinity in this present inquiry. It is holy ground on which we tread. We are encircled by the trophies of human salvation. The vestiges of both covenants impose on our sense. Here seers were wrapped in visions, and angels visited and were entertained by saints. Each hill and valley mourn and recall their ancient glories. But chiefly, while we bend over the ruins of that fallen country, while we take pleasure in its stones and favour the dust thereof, are we filled and absorbed by one remembrance. "He came unto his own!" "The breadth of thy land" is it, "O Immanuel!" Personage and event must be placed before us, to which only the most august rank, and the most holy interest, can be ascribed. Mountains, and glens, and groves, and brooks, are clothed with an undying significance. Seldom are we called in historical disquisitions to utter "the name which is above every name." The advent of Messiah has long become the solemn way-mark of chronology, dividing dispensations, ages, and worlds, and this use of it is retained. But now the mention of Him is indispensable, whether we consult vain legend, or faithful monument—whether we rest beneath the palms of Bethlehem, or wander among the olives of Bethany—launch on the sea of Galilee, or lave in the swellings of Jordan. He is—how ill do our words comport with the dignity of the theme!—the genius and the hero of all.

If we would decipher that magnificent, though doleful, leaf of the human history, inscribed with the tale of the Crusades; if we would understand the causes of that sudden movement which has been the parent of the most important and serious revolutions, which strikes on even the present age with a scarcely exhausted influence; if we would measure that far-reaching stride in the progress of nations, which, until now, sounds not only as the tread of distant armies, but bears us along in its train; if we would, in short, abate somewhat of the excitement which the

proud pageant and loud onset of mustering kingdoms can scarcely fail to inspire, and listen to the profounder instructions which they perchance may teach ; we must carry back our inquiries, at least three hundred years before the epoch from which these events take their rise, and receive their date. Among far more ancient forms of government—out of far earlier changes of manners, shocks of opinions, and irruptions of tribes—we may detect the hidden source, the river-head, of that mighty tide which overflowed continents, recast the most stable forms of power, gave a new distribution to learning and commerce, and left its many a trace of flood and ebb, of swell and subsidence, in shattering violence, or wealthy wreck.

In the latter part of the eighth century, we witness the foundation of the Carlovingian dynasty in France. Charlemagne soon appears upon the stage, adding to his undivided monarchy Sardinia and Navarre. He converts his own country, with all his foreign conquests and annexations, into a new empire : and having extirpated the Huns, he is crowned, in reward, chief of this vast consolidated territory, with all the splendour and consecration which the city of the Cæsars and the metropolis of Christendom could lavish on his head. An anointed sanctity was thrown around him, as a champion of the faith. Though his predecessor, Pepin, had done battle for the Popedom, it was *he* who first gave himself to its independence and royal sway. He crushed the Lombards, who had often troubled it, and baptized his sword to the destruction of all its foes. Wide as his dominions, sweeping from the Ebro to the Vistula, from the Apennines to the German shores, he was every where its defender and patron. In him was the type developed, which we shall find was afterwards matured, of the ecclesiastical soldiery, a warfare that was ennobled by the knightly glaive and spur, and emblazoned with the most gorgeous arrays of chivalry. It gave birth to orders of merit and fame, in which the most illustrious of the earth panted to be enrolled ; to whose dictations kingdoms yielded, and to whose guerdons regal glories were postponed. It sent forth the youth of every more favoured land with steed and lance, in a few and mysterious adventure, for the encounter of no common adversary, with device and cognizance of no vulgar stamp. This is the first idea, the earliest foreshadowing, of those stern struggles of which we speak—it is the rehearsal of the drama, the drill of the battle—like the first arming of the Crusader, the original plan of the Holy Wars. Charlemagne was the warrior of the Church ; a frequent pilgrim to her high altar. For extending the compulsory conversion of the idolatrous nations, he received her pardon of his guilty ambition and aggrandizement in overcoming them ;

in spite of the grossest stains of character, and most horrible cruelties of warfare, he obtained her indulgence, and all but reached her calendar: she granted him alternate expiations and honours; while the epithet of Great was not only by general consent, but under her most sacred sanction, interwoven, unlike the affix of other conquerors, with his very name. It survives in its monogram like "a bright particular star."

In the examination of the earlier and more latent causes of the Crusades, we may remark, that the age of Charlemagne, and the ages which succeeded it, were distinguished by an intense feeling of religion. We here pronounce no opinion on the sobriety of that feeling, contenting ourselves with the fact. It was, doubtless, most earnest. The relics still preserved in the cathedral which that emperor founded—the long respect in which it has been held, drawing large assemblages of votaries from the southernmost parts of Europe until this hour—his supposed tutelage, though not formal canonization—all attest that a certain devotion, of no languid kind, fired his breast, burnt throughout his gigantic monarchy, and kindled itself in the neighbouring states. The recent proselytism of savage, or of demi-barbarous, tribes, will account very greatly for this vehemence, by the ordinary laws of neophyte zeal. Their ignorance was not unfavourable to deep impression. Even lawlessness is often most powerfully susceptible. But we look more searchingly into the religious element of that era, and can connect it more distinctly with our present research. We again place the ecclesiastical combatant before us. He has learnt how he may sin, and yet purge himself from its consequences. His mind ever oscillates between crime and remorse. Great passions enlist themselves in both. It is a phenomenon not unknown among ourselves. Such a fashion of religion still obtains. It is frantic in its self-condemnation, in its sighs and tears. It thus compounds for the renewal of its yet dearer transgressions. A wretched jargon is proclaimed. The Lord of hosts—of holy, peaceful, ministering angels—is invoked as the God of battles. Standards receive sacerdotal benediction. Death in battle is a passport to the skies. But such, be it remembered, was the religious zealotism—rude, yet relenting—cruel, yet sentimental—proper to those distant times.

Christianity—we express ourselves in conventional phrase—now spread itself with greater activity. Shortly subsequent to this period, Egbert united our octarchy, and impressed an unity on our national religion and civilization. Not very distant was the culmination of Alfred's natal star, himself the cynosure of all moral worth, the auspice of all national improvement. Throughout these realms his influence was great. His sceptre seemed to

beat aside the heavy glooms which had clung around himself and his people; while he, advancing through the disparted passage, led the way, not only for his own generation, but for those most future. We must admire the strength of his moral principles, and the purity of his devout feelings; nor can we quell our surprise at the absence of that contemporary superstition which might have deformed his character, and weakened his ascendancy. He was as a check upon the extravagance of the Franks. His was not the physical religious temperament which bore so many impetuously into the career of the Croises; he was too benevolent to have endured the merciless massacres of the Paynim citizens and captives; he would have shrunk from foreign aggression—far more intent to cultivate the arts of peace, and to bless the hearths of home. But though his example may have been imperfectly understood, and his spirit often been ungratefully thwarted, still he most powerfully assisted to promote the Christianity of his country and age, however unable to chasten its irregular sally, and irresponsible for its blind excess. Had it not been for his remonstrance and instruction, his prayer and pattern, the Saxon would have continued to worship his Woden, and to dream of an after-life at the banquet of his Valhala. The Runic monument would have continued to tower, and the Scald to sing. It was under other influences that minds, dispossessed of a fierce mythology by this most sainted king, turned again to a corruption of Christianity not less fierce, rushing forth like the storms of their beloved north, and expending themselves in more tumultuous fury. The seakings no longer marshalled them; they bowed to other leaders, less generous and noble. They risked the foreign grave upon a new apotheosis, that which awaited all who fell in the rescue, and slept in the mould, of Palestine!

From a time very remote, an obscure people inhabited the south-western border of Egypt. They were of Arab origin, and retained much of Arab dispositions and manners. But they soon excelled those rangers of the desert—thrust forth themselves and their schemes to more congenial regions—took or built cities—framed a government whose code was fitted for social man, and not the wandering horde—emulated a philosophy and imported a science which the predatory Bedouin despised—cherished and pursued high tastes of luxury and refinement—reared an architecture beautiful, if fantastic, with its minaret and dome—constructed a literature of supernatural machinery and magnificent fancy—founding its university in Yemen and its monarchy in Bagdad. Its extent of rule may be judged—leaving out of our consideration the wide spread of this people in Spain, Cordova with its mart, and Granada with its Alhambra—when we

learn that it stretched from the confines of Ethiopia to the pillars of Hercules, from Syria to Media, from Jewry to Mesopotamia, from Arabia to Persia and as far as to Khorassin and India, from the Nile to the Euxine Sea.

It was among this people—a people to be discriminated from the Moor or Mauritanian of Africa, though generally passing beneath that name during their Iberian history, and equally to be separated from the Turcomauns who drove them back from their oriental conquests and settlements—it was among this people that a system arose which bears most intimately upon that portion of history which we now regard. Mohammed contrived a strange amalgam of religions, created singular and sudden powers and resources to diffuse it, declared himself a prophet commissioned by heaven, wrote his Koran under an affirmed inspiration, swept along with his cavalry, terrible and resistless as the whirlblast of the wilderness—gave a new computation to time, another faith to earth, and an unprecedented revolution to the destinies of mankind. He saw the instant, he seized the occasion, and impostor while enthusiast, or enthusiast while impostor, he wrought a change the most decisive in the history of our race. More than a hundred millions of our fellowmen even now honour his mission. The Crescent still rides high in its heaven. He was fortunate in the credulity of his countrymen. The flight from Mecca to Medina, which might have demonstrated his mortal infirmity to ordinary minds—such as his exposure to danger and susceptibility of cowardice—saved the reputation of his credentials, was supposed afresh to accredit him by the sanction of miracles, and fixed the holy epoch of the Hegira. The Caliphate which he founded, amidst varying circumstances enlarged its power, though to the scandal of its sanctity; and was the principal instrument of achieving for this little Saracenic tribe a national greatness, a career of victory, a majesty of empire, which the register of our world cannot match. Coeval with the monarch of the north and west, Charlemagne—we behold in the south and east the illustrious Haroun Alrascid. Not often were two such potentates at the same time on earth. They were as two suns, shining together, but in different hemispheres. Their relations were friendly and even courteous. Between them embassies and donatives were interchanged. Among the presents which the descendant and successor of Mohammed laid at the feet of the Christian Emperor, were the keys of the Holy Sepulchre.

Now all this will show, that though many hidden principles were then fermenting which terminated in the tremendous recoil of the Crusades, there was not at this juncture the fell jealousy which afterwards raged into such a conflagration. And yet this

may well excite our surprise. For Mahommedanism was the terror and scourge of the Christian Church. It had been let loose as for the destruction of every outline of her existence. Fatally wide was its success. The religion of the Messiah had, for several of its first ages, advanced with a mighty strength. It is admitted, that we cannot always pursue its progress with precision. There may be something of a fabulous and romantic vagueness in the chronicles which report it. We think of Asia, and follow the holy revolution to the shores of the Indus. We travel through Bactria, and hail the beneficent conquest of the thousand cities which Ammianus Marcellinus tells us that it once contained. We are encouraged to believe that this day-spring fell on the farthest east. Warlike and nomadic peoples submitted to its power; barbarous and polished nations yielded to its reign. Nothing opposed a check; scarcely offered an opposition. We cannot deny that, at this contemplated season, Christianity had dismally declined, and that its disciples had fearfully lapsed. In Arabia, on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, throughout Asia Minor, there was found but a poor defence against the bold inroads of Islamism in the Gnosticised pseudo-philosophy which generally prevailed. The degenerate Christians were not so much mown down by the Moslem sword, or trampled under foot by the Moslem hoof, as absorbed in the pretext of Moslem toleration. He who stood among the ruins of Carthage, and mourned them, might be forgiven a deeper grief than Marius felt. The Christian of the time which we suppose, might ask, Where is Hippo, and where slumbers Augustine's dust? Where is the choir of Cyprian, and where his martyr's robe? He might be forgiven, in the rhapsody of that mournful mood, if he bewailed the fate of that infinitely awful Name which once was wafted from the Atlantic to the coasts of Malabar, but which had now become a waning glory—only borne by a few Copts and Abyssinians in Africa, and turned to an execration in Europe itself. The devastation had multiplied in one extending line; and though it may be a lay of thoughtless poetry to sing of Osmanli, to invoke its wild music and to praise its embowered grove—that clang was but the dirge, in that garden was but the sepulchre, of a once potent and valid Christianity.

The comparative peace, or truce, which existed between Christian and Mussulman, as to the possession of Judea, may be accounted for on two reasons. In the first place, that possession was not of prime political importance; and, secondly, both parties were disposed to venerate all those scenes which Jesus had made for ever memorable by the facts of his life and death. Not with the same interpretation of those facts, not with the same deference to Him whom they concerned, did these different religionists

tread the monumental soil and explore its storied scenery; to them arose with unequal interest the haunts of those footsteps which had hastened to the relief of suffering, the instruction of ignorance, and alleviation of remorse; before them lay, while varying associations hovered around, the precincts of the manger, the baptism, the handicraft, the agony, the cross, the tomb. But these spectators agreed in the authenticity of the facts. Each image was only more or less exciting and hallowed. For a time they might have travelled together, with forbearance towards each other. The scorn of the present day, grinding on the tongue of the Turk against the believer in Christ, was not then fully matured. It is of later origin and of accidental cause. Respect and generosity attempered the stoutest conflicts, which the unbelieving host waged against their Christian invaders. These crusading wars, if they engendered not the first bitterness, greatly exasperated it; they have furnished a charge of persecution against Christian nations which the Mahomedan of the Ganges, and even the pirate of the Malayan Archipelago, is wont to allege, and is known hereditarily to quote.

It may be asked, how was it that the religious hatred of the Europeans against the occupants of a country, so dear and sacred to them, could be so long restrained? The first Crusade was in the year 1095. In our rapid epitome of the times preceding these events—the barest etching we feel it to be of even their larger features—we have but distantly approached this date. The probability is, that they would never have occurred at all, but for a cause which we must soon relate. The train which is well prepared and laboriously laid is fired by a casual spark.

In the meanwhile, the sort of understanding, the kind of armistice, which for centuries was maintained between Frank and Saracen, owed much to the politeness and gallant bearing of the latter race. There was an honour, a courtesy, a generosity in them, as well as martial fierceness. Whatever was the guile of the palace and the divan, whatever were the cruel usurpations of the monarchical succession, this people respected treaty, admired the bravery of a foe, knew when to forbear, and forgot not to cherish many of the gentler virtues of peace. They were not particularly obnoxious to them whom high curiosity, saintly vow, or expiatory penance, bore to the country which they held. They used their power almost meekly. They encouraged and defended the traveller, and most of all the pilgrim. They raised no obstacles; they offered no insults. Had they continued occupants and guardians of this land, that great dispute might never have fallen headlong upon it which steeped its plains in blood, and left the bones of hundreds of thousands to bleach beneath its winds.

Another cause of delay—for the collision was becoming more

and more imminent ; the combatants drawing nearer and nearer, and only resting on their arms—was to be discerned in the condition of the Byzantine or Greek empire. This power was always a ground of alarm to Rome and the western states. It was endured principally on account of its weakness. It wielded but a feeble sceptre. So long as it lasted, it was a check and safeguard for the Latins against those eastern incursions which had long threatened and harassed Europe ; while, at the same time, it was so engaged with them, that it found neither leisure nor resources to annoy this part of the world. The danger which frowned upon the olden institutions and investments of this side of the world was diverted by the cross-game of Saracen and Greek. The hour was now come for the arming of the Christian nations against the common foe. Their high-way was through the Thracian capital and Chersonesus. It was a formidable armament, however friendly its avowals, to march on neutral or friendly ground. Ill-boding is such an ally, and ruinous such a guest. When this banded force did appear, though for a time the first Alexius nobly and wisely diverted it, it was manifest that the tottering empire must speedily be overborne by it. It was a pressure which stronger dominations could not have withstood. But it was, also, attacked in front, and to the teeth. A new power, truculent and remorseless, barbarous and brutal, had burst upon the scene. The Turcomauns, long enlisted into the armies of the Saracens, had now conquered their masters, possessed themselves of Palestine ; and while the Franks were pressing down in their columns upon the Hellespont, from Taurus and Imaus were rushing forth these fearful strangers, who reached from the opposite quarter the same direction, and not in vain. They have obtained and kept a bulwark which has thrust back the Christian platform of the west. There are they still intrenched, strong in the jealousy of others—the make-weight in the balance of power—holding the keys of the most magnificent gates which ever continent could command.

It was the provocation of these savages—their cruelties upon the pilgrim—the report of these wrongs by the palmer—which filled Christendom with indignation, and roused its people to a conflict, that stands out from all shadow of parallelism—a wild originality—a terrible unique.

During the early part of the fourth century, as we have noticed, Christianity became all powerful, and civilly triumphant, in the conversion of Constantine. In 326, his mother Helena and himself commenced their attempt to fix the spots where their newly adopted faith had found its cradle and reared its stage. That Empress enjoys the fame of “the invention of the Cross,”—a not unhappy phrase, leaving the question at large between the

etymological and conventional meanings of the term. The land, whose memorials were so touching and august, was now visited by the natives of remote kingdoms; the shrine arose wherever the Messiah was reported to have worked some miracle, or borne some indignity; while the most costly temple-cenotaph covered the grave in which he had been laid. The staff, the shoon, the scallop-shell, may not have indicated the religious traveller then, but his self-sacrificing zeal and his rapt fancy were not inferior to those of later ages, when royal penitents resorted thither for their compurgation, and disrowned their heads, to be covered with ashes, before the imagery which associated with it the pardon of their crimes.

After its long and horrible siege, Jerusalem did not, perhaps, continue any considerable period in ruins. Though there had been a great forsaking in the midst of the land—though the devices and entablatures on the arch of Titus show, that the conqueror bore with him captives as well as spoils—neither the metropolis nor the country of Judea were depopulated. The Romans, as was their custom when the term of their legionary service expired, settled here. It was for some time called *Ælia*. Its new idolatrous inhabitants were cruelly intent upon an universal sacrilege. There was not a scene sanctified by tradition but it eagerly sought to pollute. Julian afterwards did his utmost to extirpate each pious association by sanctuaries of his philosophy or his mythology, and not infrequently dedicated to a strange compound of both. He hoped to efface all recollections of Christianity, and to discredit all that could suggest the mission of its Founder, by branding his followers as Galileans. But the policy defeated itself. He had assured and certified every track of their Master by his impious violations. The scornful title which he gave the Christians, instead of revolting their pride, bound them, so to speak, to the very soil where their Lord had been reviled. Theirs became a patriot Christianity. Their faith was a fee in that promised land. How deeply and indignantly must minds so framed and constituted have been moved, when Calvary itself was desecrated and shamed by an altar of paganism, and as the seat of a Fair! Not that this ancient city was abandoned because of the abomination standing in the holy place. The Christian yet stole to the attested enclosure whither Jesus had oftentimes resorted, and lingered among the slopes of the recorded hill on which he had sat down and taught. Solyma, always beautiful for situation, was most beautiful to the Christian votary. He wandered amidst her ancient and patriarchal glories, her kingly magnificence, her tribual state, her victorious strength, with a transport of delight. But her antiquity, her eld, faded to him before a more recent interest. There had passed over her a more subduing memorial.

All dear to him, all inestimable to him, was interwoven with the aspects of her suburban villages and adjacent districts. Gate and street, upland and dell, were holy. That atmosphere was holy;—whose breath had drawn it, and whose speech had thrilled it? That ground was holy;—whose foot had trod it, and whose form had shadowed it? That stream was holy;—whose lip had tasted it, and whose sigh had mingled with its murmur? Holy was desert, garden, mount! Holy was court, tribunal, pillar! Holy was the way to the scene of that death on which this votary hung his eternal hope! Holy was the recess of that sepulchre whose empty cavern was his boast! All, as he gazed from the panorama of Zion, was renewed! All filled him with anguish, veneration, joy! The heart dilated to each horizon; and, as the picture spread, a solemn reality was stamped upon it, and it became once more a passing, living, scene. But though it could never be to him a strange land, he felt that it was no more his own. He was its outcast. It was no longer his inheritance. His visit, until now coldly tolerated, soon brought upon him insult, violence, and exaction. When, however, the heathen lost his grasp of this city, the Christian authorities of Rome encouraged and protected the devotees which it continued to attract by its sublime curiosities. The Saracen then took it, and did not greatly abuse his power. He was followed by the marauding and unyielding Turk. This savage was the proximate cause of that frightful retribution which fell on Palestine. But this tribe had now been conquered and expelled by the Egyptians ere that retribution was inflicted; not Egyptians proper, but a branch of the Saracenic race colonized along the Nile, or having made a forcible lodgment there, and it was these Egypto-Saracens who endured its brunt and fury.

Into the topography of these scenes, which the faithful held sacred, it is no part of our plan to enter. Nor do we handle the question of the authenticity claimed for particular relics. The doubt which might rest in our minds would arise from the want of all clear interpretation between the Hebrew-Christian natives of the land, and the fathers of the Church, who took up their abode in it. The former spoke a Syro-Chaldean; Origen and Jerome were the only ecclesiastics who seem to have attended to the Semitic dialects. Pilgrims, of course, were blindly led, and they undoubtedly worshipped. A more accurate investigation and measurement have detected many serious inconsistencies with the true map of Judea.

The ruthless barbarities which the train, and sometimes even the caravan, of these visitants experienced, could be brooked no more. Sylvester appealed to Christendom; Hildebrand hurled his denunciations at the infidel rapine of that which Christen-

dom esteemed as its holiest place ; and the two clouds, long since charged, approached each other, hanging on the opposite cliffs of Europe and Asia, ready to shock and to explode.

Peter of Amiens, a hermit who had received his tonsure and girdle after a trial of gay and military life, undertook the accustomed migration, and returned with eloquent resentments of the wrongs which he had witnessed and endured. He has been called uncultivated, and his declamation has been considered rude. But he appears to have been the scholar, the statesman, the powerful rhetorician ; nor does history warrant any suspicion of his motives. Having preached to the nations through whose countries his homeward journey stretched, not trusting to popular impression, he laid his scheme before Urban. It concurred with the Pontiff's policy and temper. The congress of Placentia was greatly exceeded by the numbers of every rank who flocked to Clermont. These have been called Councils, but most improperly. The harangue of the Pope was sufficiently fiery. It contained the two most powerful incentives to any course of action—the certainty of absolution if the warrior lived, and, if he fell, the equal certainty of the honours of martyrdom. The red-cross was eagerly coveted and importuned ; the myriads rent the air with cries of joy and of revenge ; and before plan and campaign could be prepared, a premature movement was made, which we may blush for our nature to recite. A rabble rout, a wretched foray, caring for nothing but pillage and slaughter, violating neutrality, abusing alliance, not heeding their avowed purpose, but warring with all the claims of sex and laws of hospitality, flew upon the tempting spoil, scarcely any surviving to see the Holy Land, but perishing in righteous sufferings among the passes of Hungary and the swamps of Bulgaria. Though we have spoken of this movement as one, it truly consisted of four, we may not call them expeditions, but disorganized and lawless swarms. Three of the leaders are known, if the prime incendiary can be reckoned one ; of the last and largest concourse there is no recorded chief. We may well wonder that the southernmost nations did not destroy at a blow, and by a common consent, this fell brood of monsters, and barricade themselves against all similar irruptions. But foreign aid is always dangerous ; its succour is invasion.

We must, however, expect to behold in the opening scene of the first great and legitimate crusade, a high and devout consistency. The champions were of different characters, of different moulds of temperament, of different subordinate motives, but all were doubtless sincere in the enterprise. Godfrey lives in history, not unstained with crimes, but crimes growing out of his deep earnestness of purpose, and allying themselves to a superstition which poisoned his generosity, and infuriated his judg-

ment. He needed not the blazonry nor embalmment of poetry ; his frankness, his disinterestedness, his valour, his piety, would have preserved his fame, though Tasso had never sung. He found wisdom and courage in his fellow commanders, though all were inferior to him, and though he was hailed generalissimo by all. Indeed, were we to think of the Crusades as of one protracted war, and to abbreviate their centuries into the Trojan decade, and to synchronize their succession of warriors like the Grecian council, we might find a not very fanciful resemblance. Godfrey is the Agamemnon, as royal but not so selfish ; Vermandois is sage and eloquent as Nestor ; Tancred is fierce and tender as Pelides ; Robert of Flanders is rash and injudicious as Diomedé ; Richard is brave and gigantic as Telamon ; Raymond is grey and impetuous as Idomeneus ; Bohemond is wary and persevering as Ulysses. That ancient league seems to have given some direction and fire to this. A few of the compeers of Godfrey were chevaliers without fear and reproach. And now in this host may be seen the characteristics of that chivalry, which was first only a particular service, but which soon became the association of the Norman name, and was not unknown to Saracenic achievement. Both these tribes had, at different periods, entered this quarter of the globe from Asia, like the drifts of various currents ; and both may have possessed something common in their origin. Their bearing was not unlike. They were nearly equal in equestrian exercises, the condition and first meaning of chivalry. The Norman, or Norseman, had embraced Christianity ; the Saracen had received Mahomedanism. Each had put away idolatry. On them was superinduced an air of refinement and a habit of courtesy, mollifying the severities of war. Kings were known to prefer the knightly crest and pledge to royal coronet and oath. Chivalry might well be engaged in the service of religion, for religion sacramented its profession. The candidate offered up himself before the altar. His accoutrements were spread upon it, and his banner was unfurled over it. He approached it from the bath as from a baptism. Sponsors appeared for his fidelity. Sacrifice followed lustration. His whole life, his every munition, was from that hour votive. And surely none can think of those files of horsemen who obeyed the summons of the Eremité and the Hierarch, without a dazzled mind. The tens of thousands, starred all over with the cross, covered with morion and helmet, glittering with breastplate and greave ; their spears like a moving wood ; their targes like a golden sea ; their standards like a canopying rainbow ; mounted on barbed and caparisoned steeds ; the oriflamme unfurled and streaming out from all its folds ; the cry of Saint Dennis on every tongue ; the anointing, and benison, and shrift of the Church ; the equipage

of gorgeous tent and pavilion ; the line of pursuivants and heralds, of sumpters and armourers ; the acclaim of the multitude on their departure ; the first clarion-peal which put the confederate masses in advance ; the sudden burst of all their music ; the deep and measured tread of the deploying squadrons ; the complement in march—form a spectacle, constitute a scene, which can neither find precedent, nor look for imitation. All was now serious. The tilt-yard was to be exchanged for the battle-field. The tournament with its lists, its pennons, its charges, with its smiles of the fair, and with its songs of the troubadour, was now to be turned into real conflict. The cavalcade went not forth, as often it had done, for woodcraft, but for sterner tasks. It was no longer the holyday encounter of falconry and chase. There proudly stood the Paladin with his war-clad followers ; and the Prelate was ill restrained from rushing to the fray. Yeoman and serf stood together. All state and pomp was mingled into the constellation. Baldric, crosier, diadem, vied in their glories. The dame bent over her soldier, and her deep-drawn tears fell upon his plume. The sword was not waved for pastime and salute, but bared for mortal strife. What youth, high and noble, gave itself to this sacrifice ! What dint and flower of courage were laid upon it ! Treasure, kindred, patriotism, love, were consumed in its flame ! And even while woman wept, she did not dissuade. She committed the pledge of scarf, or vail, or glove, to her suitor, and held her troth on the condition of its defence and restoration. When religion had little concern with the exaction, the heroine was not unwilling to demand it as the proof of fealty to her charms. She required, beyond the dower of castle and broad lands, the token of his visit to those distant shores, and the ordeal of his darings there. Yet were these motives and engagements rather incidental and subordinate ; soldier-ship and religion were the assigned and ascendant aims—the laurel of victory, or the palm of martyrdom !•

The number of the Crusades is generally computed to be eight ; there were, however, other attempts and feints which this number does not include. This is an unparalleled war. We read of the Messenian wars ; the first continuing nineteen years, the second fourteen, the third ten ; and these are found in different periods of 278 years. Fifty-eight years divided the beginning of the first from the second, or seventy-seven occurred from the close of the first to the commencement of the second. Between the second and the third there elapsed 200 years. These wars were, therefore, detached and isolated. Generations passed without knowledge or endurance of them. But the Crusades fill up nearly two hundred years, not without break, it is admitted, not by constantly renewed armaments, it is freely allowed—but

with an interest of public sympathy which never slumbered—with a resolve to follow up victory or to repair disaster which nothing depressed—and with reinforcements, sieges, and series of operations which never swerved all this period from the first design. They were often desultory, but in their faintness they always retained a principle of reanimation.

Into the minor questions of the Crusades, their successes and reverses, we do not enter. Ours is not the ambition of the historian. The first expedition would suffice to occupy us, did we attempt the narrative. It would prefer a claim above all the rest. It presents more redeeming features. The fire which excited it kindled for itself purer elements. There is to be traced through all its stages, especially the more early, less of mixed and foreign motives. Ambition, cupidity, cruelty, were not the master-springs. These passions, though coiled up in the hidden heart, had not yet been warmed into activity. A fine enthusiasm undoubtedly prevailed. No sacrifice, no hazard, was refused. To deliver the land, dearer to them than all the earth, from spoliation and sacrilege, was not a lying manifesto or a specious pretence. Still what monstrous self-deception blinded them! What extremes of sensibility and malignity, were exemplified in their conduct from moment to moment! As they marched from Tortosa, having captured Nice and Antioch, they came in sight of Jerusalem. The principal Christian festivals, as they are called, had been kept by them at Tripoli and Cesarea. They were profoundly affected by these rites, and celebrated them with a regard to the long-envied instant when the holy city should burst upon them. They had now caught the view. It rose before them. They went the circuit of its walls in solemn procession, chanting hymns and litanies, as soon as their first ecstasy of joy, marked by extravagant gestures and overflowing tears, could be overcome. They then invested and beleaguered it. During this delay of entering it every feud was appeased, every jealousy was abandoned, every vice was restrained. After a few days it fell into their power, its walls being breached by their moving towers and battering-rams. They entered it, not as penitents, not as priests, not as pilgrims—fiends could not have been more unsparingly, indiscriminately, cruel. The inhabitants fled but to be slaughtered by the insatiable swords on which they were precipitated. Mosque and synagogue were razed to the ground. It was one massacre. Torrents of blood literally rolled down the streets. The public avenues were choked by the slain. The conquerors asserted themselves to be the ministers of the divine vengeance, and they greedily executed it. Then, strange as it must appear, devotion took possession of their minds, and they were lost in its rapture! They wept and groaned before every

object which recalled the meek and compassionate Saviour's suffering and death ! They doffed their mail, put on the dress of penance, and washed their bloody hands with their contrite tears ! They had compassed sea and land, combated disease and famine, vanquished pestilence and storm ; and they were rewarded for all their chances of flood and field by this accomplishment of their enterprise, and this confirmation of their faith ! "Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce ; and their wrath, for it was cruel." They little knew the calamities which hung over them, and little foresaw how short would be the tenure of their hard-earned prize ! Jerusalem was soon to be trodden down again, and the Mausoleum which they had reared with a new beauty and adorned with a lavish magnificence, was to be defiled or to be leased, as caprice or rapacity might dictate, by infidel barbarians.

We all know that the Crusades ended in discomfiture and disgrace ; that on the death of the canonized Louis, they were never formally renewed. Death and destruction could alone count the victims which had perished in them. Pecuniary cost is as nothing by the side of that dread item. Money may flow back to the channels whence it was withdrawn : the sum of wasted life cannot be refunded.

But not thus did the memory or influence of these most singular events pass away. They fell not to the ground. They were not lost as the rain-drop in the sea. They vanished not as the shooting star. On almost every interest of man they have indented their history. The gallantry of far later conflicts on the strand of Acre is forgotten in the feats of Cœur-de-Lion in this cause. Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, are still most famed for the military orders which arose out of it, and which have left in those islands the trophies and insignia of their renown. Zante still sends forth its Cape Klarenza, which, remembered by the voyagers to Syria as their steering-point, has, ever since the time of Edward the Third, given a ducal title to our royal family. The story is told by the cross-hilted sword and the recumbent figures of our monumental effigies. The signs of our common hostelries still show the formidable heads of Saracen and Turk. Where many a woodland glade opens into its vistas, where many a noble hall yet stands, where many an ancient lineage gives name and title, are we reminded of the Templar, his cœnobitic house, and judicial preceptory. The cross nailed on the humble tenement in some of our towns, proclaims the exemption from soccage which those imperious knights demanded for themselves and their attendants. The very corruption of some words proves how radiated were the institutions which this warfare raised and shaped.

It is with the *philosophy* of this history that we have mainly to

do. Failure would argue nothing against the importance or the right of those deeds, though it might establish their imprudence. Nor will the most favourable results adequately demonstrate that these undertakings were just. It does not follow that men had any valid authority thus to act, because a Divine Providence had educed certain benefits from the occurrences themselves. A true philosophy searches into what is far-lying beneath the surface, and resolves the knot when it is most perplexed. It discerns between what has followed without any reference to a particular cause, and what can be proved to stand in a strict relation to it. We will take the torch of such a philosophy in examining the Crusades, while looking into their real incentives and into their proper consequences.

It is very common to our nature—a deep-seated passion—to feel interest in the fields of great events. We cannot generally act a part in these events, nor be even witnesses of them; but in an age remote from them, we peruse their record, and are happy if it be our privilege to mark their theatre. Who could survey the coast of Salamis, or tread the defiles of Thermopylae, without emotion? Is the sound of the surge beating upon the one, or of the wind rushing through the other, the sound of every indifferent wave and blast? Is it not the anthem of freedom? Are not the voices of Themistocles and Leonidas reverberating there? Is there a Briton whose bosom does not swell as he treads the turf of Runnymede? And can we wonder, that the first Christians should feel the excitement which the Holy Land cannot fail to raise in our, perhaps, staid, colder spirits? They frequented the terraces of the city of David, that erst were swept by the mantle of prophets and the train of kings. They, with still more fervid devotion, explored the region as the consecrated foundation of human redemption. But most was their veneration affected, when they traced, or thought that they traced, the way to the cross, and could bend where the Messiah's blood had flowed and crimsoned the sacred hill, and the way to the tomb, where the exanimate body found cement and burial. There were Christians who, from an early period, yielded to the holy attachment of the spot. Others from distant countries came, and fed both their grief and joy among these stirring recollections. It is not to be denied, that some were to be found who predicted a departure and estrangement in all this from the true Christianity; who, inhabitants themselves, restrained their sentiment and curiosity; who preferred a simple faith, without imaginative instigations; who would not "seek in Golgotha Him dead who dwells in heaven." And it may be urged very properly in this place, that the "*genius loci*" obtains no sanction from the Christian writings. Where is allusion made to the

vestiges of our Saviour's earthly course? Where to the local habitation of the days of His flesh? When Paul went up to Jerusalem, why have we not the narrative of his impassioned visits to every note and sign of his crucified Lord? Why does not John haunt the guest-chamber, where he leaned on the bosom of Jesus? and why does not Mary spend night and day at her Offspring's grave? They walked by faith, and not by sight. We can, nevertheless, understand, that this is too sober reasoning and too spiritual religion for the multitude. When, therefore, the natural susceptibility passed into the supposed duty, was ranked among the highest religious virtues—when a monastic retreat in Palestine, or a dangerous journey to it, were deemed circumstances of the most exalted privilege and piety—we need not be surprised, that whatever tainted this country with infidelity, or fenced it with persecution, was as an abhorrence and an outrage to Christendom. To avenge it of its tyrants, and to open it for its votaries, was, doubtless, a first cause of the Crusades.

In the history of Greece, somewhat of a counterpart may be discovered. The Sacred War continued about a hundred years. Its origin was this: The Phocians, by ploughing up a field near Delphi and part of its domain, exasperated all the neighbouring States. The loud cry of indignation carried the case before the Amphictyonic Council. The authors of this profane trespass were punished by a heavy mulct. They resisted the imposition, and declared their independence. They seized the temple of the Oracle, and asserted their right of possession. The appeal was to arms. In the treatment of prisoners, the Crusades were anticipated. Torture and butchery were dealt on all. The motive was similar. Delphi, like Palestine, had been insulted and violated. The Tutelary must be vindicated on his despoilers, as the Messiah was to be resented on them who defiled the ground which was deemed peculiarly his own. The shrine of that steep was shut against those who were accustomed to kindle its altar, and seek its response. The hallowed haunts of the Crucifixion were barred against those who repaired to them for the revival of their devotion, and the solace of their grief. The former war might have been called the Apolloniad. It was for rescue and for safeguard, the excuses of our Holy Wars. Early was Christianity made a civil and a military thing. Early arose those vain fables of Christian championship, which gave patrons to the nations. The recourse to violence was not challenged. The Crusades were, therefore, readily approved. A difference may be stated in the enterprises we have named. There was a division of opinion in Greece; and various States took opposite sides, until Philip decided the controversy: there was a common con-

sent to the recapture and deliverance of Jerusalem throughout Christian Europe.

We cannot be just to the leaders of these expeditions, if we forget altogether the spirit of their times, or if we judge of them by our clearer principles. We must place ourselves in their age and condition. We must look through the medium of the eleventh century, and not of the nineteenth. What Bernard preached—what Barbarossa signalized—what Dante, who lived before the last Crusade, and Petrarch, who lived a little after, occasionally wrought into song, whether their sterner stanza or softer lay—what all statesmen concurred to adopt, and all ecclesiastics to inculcate—cannot but have found some recommendations. We have no right to treat the pretence of all their ardour as hypocrisy, though their language on our lips would more than savour of it. When they spoke of the wrongs of Christ, they meant what they said, and felt it. When they hastened to his vindication, it was with a burning sense of the injustice done to him. Ah! happy had it been, if they would but have asked, whether He was not wounded rather in the house of his friends? Neither does a grasping, aggrandizing ambition seem to have actuated them. We read in their future career of the throne of Jerusalem, which Godfrey was not spared a year to fill: of the sovereignties of Antioch, Tripoli, and Edessa. But these were splendid chances; on them none could count; and they were pageants which ill-disguised an insecure and undigested dominion. Least of all did covetousness animate their proceedings. They had bartered away fief and seignory to equip their adherents for this war. They were crushed by the most corroding usuries on their estates. The foe was not wealthy. The land they sought was not of gold. They went not to sack, but to enrich it. They generally returned thriftless and beggared. Their mansions were held by new tenants, and they would have been strangers in their own halls. From all that is sordid they may be, for the most part, righteously absolved. The Saracenic splendour of which we read was not solid or available treasure; and even the precious metals and gems when found, were often delivered up to adorn their new-raised shrines. Temptations which had no influence in a first design, and amidst a sudden inspiration, may acquire a subsequent force, and corrupt even those who were hitherto proof against their allurements.

But it would be to flatter those who bore the control of these transactions, to suppose the generousness of every motive. This does not belong to man. This could not direct the senator and the jurisconsult. Policy and prudence, as well as justice, are their lodestars. They were bound to make advantageous use and application of any advantage which such great movements

could suggest. They lessened evils by this energy and this precaution. It was their duty to wield the elements of popular commotion, and to turn the direct dangers to the consolidation of the commonwealth. . And the statesmen of those times, who had any regard for the European family—any reverence for the Christian cause—must have often glanced an anxious eye toward the Eastern world. The Propontis, crowned with Constantinople, was an insufficient defence against those barbarous hordes. Greece was supposed not only inefficient, but half-hearted and sluggish. The poet could only represent a general impression against that sinking empire.

“ O vergogna, o misfatto, hor non havesti
 Tu Grecia quelle guerre à te vicine!
 E pur quasi à spettacolo sedesti,
 Lenta aspettando de' grand' atti' il fine.
 Hor se tu se' vil serva è il tuo servaggio
 (Non ti lagnar) giustizia, e non obtraggio.”

TASSO'S *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, B. I.

On the opposite shores were drawn up no common adversaries. Their numbers seemed interminable. They had succeeded each other, and none knew what masses were intrenched behind. Wave rolled after wave, and each issued from a boundless sea. What could stem the inundation? Was it not better to pitch the battle-field in Syria, than in France? Was this a groundless fear? What was the then condition of Spain? The Moor was there. Three centuries had, it is true, expired since Gascony had groaned beneath the Moslem yoke; but that galling oppression was not forgotten. The flag might be emblazoned with religion; but it may be, that the politician placed it for another purpose in the warrior's hand. Europe was torn from its foundations; yet some affirm, that it was thus disrupted only to build up a rampart against these threatening positions of its foes.

A farther civil inducement, the craft of cabinets, may be suspected in the furtherance of these military plans. The diversion of the popular mind from domestic government to distant operations, has always been felt an admirable expedient by tyrants. What project could better blind the aggrieved at home than this vision of distant conquest? Suspicion, inquiry, discontent, conspiracy—flaws in royal genealogy—malversations of public revenue—would it tend to allay or to conceal. The quarrels which divide the inhabitants of the same country into contending parties, are of all wars the most disastrous. As a business of obvious government, the inward strife must be immediately ended; and few ministers of state would scruple to remove its scene, by lighting up the flames on a foreign shore. So were these foreign dangers turned aside, and those nearer at hand

were prevented. Nor were other motives wanting, it may be, to the governments of that day. The feudal system was general. Under a monarch there were divers petty kings. These chiefs greatly rivalled and restrained him. They lived on the plunder which they wrung from the people. That monarch might see in this warfare the opportunity of ridding himself of these proud castellans, and what was left to him in pawn, was seldom suffered to be redeemed. A new scale and kind of honours was also generated by these expeditions, which suited well the dispositions and the means of royal gratitude. Cheap decorations were the counters paid in lieu of territory, villainage, and broad coins. Though the Holy Wars were not the basis of knighthood, they gave it some of its most gaudy accessories. This institute soon became widely diffused. Like the phantom-armour in the Castle of Otranto, the plumed helmet, the mailed hand, were universally present. The Teutonic brothers, those of St. Lazarus, the Hospitalers of St. John, the Red Crosses of the Temple, filled the nations with their heraldry. This last order was at length suppressed. The reasons for its persecution have been variously stated. Whatever its crimes, its punishment was flagrantly unjust. Philip the Fair thirsted for its wealth: the court of Rome was no unwilling accuser and betrayer of a chapter of warriors, a college of soldiers, who constantly interfered with its prerogative and avowed independence of its rule. Besides, their work being done, they were of none other use. This is common requital. With wages, or denied them, the drudge of iniquity is discharged contemptuously, if not unjustly. The Beauséant, which had streamed the meteor of battle, whose shadow nations had cringed to share, was now struck down by an iron despotism, and was for ever to be trodden under foot. As statesmen overtook and guided these momentous events, so the ecclesiastical power was not indifferent to their character nor inactive in their progress. It, perhaps, yielded at the first to a delirium it could not resist.—There were abuses in itself from which it would desire any searching curiosity to be withdrawn.—The conventual life was growing inconveniently general, and this was a means for dispersing it.—Hot spirits were drafted off to wilds and seas in which, if they did not perish, they could do no harm.—Though the exchequer in other countries was emptied by these expeditions, the holy coffers received from them a bountiful supply. It hesitated not to turn pilgrims, to whom it had given the cross, into troops for its own safeguard and extension.—It might hope, likewise, to secure the ascendancy to the Guelphs over the Ghibellines, by throwing greater power around the popedom.—When the world was panting towards the goal, it could not, with honour or with prudence, loiter in the race.

It has been averred, that the Papal See was not only fearful for herself, lest the hordes of the East should repeat the aggressions of an Alaric and Genseric, but that she thus employed new religious strategic. The northern nations were too little sentimental for some of her practices. They were too rude for sighs and tears of quiet and canonical contrition. They must be anealed in severer ordeals. The Crusade was, therefore, made the indulgence. “*Quicumque pro solâ devotione, non pro honoris vel pecuniæ adeptione ad liberandam ecclesiam Dei Jerusalem profectus fuerit, iter illud pro omni pœnitentia reputetur.*”^{*} No doubt can exist that this was a common motive—that it was to many a pleasant commutation; but the idea of the hardier children of the Church being betrayed into unconscious penance, is an after-thought, and a most unreasonable conjecture.

It is necessary that we now weigh a few of the results which the Crusades, like mighty torrents, left as deposits behind them in their headlong course.

At the era of their rise, the nations then called civilized were very slightly connected. The most contiguous geography was very imperfectly understood. What regions, what people, lay beyond them, was scarcely guessed. International communication was unknown. The traveller owed every thing to monastic or private hospitality. The pirate and the bandit debarred all intercourse, but at the extreme risks. There was little collation of climates, or barter of commodities. This was one of the effects of barbarism, under the name of civilization. For every irruption of nation upon nation was almost inexplicable, as if it had burst from another planet. Europe and Asia were now more blended with each other; they seemed brought together; the secrets of the world were laid open; and a highway was raised for the resort and passage of all.

Until then there had been barely known the system of treaties. Diplomacy was uncultivated, the reasonableness of alliances uninvestigated, and the intercommunity of nations unconceived. The value of peace was yet to be learned. Mortgage, hostages, armed bands, were the only securities then allowed. But here was one mighty league of kingdoms, with its common purpose, its oaths, its contingents, its subordinations. Perjury was not to man, but to Heaven. Desertion was apostacy from God. The whole system, we should think, must have exerted a powerful influence on national faith and relationships.

Small and scattered states are generally alienated by jealousy, or overrun by hostility. A united cause alone can bind them.

^{*} Council of Clermont.

Sometimes this may be that of a common danger. But such is selfish, and reconciles nothing. It is mere truce—a turning of arms from each other against a foe who has come between—speedily, on his subjugation, to be pointed as they were before. This enterprise, however, in its first avowal and motive, was generously disinterested. Nations fighting side by side for the records of redemption, found not time, capacity, nor appetite, for intestine wars. A habit of forbearance would grow up among them. The recitation of their exploits, in a fellowship of peril, would bind their hearts in love and peace.

From this epoch, it cannot be denied, there was a better recognition of great national interests, and great reciprocal connexions. Congresses and diets were held. The consequence is historically demonstrated; a far more general and lasting concord was preserved than had been known long before. We have reason to share in self-gratulation, for it was the first Crusade which put a stop to the war in Normandy between the sons of William the Conqueror, in whose expense and issue Britain must have been involved. Robert would have sacrificed any patrimony to be first and foremost in the awful possession of the sepulchre. Rufus was content to remain at home, to abide by the stuff, the banker making advances to the Croises upon the lien of their kingdoms.

In the Eastern Empire ancient Rome survived. It had improved upon the parent-state in splendour, luxury, learning, and art. No capital could stand so proudly as Byzantium—the sea of Marmora, like a haven, on which it rested; Hellespont and Bosphorus the sluices of its refreshment and the canals of its traffic, by which its fleets might sweep the Ægean and the Euxine. Here was the ark in which were treasured up the most precious remains of literature, invention, and liberty. Western Europe contained no rival, the city whose power had been transferred to this being far surpassed. Greek letters were taught in its schools as well as the Latin classics. Now, in comparison with this metropolis and empire, in comparison with its taste, refinement, erudition, the Crusaders were a rising of savage clans. They stood not so high in knowledge and elegance as the Saracens themselves. Everything, indeed, in their journeys and their encampments revealed to them an excellence above their own. Amazement and shame must have often reddened their cheeks. They could not fail to see that all comparison was against them. They would collect new ideas, and form new tastes. They returned to their respective countries more enlightened, and sowed at home the seeds of social improvement. Our brave Plantagenet was attuned by what he saw in the Soldan, and appears to have acquired a polish which his original bearing had not displayed. Certain it is that a great impulse was given to univer-

sal civilization by the return of these adventuring myrmidons, and in the collateral or retroactive influence of their extraordinary achievements.

But among all the marvels which the Byzantine empire unfolded to the eyes of its troublesome and scarcely welcome visitors, none were so absorbing to their attention as its artisanship and commerce. They undesignedly created new marts of merchandize in their demand of ships and stores. The maritime cities of Italy received a large accession of traffic and wealth. Venice had sprung like an ocean-vision from the shoals and ooze of the Adriatic, and caught the stimulus which left it without competitor. It opened its bank in 1157. It was soon emulated by Genoa, Florence, and Pisa. Liberty always is attendant upon commerce and navigation. This very mainly depends upon the civic state, which is indispensable to these interests. Cities had been few and little known. The only corporate life was that of the monasteries. But now the municipality was raising itself very rapidly; new classes and communities, organized by trade, were eager to cement their juxtaposition by more intelligent and liberal ties; minds of new orders and resources began to waken; merchants negotiated loans with princes; manufacturers came in quest of instruction to our northern shores; factors sold the products of India and the Levant in Germany and England. A new style of intercourse was introduced. The Lombards found it necessary, in this enlargement of mercantile convention, to adopt bills of exchange; and the Hanseatic Towns obtained their incorporation. But in the development of this commercial spirit, Providence is seen in its most manifest footsteps. Sitting upon the floods, it opens them to new enterprises. The compass twinkling on its card was as a beam from heaven: that tiny magnet was given as the sensory of earth and sky. Like a new revelation, the mysteries of an unknown world were unveiled; like a new illapse, the bold and noble were inspired to lead the way. Dias doubles the Cape of storms; De Gama finds his course to the East Indies; Columbus treads the Bahamas; and twelve years do not separate these discoveries! Maritime enterprise compelled a naval architecture of a larger scale, until our orb is easily circumnavigated, and the towered bark triumphs upon the deep. We cannot forget the very romance which called forth all these energies of genius and daring. Marco Polo was no common dreamer, and his Zipangri, yet unfound, became as the Atalantis which invited voyage, and more than repaid disappointment.

We have been anxious to put the case as strongly as we could for the Crusades. We have asserted their best features and their richest benefits. But were all the advantages derived from them which many have represented, it would still be just to demand,

how far they were intended and adapted to produce them? We might continue to inquire, whether their evils did not preponderate? This world is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. There is a self-regeneration in every condition of society, but then He has impressed the law. Tyranny can only proceed to a certain length ere it is resisted, but then He has given the power. Great parallels of character and event constantly reappear, but He has ordained the cycle. From "partial evil he educes good, and that in infinite progression." In this field of history we see, in allusion to the prophetic emblem, "the living creatures lifted up from the earth, and the wheels lifted up." Much may be overruled for good, but against its own design and nature. He who is higher than the highest can make the judges of the earth as vanity, and still the tumult of the people. And we think that the nexus is very questionable which binds together some of those facts which are treated as consequences in the present narrative. We are more frequently reminded of *post*, than of *propterea*, hoc. Besides, we know not of any catastrophe but which in some degree has removed evils and promoted important meliorations. No war has left only mischief behind it. Pestilence, fire, earthquake, have often suggested uses, or been the occasion of retrievals which had almost made them blessings.

The philosophy of history concerns itself much with causes, results, and reiterations. It is as the lighthouse which gives forth its differently-coloured reflections, but these only still revolve. It sometimes deceives. We forget, in tracing out the influence of any historical conduct, its own moral proportions. The Crusades are a series of actions. They are to be examined by their own qualities. A grave inquiry, therefore, now depends. No matter what apologies may be made for their agents—no matter what issues may have been extracted from their accompaniments—how should we rightly adjudge them? How ought we to sum up our decision?

Now, the very manner in which their advantages are described, in which they are followed out, convince us that they are very slightly attributable to any greatness of principles. Freedom is not their proper offspring; it was filched or bought. The estates of the barons, which they returned not to claim, or which, being under heavy engagements, their feudal preceptors, on their return, could not repurchase, were offered for public sale. A humbler class of occupants moved upward in the social scale. They were followed by a class of yeomen standing up in their allodial right. The vast territorial acquisitions of the nobles were distributed among those who were hitherto disdained. A spirit of independence was the immediate effect of this division of property. The neighbouring towns, now that the country was disforested

and disparked, now that the chase was turned into arable land, could no longer be left in vassalage, when even the peasant rose above serfdom. They won charter after charter, received corporate franchises and institutions, and were always found a safer barrier against oppression than a scattered population. In this there is nothing dignified. To prepare for these expeditions privileges were sold, even charters were granted at auction to raise the necessary money, slaves were manumitted that they might be enlisted, feudal service and duty were redeemed. But no love of freedom moved in this prologue. It was barter. All was huckstered, first for right of trade; liberty did follow, that priceless boon—it had been bargained too, could it have been sold or purchased for money. The parliaments of France, and the Magna Charta of Britain, belong to this chronology; but any connexion of these dawning rays of better government with the Crusades seems to us quite imaginary.

Even in contemplating and in allowing the generous passions of them who embarked in the earlier contests, we can rate them no higher than those of other movements in the past of a deeper antiquity. The Argonautic warriors combated greater uncertainties, and their Golden Fleece was far more ideal than the Crusader's pursuit of the Golden Horn!

These occurrences are not to be spoken of patiently and seriously, as any operations of Christianity. From first to last, from conception to execution, they were abhorrent to it. They were a burlesque of its solemnity—an outrage to its amiableness—an insult upon its purity. They substituted sense for faith, and grossness for spirituality. And were they the Christians in whom we can delight, that conducted them? Theirs was a practical dereliction of the Cross; of his mild majesty, his lovely gentleness, his forgiving heart, who hung upon it! They should have sought any other emblem for their ensigns—lion or eagle, sword or brand. What must the Paynim have thought of such a religion, and how could he thus be propitiated to receive it? Never was a propagandist zeal so inconsistently attested, so contradictorily displayed!

The aggression was founded in injustice. Who gave the Croises the title to the Holy Land? Who called them to deliver it? If a few solitaries, silentaries, stylites, living in its hill country, from their caves and pillars, pleaded this interposition, they were not the natives of the soil, but strangers in it. Did the Jew, the proper inhabitant, make intercession? He had the strongest reason to deprecate their aid. Merciless extortions and cruelties had he suffered at their hands when he rested among them, and in their progress thither. Or if these were the seed of Christ, had he left the land to his followers, to

be retained by them, as on some theocratic tenure, for ever? Had he not doomed it? Was it not, at his withering ban, laid waste? Under Adrian, had it not wellnigh been again depopulated, more than sixty years after the fall of Jerusalem? The occupation of it by Cosroes, and subsequently by Omar, gives a settlement of nearly five hundred years—which period, surely, establishes valid property in any country—which settlement no review of ancient considerations ought to be suffered to disturb. Were reprisals like these to be tolerated, the muniments of kingdoms might be constantly called in question, and peoples ejected might be seen wandering forth to seek their home:

“Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus.”

Was the quiet, or only the armed, pilgrim oppressed? If tribute was demanded, did it not buy protection? Was there not, for the times, a very high toleration? Would these Christians, falsely so called, have tolerated the Moslems in return? A more ruthless, ruffian violation of justice, the history of invasions does not furnish. If the exception should be adduced in the atrocities of Cortez and of the Pizarros, we reply, that these were imitations and reactions of the Crusades. Was human opinion liberalized by them? Did they send a kindly influence over the heart of man? Did they for ever make execrable the spirit of persecution? The answer is at hand. Between the fourth and the fifth Crusade, the Inquisition was established—that engine of infernal malice; and Innocent the Third, that patron of these enterprises, was its founder. In this interval, a deed was done, which is still without a name. On the banks of the Rhone, there arose a court and dwelt a people—refined, literary, and withal most religious. Provence is too much remembered as the land of lighter song; its Paulician faith and Albigensian constancy are forgotten. There sprung that early Protestantism which gave defiance to the Man of Sin—that purer doctrine, which was even then to be assailed by torture and blasted by fire. The sorrows of Carcassone and the cruelties of Beziers stamp the perfidy and the barbarity of Rome. Her Legate, in person, directed all. Dominic, her Inquisitor-general, attended the Council of Lateran, and obtained the full powers of destruction. His dark mind and tiger-heart were well fitted for the work committed to him. Never went up from earth such a cry of blood. Massacre and conflagration overspread the scene. A race, save the scanty fugitives who found shelter in the fastnesses of the Alps—a race of true believers, of exemplary Christians, covered with every adornment of politeness and literature—was

thus ravaged from the earth. This was called a Crusade. But it was not against the Infidel that the Church waged it, but against her own children! France has always contained a holy seed, but has always been the willing instrument to oppress them. "She-wolf of France!" Where was the flock, and thou didst not ravin? where was the blood of the saints, and thou didst not lap the stream?

Never, too, was there a greater political blunder. We have premised, that the repulse of the teeming hordes of the East was an implicit motive in these affairs. What was done? No ground was long held against them. The Crusaders were the actual means of prostrating the Greek empire, the proper outpost of Europe. For two hundred years, though not unwreathed with victories, they were beaten back, and routed at last in irretrievable disgrace. Their cause was lost. They fled. Islamism was concentrated and reinforced. And the Ottoman, falling upon their rout, only paused in the pursuit of that craven disarray and flight, to sit down in the glorious metropolis which the first Christian Emperor had built for himself, to which he had transferred the power of the once city of gods and ruler of nations, "the tabernacle of his palace between the seas." The failure was as scandalous as extreme. The armour of our ancient halls, the weaponry, the device, often proclaim rather the dishonour than the glory of those who bore them back, when, according to their own pawned faith, they ought to have been their iron shroud, and funeral staves, and heraldic escutcheons, on a distant shore!

Their conduct presents every aggravation of their first crime. Say that fanaticism urged the onset, that madness ruled the hour. That was the mood for great sayings, for illustrious deeds. Then might be expected the transcendental of thought and feeling. The vile, the base, the little, the mean, shall be scared away. What do we see? The quarrels of the chiefs, the rivalry of their different banners—the disgusting cheat of the Lance, which Raymond not only imposed, but even Godfrey propagated—the sale of captives for slaves—the gratuitous carnage of woman and infant—the disinterment of the dead, and their mutilation—cannibalism provoked by fury and not by hunger—are written in the books, not of their enemies, but of their own chroniclers and panegyrists. Human depravity might have reserved itself, and rallied itself for this one effort.

To speak of that time as the heroic age of Christianity is a perversion of truth, and a violence to all righteous judgment. The heroic age of the rudest people, gleaming in their tradition, fables a greatness—some rare virtue, some uncommon achievement. There is the superhuman to excite and to emulate. It

is the colossal to shame present degeneracy. But in these robber-bands there is no generous extinction of selfishness, no amalgamation of interest, no fine loyalty to command, no lofty self-forgetting and sacrifice. In looking back, these are not the monuments for our worship—these are not the legends for our strain. We pass by them in precipitate disgust. Were we called to prove that Christianity is divine, we could scarcely select a stronger argument than that it survives the monstrous and desecrating inconsistencies of them who thus professed it, and who would thus have spread it.

But the world was not the outbirth of chance, nor is it governed by caprice. Nothing occurs in vain. All abounds in instruction. The very acts of which we have spoken teach their lessons; at least enounce their warnings. Let not fallible man put himself in the place of Him who only cannot be deceived. Let not guilty man undertake the judgments of Him who hath said, Vengeance is mine. Let the principle be sacred with us, that it is folly to persecute, if we would convince—that it is a discord and confusion to dragoon in order to persuade—that a quarter of the world in arms confederate, with all its armies embodied, and with all its nations banded, never could succeed, with all their might, and with all their triumph, in furthering one truth, or in refuting one error! The spirit of man must be otherwise sought. Otherwise must his heart be approached. By knowledge only can we reach his understanding; only can we win his affections by love.

In this hour of national peace with all the world, we may assert, that every war is a grievous evil—a poor arbitrement of quarrel—an insecure pedestal of renown; yet does the history which we have scanned teach us, that none can be so groundless, so fatuous, so necessarily abortive, so flagrantly reprobate, so horribly blasphemous, as that which is called by the most perverse of solecisms—Religious War.

We have seen of late, especially among the writers of La Jeune France, a disposition to applaud the Crusades, and to overawe the suffrages of all history against them. Motives are divined which never could have existed, and such philosophical and political foresight is attributed to them as never could be found in man. Hardy assertion and inconsequential reasoning are pushed to their extreme. The Institute has offered prizes for essays, and those of Hercen and Choiseul d'Aillecourt have appeared. Guizot has ranged himself upon the same side. It has become a literary fashion, and even a popular enthusiasm. In itself it is, however, but a pretext. It is intended to mask and subserve the active spirit of Gallic popery. For this singular reaction of infidelity, we should not feel it difficult to account. But we must not open the

disquisition. Enough is it for us to protest against this attempt to throw confusion into this and other great historical scrutinies. We cannot tamely see the land-marks of authority prostrated, and the vestiges of experience trodden out.—Yet, it may be that our reflections have been guided by other influences than these. Palestine, always clothed with venerable and touching associations, has recently awakened a new excitement. Genius and poetry thither wend their way. Greece is not visited, with all its classic attractions and remains, as are these less lovely and embellished scenes. America has sent forth to the Holy Land its best explorators, rendering its geography consonant with its awful tale. These were not simply the surveyor, the draughtsman, the statist—they were men of loftier spirit and holier renown. Scotland has not been behind in sympathy with the fortunes and prospects of that fallen country. It obeyed no mere curiosity, but the suggestions of a Christian benevolence. Its devoted sons have borne to those shores the glorious gospel of Christ. They have told their labours among Jew and Gentile. This is the pilgrimage, full of noble piety and tender mercy, which cruelty cannot infuriate, nor superstition cloud. This is the true Crusade. The men of whom we speak are not the ruffians of the camp, and the fanatics of the cloister: honoured by all to whom they are known, they care not for applause nor for contempt. They esteem themselves debtors to all. Men of like mould and zeal are giving themselves, not as the softer traveller, to sentimental sigh and romantic dream, but to labour and sacrifice. It is the Missionary whom we follow thither with peculiar delight. Upon his toils we love to dwell. Judea rises up as in yore. It lives again. The apostle once more is seen on its soil, and the kingdom of heaven is preached through its coasts.

ART. VI.—*The Cherwell Water-Lily, and other Poems.* By the REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. 8vo. London, 1840.

The Styrian Lake, and other Poems. By the REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. 8vo. London, 1842.

England's Trust, and other Poems. By LORD JOHN MANNERS. 8vo. London, 1841.

The Cathedral, or the Catholic and Apostolic Church in England. 8vo. Oxford, 1838.

IT is certainly not any great degree of poetical merit in Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners that has attracted our attention. Still less is it their peculiar deficiency in this respect. Their poetry bears throughout the marks of taste and refinement, and we might almost say, over-cultivation. It is imbued also with that spirit of gentleness and amiability, which is the most wholesome atmosphere for the every-day life of a poet. The defects of these writers, so far as concerns their poetry, are of a kind too common in the present day to call for special reprehension. There is a lack of power, showing itself sometimes in contented, and therefore not necessarily ungraceful feebleness; and sometimes, more unhappily, in overstraining after effects which will not be produced. The spirit of their poetry, too, is often lost by diffusion. But these are sins of the times, in regard to which we enter our protest, not against Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners, but against any thing now in existence which can be called a school of English poetry; and especially against the one great poet who is still left among us, to study, in the works of his disciples, the results of his poetical theories. Probably it was by nature that Mr. Wordsworth delighted in the interminable flow of words; but it was in the pursuit of a theory, that he wrote habitually below his powers, until, in spite of his genius, we find him to be too often perhaps the most feeble of all really great poets. The result of his poetical career seems to be, that he has silenced the rival school of Byron, because, though intimately conversant with the inmost and truest feelings of the mind, it also promulgated so much that was absolutely false—and that he will leave behind him, as an alloy to his own fame, a model and an excuse for every writer of refinement, and purity of sentiment, and the facility of composition, which are henceforth to be the qualifications for writing poetry, as refined, as pure, but we hope not often so long, as *The Excursion*. Better lessons, indeed, might well be learned from the writings of Mr. Wordsworth,

to portions of which we turn with ever-increasing delight ; but still we find these indisputable marks of paternity to a school of which we do not think its master can be proud.

To return, however, to Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners, we must allow that upon the whole their volumes are less deficient in vigour, and more distinguished by the graces of a cultivated fancy—never perhaps rising into the higher region of imagination—than most of the recent poetry into which we have happened to look. Our quarrel with these authors is rather for the strain of thinking on moral and religious subjects in which they indulge, than for the quality of their verses—though we may have occasion to show that this is sadly marred by certain peevish conceits and fantastical notions, which are ever and anon obtruded upon us, in lines which, if they have any meaning, it is purely controversial, and might more fitly form the thesis for a lecture in Oxford theology, than the theme of a minor poet. It must not, indeed, be supposed that they are didactic poets. Nothing can be farther from their character and intention. They do not profess to be teachers of any science or system, but are poets in all good faith, and to the best of their ability, which we have said is by no means despicable. This constitutes in our eyes the interest of their poems. Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners are, we believe, ardent and accomplished disciples of the Oxford school of theology. They hold the theological opinions of that school, with all the cognate views of secular politics and the ordinary relations of human life, which complete its system. It is of the nature of this system, that it possesses an all-pervading influence. It not only imbues the life and character of those who embrace it—it moulds their manners, it guides their reading, it even operates upon the fashion of their dress. Above all, it affects their literature. Illuminating the title-page, and impressing the cloth boards with a cross, it is never absent from the mind of the writer. We have thus Tractarian travels, and Tractarian novels, and in great abundance, Tractarian poetry ; in all of which the dark sayings and unexpoundable dogmas of the system are struggling in every page for an utterance, which, to say the truth, it has been found difficult to accord to them even in professed treatises composed by the great theological leaders of the movement. But, after all, it seems to us that the real meaning and tendency of Tractarianism is best developed in these occasional, and sometimes inopportune effusions of its less skilful, and therefore less guarded, advocates. We see in them the effect which the system is calculated to produce upon the minds of those who embrace it ; and we have the opinions of its teachers tested, as it were, by experiment, when they are thus reproduced from the minds of their disciples. We have sometimes thought that many

of those who have opposed Tractarian theology in the way of controversy, have spoken too moderately of its faults, because they have studied it only in the controversial writings of its ablest and most cautious champions. We could have wished that these writers had leisure to look into the lighter works to which we have alluded, where they would find the dry dogmas of the theology stated with no esoteric reserve, and developed in full activity as principles of action and sources of feeling.

With this view it might not be a useless task, however repulsive, to institute an examination of some works of smaller merit and more glaring faults than those before us. It would not be difficult to find many such. We lately saw quoted from a volume of "Church Rhymes," or some similar title, several verses much in the style of "Little Jack Horner," having for their object to express in poetical phrase the doubts which their author entertains as to the validity of a marriage performed in a meeting-house. To such a depth of absurdity, sapping the foundations of morality, and offering to overturn the most deep-laid institutions of human life, have the weaker and more ignorant votaries of the Church faith carried its advocacy. There are many qualities in Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners which are a sufficient guarantee for their superiority to doctrines such as this, on which all wise and good men must look with simple and unmitigated abhorrence. Their philosophy may be shallow and fantastical, and their theology grievously false—but amidst all this we gladly recognise a generous love of virtue and of their kind, unsubdued by the dark and exclusive views with which it so ill harmonizes. We wish at present to examine the effects of Tractarian principles as they develop themselves in cultivated and virtuous minds, when they are not in combination with any qualities revolting to the moral sense or taste of our readers.

We think, that in fixing upon Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners, as its representatives, we have made a selection very favourable to the system. If we shall discover in their works many gross absurdities, much false sentiment, an open return to the weakest and most fatal errors of Romanism, with a self-complacent disregard of right reason, these faults are to be ascribed not to anything inherently bad in the writers themselves, but to the tenets which they have embraced.

It is not merely because these two writers hold the same opinions, that we have taken the liberty to associate their names here. They are already much united, both in their works and in their lives. Their poetry and their opinions seem to be, in great measure, the accidental growth of circumstances common to both. Indeed, the history of the mental career of these two poets, as it may be partly traced in their poems, is curious and in-

structive. It appears that, in 1838, they were members of a little party of collegians, who spent that summer in a life of mingled relaxation and study amidst the mountains and lakes of Westmoreland. Greatly superior to the vulgar vices of academical life, and partaking largely of the literary enthusiasm which is its happiest fruit, the minds of these recluses were well prepared for the influence of mountain scenery, proximity to Mr. Wordsworth, and an ample recurrence to the theological discussions so prevalent in their colleges. The result was very natural. In the midst of much enjoyment, to which they now look back with mingled pleasure and regret, and much boyish speculation, their opinions took the colour of the passing scene.

“ I mourn not, as thou mournest, o’er the fate
Of our own summer year of Thirty-Eight ;
It came and went within us, like a breeze,
Chiming among our thoughts as in the trees.
It stirr’d us as a breeze may stir the lake,
And thou art gazing yet on its bright wake.”

Styrian Lake, p. 187.

In these lines, which are evidently addressed to Lord John Manners, and in many other passages, both the poets let us see that that same summer year has been an epoch in their mental history. We doubt not it was a happy and a virtuous season ; though we think it was also a time of great danger, which has not been escaped. A tasteful and reverent sense of the beauties of nature by which they were surrounded, with admiration and not unskilful imitation of the poet who has cast the charm of his genius upon that delightful scenery, and over all a pervading *sentiment* of religion, were natural to young men of pure tastes and cultivated minds, acted upon by the associations of time and place, in the midst of which they had fixed themselves. But neither purity nor mental cultivation could entirely supply the place of experience, or save this little band of “ reading men ” from the dangerous influence of a too high conceit of themselves, and proneness to idolize their intellectual leaders, incident to young men brought together by their common enthusiasm in academical pursuits. Their reception of the new theology being coincident, in point of time, with their first perception in themselves of a growing earnestness of spirit, and disposition to serious thought, they seem to have rashly ascribed to these mental movements the connexion of cause and effect ; as if a yet deeper earnestness, and a thoughtfulness far more vigorous and devout, might not be the natural products of a theology which, discarding a system of empty and interminable symbols, should deal solely

with the realities of man's fallen nature, and of the heavenly kingdom which Christianity seeks to restore. In receiving too confidently the system of their favourite teachers, they forgot to inquire what they rejected; and, accordingly, much of what is truest and best in their speculations, is just the unconscious and hardly consistent admission of truths for which their opponents are painfully contending.

Of these two poets, Mr. Faber is the most considerable in bulk. Indeed, the quantity of his published poetry, is one of its most undeniable defects. Of the two volumes which he has presented to the public, it cannot be doubted, that he might, with advantage to his reputation as a poet, have withheld three-fourths, and endeavoured, by skilful amputation, to repress the prolixity of the remaining portion. But the times are past when Collins or Gray could leave the world to admire equally the genius of their poems, and their marvellous scantiness. No copy of verses, no occasional literary exercise or literary amusement, is now consigned to oblivion; and so the bulk of every volume of poetry is swollen, and its dead weight increased. Mr. Faber is fond of discovering faults which are peculiar to our times; and we would point him to this characteristic of the age, as deserving both rebuke and discouragement.

We have announced a controversy with Mr. Faber as to his opinions upon moral and religious subjects, and it is time that we should put ourselves right with our readers, by showing that we have not misrepresented him. We complain that many of his favourite opinions are absolutely and dangerously wrong, and that they often betray him into a style of thinking miserably weak and childish. Nothing but the false system of which he is enamoured, could have produced in his writings the absurdities and unmanly weakness by which his pages are too often disfigured. The judgment of history upon past characters and events is not controverted, but quietly set aside. The weakness and cruelty of certain favourites are not palliated for the sake of better qualities, but made the substantial grounds of the reverence that is paid them. Superstition, in its least imaginative, and therefore least inviting form, is extolled as a virtue.

A sonnet, entitled "Laud's Devotion," teaches us to whom Mr. Faber's party look, as the great apostolic guide of the Anglican Church. The reader of English history has long viewed Laud as a vindictive and superstitious prelate. We are not aware that any new light has been discovered. The evidence by which his character must be judged is just what it has always been. His diary and his correspondence with Strafford are not suspected of forgery. But a modern party have risen up, who look upon these things with quite a different eye, and greatly venerate what

hitherto all the world have joined in condemning. Here is their judgment in very fair verse :—

“ In stillest prayers and hours of holy thought,
 Thy spirit, *dearest of the martyr band,*
 Long time hath been with gravest influence fraught ;
 And oft, when sin is nigh, I feel thy hand—
 A touch most cold and pure, of deepest dread,
 Chastising dreams by youth and pleasure bred.
 Teach me (for thou didst learn the lesson well,
 In hardness and in suffering) to restrain
 Unquiet, fretful hopes, and weak disdain
 Of worldly men, who will not understand
The zeal and love that in such fierceness dwell.
 O, Master ! I would fear thee still, though pain
 Her saintly power with filial joy doth blend,
 And, were I holier, I would love thee as a friend.”

Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 98.

This singular production is perhaps a better index to the opinions of the school to which its author belongs, than a grave tract on a controverted point in theology. It is the school of Laud. Its aspirations are after “the zeal and love that in such fierceness dwell.” It cultivates a spirit of self-abasement, not before God, but beneath the feet of men—sainted indeed by their votaries, but whom the rest of the Christian Church regard with abhorrence. The unnatural castigation of human affections, and the destruction of social and domestic ties, are the highest attainments in the Christian life to which it points the simpler and less worldly among its disciples. In short, ambition, persecution, superstition, and monkery, are the attributes of Anglican Popery, and the fitting topics of this tribute to the memory of Archbishop Laud.

Mr. Faber is a clergyman, and we mourn over the Church whose rites are administered either in the spirit or the sense of the concluding lines of a sonnet on “Church Postures :”—

“ Deep wreaths of angels, *burning from the east,*
 Around the consecrated shrine are braced ;
The awful Stone, where, by fit hands, are placed
The Flesh and Blood of the tremendous Feast.
 But kneel—the Bishop on the Altar-stair,
 Will bring a blessing out of Zion there.”

Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 342.

Still worse, in the same strain of superstitious and religious error, are verses on “A Child’s Baptism,” which we give at full length, that it may be seen we have not exaggerated the peculiarities of Mr. Faber’s views.

*" Dear Christian child! was it the power
That in those gifted waters came,
Which stirr'd thee at that solemn hour,
And thrill'd through all thy trembling frame ?*

*Oh ! was it keen and fierce, the smart,
When the old root within thee died,
And the new nature in thy heart
Rose like the swell of ocean's tide ?*

*Yes, in the dawn of thy new birth,
There came some spiritual fears—
Faint gleams of after things, that earth
Might pay the first-fruits of her tears.*

*Sweet penitent ! all lovely things
Are for their brightness full of fear ;
And strange would seem those angel wings
That came and made soft motions near.*

*And yet the Cross did hush thy cries
When thou within mine arms didst lie,
Quiet and seal'd for sacrifice
Unto the Holy Trinity.*

*And such a smile sat on thy mouth,
While from that Token's fourfold might,
From east and west, from north and south,
Great visions broke upon thy sight.*

*And such a look came from thine eyes,
Through lashes fringed with *Christian dew*—
Wonder, and hope, and mirth did rise
Up from those wells of heavenly blue."*

Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 121.

We have here the rite of baptism reduced to a trick of vulgar necromancy, where the Christian people are called not to join in attesting the admission of an infant brother into the Church, but to behold a visible wonder wrought by the fit hands of the priest. This is not merely to mistake the sign for the thing signified. It is a gross misapprehension of the thing itself which is signified. It is to look for an outward miracle, where the promise is of an inward blessing. The true meaning and use of baptism are abandoned for an idle superstition, which can only provoke disgust in enlightened Christians, and ridicule in persons of less serious mind. It is not our business here to combat the doctrinal errors, in regard to baptism, of Mr. Faber's graver and more prosaic guides in theology ; but we wish to shew their consistent, and as it seems to us, most edifying development in his verses. He writes from the heart, with no

frigid caution or scholastic reserve. He is not for ever restraining himself by the fear of an opponent, and reserving his strongest opinions for the confidence of an inner church. He gives truthful utterance to the exalting sense of his own functions, and the conscious possession of miraculous powers. It is he who has blessed, shall we not rather say *charmed*, the water, till he has himself been startled by the strange convulsive signs of a present Deity, whom he has almost too rashly evoked. It is he, who, rising superior to the terrors of the scene, has calmed the troubled spirit of mysterious infancy, by that awful sign which hands less sacred might not have dared to make. We protest, not merely as Protestants, but in the name of all that is called Christianity, against this strange tissue of abject superstition and entangling priestcraft, that would ape the mysteries of a heathen temple. Especially, we would hold fast Mr. Faber and his theological teachers to the practical exposition which he has given of their views, in regard to the strange mystery which holds with them the place of Christian baptism. In another poem, entitled “Ash Wednesday,” we have our author’s thoughts upon his own baptism:—

“ Then by the hour that saw me rest
 On thine *anointed Levite’s* breast,
 Within his *white robe’s* fold,
 And by the Cross that on my brow
 He sign’d—the *seal that devils know*—
 Jesus ! Thy son uphold ! ”

Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 43.

This may be religious feeling, quite sincere and unaffected. To our mind, however, it is not only miserably perverted by doctrinal error, but it suggests forcibly the kind of religion which the romance writers of the last age were accustomed to put into the mouths of the characters whom they wished, by a few familiar tokens, to mark as Roman Catholic. There is the same constant and reverential mention of the outward symbols of the Roman faith—the holy father—the sacred vestments—the sign of the cross—and the demonologic contest, in which the Evil One is not overcome by the spiritual armour of the believer himself, but is driven off by the mystical artillery of the priest. It might be a curious inquiry, how much of the popularity of this revived system is due to the same love of the picturesque and romantic even in religion, which was formerly gratified by writers of the Radcliffe school, and of which Southey and Scott largely availed themselves. Unhappily other writers, besides poets and novelists, have latterly addressed themselves to this taste ; and the evil is

no longer to be dealt with as it was, some thirty years ago, in the case of those two eminent poets, as merely an offence against good taste.

Of course, Mr. Faber has a great reverence for fasts and festivals; and he nicely discriminates between them. To be grave upon a festival, or cheerful upon a fast, is no light offence in his eyes. Sometimes, indeed, there are seasons of grave and gay curiously blended; when festivity and "threads of gaiety," to use Mr. Faber's expression, shoot athwart the gloom of the modern ascetic, "his face with radiant humour gay," and too reasonable to be for ever doing penance:—

"The sun shone fair on Easter Eve—
The day when festal fancies weave
Bright threads into the Lenten gloom:
When our free thoughts—Good Friday over—
Doubtful 'twixt joy and penance, hover
About the Garden Tomb!"

Styrian Lake, p. 216.

Mr. Faber finds that the solemnity of such seasons is liable to be sadly disturbed by the want of sympathy in those by whom he is surrounded. Some pathetic and perfectly natural verses, addressed to a youthful and high-born beauty, conclude with a singular rebuke, which, in the bitterness of his heart, Mr. Faber composed, printed, and has irrevocably published to the world, because, from ignorance, or some worse cause, she failed to make her songs accord precisely with the ecclesiastical character of the season:—

"She is bright and young, and her glory comes
Of an ancient ancestry,
And I love for her beauty's sake to gaze
On the light of her full dark eye.

She is gentle and still, and her voice is as low
As the voice of a summer wind,
And falseness and fickleness have not left
One stain on her girlish mind.

I felt the wild dream creep over like sleep,
More strangely each day I stay'd,
And in four short weeks my heart was bound up
In the heart of that high-born maid.

O the stir of love, and its beating thrills!
I never had known its power;
So I shut my eyes and went down the stream,
And might have been there to this hour:

*But she sang light songs at a solemn time,
And the spell was gone for ever !
And who shall say 'twas a trivial thing,
That delicate chain to sever ?*"

Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 119.

A little poem, entitled "Three Happy Days," seems to us exceedingly instructive, upon the tendency of Mr. Faber's favourite "Church thoughts," if he and his admirers are not, as we fear, past instruction upon that subject. It describes an expedition undertaken, we suppose, in the company of his noble brother poet, through mountain scenery, whose gentle influences are happily though fancifully expressed in the opening verses :—

"Three happy days we had been out
Among the awful hills,
Learning their secrets by the sides
Of dark, untrodden rills.

We had companions all the day—
Rainbows and silver gleams ;
And quiet rivers all the night
Did mingle with our dreams."

But even here, the travellers did not lay aside the high debate which raged in their colleges, and was the unceasing theme of their studies :—

"We spoke of great and solemn things,
Like earnest-minded men,
And often rode unheeding
Through many a wooded glen.

We talk'd about the early Church,
Her martyrs keen and bold ;
And what, perchance, might now befall
The same dear Church grown old.

We went into each other's heart,
And rifled all the treasure
That books and thinking had laid up
In academic leisure."

And what is the result of all this lofty and earnest discussion ? It is just as might be expected, when youthful minds, not yet adequately instructed, either in respect of sound learning or moral and religious training, are over-stimulated into the career of barren polemics. Without religious knowledge to guide and restrain their attempts, and without a sufficient basis of religious feeling on which to subside when these attempts are felt to be beyond their strength, there must speedily come a re-action. In

the conclusion of these verses, Mr. Faber and his companion return to nature. But to what kind of nature does the reader suppose? Simply to the condition of two overgrown schoolboys, whose gambols, more innocent than graceful, would not, even as exhibited in schoolboys, be a judiciously-chosen subject for poetry; but which, in grave polemics, and "earnest-minded men," are so incongruous as to be positively unpleasant to contemplate. We would therefore recommend Mr. Faber in future, like other persons of good taste, to let such ebullitions of animal spirits pass over without the tribute of a copy of verses. In the present instance, however, the honest admission which these concluding stanzas contain, gives, in our eyes, its chief value to the whole piece. We should be glad to find that Mr. Faber has learned, though late, the moral of his verses—that he is better fitted for something else than composing disquisitions, either in prose or verse, on the principles of civil and ecclesiastical polity.

"And now we are so wearied out
With all this high debate,
We have not mentioned once to-night
The name of Church or State.

*We pull'd each other's hair about,
Peep'd in each other's eyes,
And spoke the first light silly words
That to our lips did rise.*

A pair of little brothers so
In thoughtless play might lie;
Yet they could not less thoughtful be,
Dear friend, than you and I."

Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 150.

A sin against good taste, which we should not have expected from Mr. Faber, is his extraordinary laudation, we might almost call it worshipping, of his like-gifted friend. Nothing in this vein with which we have ever met, equals the humble, hearty, half-devotional, half-amorous tone of Mr. Faber. In a sonnet addressed to his friend on leaving him, he tells him—

"Still am I lingering here, as loth to part
From my soul's glorious king,"——

And concludes—

"I will not mourn, for grief so keen and strong
Tells how thy throne within my heart is set."

Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 165.

In the following passage, it seems to us that the same friend, his "soul's glorious king," is figured by the poet somewhat my-

tically as dead. He is addressed in language where human passion and a species of religious frenzy, are strangely mingled, as in the dithyrambic of a disordered votary, mourning the desertion of her hero-god :-

“ I saw thy beautiful limbs all bare,
 And thy new-made grave look cold,
 And I grudged it sadly to the mould
 To lie so long on thy glossy hair.
 Dearest ! thy spirit was set on fire
 At the fount of ancient days,
 And therefore wert thou lifted higher
 To where that fountain plays.
 Sacred and pure, the awful flame
 About thy youth and health did roll,
 Till thy fair vest of earth became
 A sacrifice unto thy soul.
 Like an eagle, up in the heavens bare,
 Wild with the draughts of his mountain air,
 The heights of lone thought beheld thee die
 In the fire of thine own free poetry.”

Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 221.

Mr. Faber's later volume, containing “*The Styrian Lake*,” which is his longest poem, seems to us an improvement upon its predecessor. The author has more frequent recourse to what is natural and real, and rests less upon the conventionalities of a system. His frequent delineations of natural scenery, though often too much drawn out into detail, are characterized by a redeeming truthfulness; and in several of the pieces there is a moral interest altogether independent of those peculiar notions which are the indispensable key to the sentiment of so large a portion of Mr. Faber's works.

The last remark will not apply to “*The Styrian Lake*.” It abounds in pleasing descriptions of the scenery of the Styrian Alps, composed in a peculiar, but melodious versification; and has for its moral, to commend the worship of the Virgin, as an excellent adjunct to the religion of a simple people. The poem commemorates a grand procession to the shrine of the Virgin at Mariazell, which the writer seems to have witnessed. It opens with “*The Legend*” of the founder of the shrine, which, after many passages of similar import, concludes with these lines :—

“ Love of Mary was to them
 As the very outer hem
 Of the Saviour's priestly vest,
 Which they timorously press'd,
 And whereby a simple soul
 Might for faith's sake be made whole.”—P. 20.

If sentiments such as this, even in poetry, are acceptable to any large class of readers, the contest of the sixteenth century has to be fought over again in England in our time, under the disadvantage of less explicitness in the defenders of the ancient superstition. Though, indeed, Mr. Faber is tolerably outspoken in his longings after the worship of the "blessed mother Mary."

It may appear absurd to offer one word of remonstrance to Mr. Faber, upon the statistical accuracy of his account of the Mariazell pilgrimage. But it is probably intended to find currency with many readers, who may never have an opportunity to judge for themselves of the purity and simplicity with which such a rite is commonly observed, and who may be willing to receive Mr. Faber's account upon his credit as an eye witness and a poet. We know how a pilgrimage was described by the father of English poetry; and making allowance for the roughness of Chaucer's satire, we suspect that the Canterbury Pilgrimage was a fair picture of these favourite acts of devotion in that day; and that it needs only to be divested of the quaint manners and grossness of the time, to represent such scenes of superstition and holyday idleness in any age or country. The Austrian capital is certainly not the purest city in Europe; and when it casts its "huge wave" upon the Styrian Highlands, if we may use the poetical language of Mr. Faber, we doubt much whether it does not carry to that picturesque district the vices, as well as the superstition of a corrupt city.

The descriptions of scenery in "The Styrian Lake" are among Mr. Faber's best efforts. They bear a distinct local character, that assures us they are truthful delineations of real scenes. The poem addressed "To the memory of a Town-pent Man," is full of tender feeling, and a melancholy moral interest, connected, if we mistake not, with a venerable name in recent English literature. Though reminding us too forcibly of Wordsworth, both by occasional turns of expression, and by the general strain of thinking, the poem is, to us, the most pleasing in either volume; and we regret that we have not left ourselves room to give any part of it.

The poems of Lord John Manners bear stronger marks, than those of Mr. Faber, of the crudeness of youth; and his Lordship makes altogether a more careless profession in the art of poetry, and stakes less of his reputation upon the poetical merit of his little volume. Composed, and perhaps rashly published, in extreme youth, by a nobleman, who is evidently desirous to take his part in the political events which our times may be destined to witness, it would hardly be fair to make it the test of its author's powers, which may, perhaps, some day find a more fit-

ting sphere—or of his judgment, which may hereafter reach a somewhat tardy maturity. It is obvious, that his care for the excellence of his verses, is more absorbed than that of Mr. Faber in the earnestness of his peculiar views, and in the vehemence of character that would hurry him into action, to which the more elaborate and professional verses of his brother poet show no tendency. Still the poems of Lord John Manners are not without indications of such powers as may entitle a young gentleman of good education to amuse his leisure hours by writing verses, and to recast the journal of his foreign travels into detached pieces of poetry, which, whatever may be his future career in active life, shall reflect no discredit upon his reputation for literary accomplishment. We do not suppose Lord John ranks his volume much higher than this in point of poetical merit; and to this extent we admit its claims to approbation.

If his poetry were the mere natural product of a liberal education acting upon a youth of sensibility and talent, we should hardly have thought it necessary to call attention to it at all, and certainly we should not have spoken of it with disapproval; but, while we give its author full credit for the originality of what is good in the volume, we are sensible that he is indebted to a sect and a system for its worst faults. The present redundancy of such books, just marks the progress, in this country, of opinions captivating, it appears, to a large portion of our youth, and which, even though partially or wholly thrown off in after life, must leave them without the moral principles and mental strength which education is intended to give. In Mr. Faber, we see how these opinions have beset our lighter literature; in Lord John Manners, we find they have become fashionable in the highest ranks of society, and among a certain class of youthful politicians.

In addition to the Tractarian love of Church, which he shares with Mr. Faber, the poems of Lord John Manners are characterized by admiration for the usages and institutions of feudalism, and by sentiments which, in last century, would have been termed Jacobite; but to which it is not easy now to give a name, or to assign a meaning. We shall select, very much at random, a few specimens of these peculiarities. Our author sighs, apparently not altogether without hope, for the restoration of the times—

“When mother-church her richest stores display’d,
And sister-state on her behalf array’d
The temper’d majesty of sacred law,
And loved to reason, but at times could awe.”—P. 3.

Lord John Manners is a kind of political missionary, bent

upon renovating not only the constitution of government, but the whole moral framework of society. Let us look at the principles to be learned in the school where he has studied, in regard to the highest interests of mankind, and their relations, not among themselves, but to the unseen world. Religion is made to centre in, and flow through the Church. The system is only complete when, in the language of one of its most able advocates, "the child once more looks up to its parent, and its parent to the State, and the State to the Church, and the Church to God."

"Deep in that church what treasures buried lie
Unseen, unlook'd for, by the careless eye!
How gleam in each old half-forgotten rite
The magic rays of apostolic light!
*Oh! would her priests but dare to raise on high
Her glorious banner to the storm-rent sky,
Be bold to plead their mother's holy cause,
Nor shrink from one least tittle of her laws,*
Then might our England justly hope to be
What she was once—the faithful and the free:
Then might she, with her meteor-flag unfurl'd,
Despise the threatenings of a banded world!"—P. 5.

This is the idea of a Church, before which Lord John Manners and many more are willing, in all good faith and supposed humility, to bow. They ask her priests to maintain her cause in an attitude of defiance, and by an assertion of right; and they remind them of the bright examples of "Anselm, and Becket, Chicheley, Wolsey, Laud." There is no mistaking this. Those whose minds are ever fondly reverting to the times and persons admired by Lord John Manners, seek a Church whose spiritual thunders, and support from the secular arm, are to be alike awful. It is not a holy fellowship—a spiritual community of persons associated for spiritual ends, and by a spiritual bond of union—but an institution of human aspect, though super-human pretensions, bartering and contending with the State for its rights, and, above all, reminding us of the bodies corporate of the civil law, whose very existence and identity depend upon their powers, and privileges, and immunities. Let us hear Lord John Manners again:—

"Still do I love to learn from those who died*
Rebellion's victims and their country's pride,
How to despise bold Reason's ceaseless din,
And reign omnipotent myself within.

* Strafford and Laud.

Fast on the rock that has for ages stood
 The tempest's howling, and the ocean's flood,
My faith in my dear Mother-Church I fix,
 And scorn religion's modern politics."—P. 4.

Our readers have now sufficient materials to judge of the sacred part of the noble poet's creed. We shall present them with his views in regard to social and political relations :—

Oh! would some noble dare again to raise
 The feudal banner of forgotten days,
 And live despising slander's harmless hate,
 The potent ruler of his petty state!
 Then would the different classes once again
Feel the kind pressure of the social chain,
 And in their mutual wants and hopes confess
 How close allied the little to the less."—P. 17.

This is the secular part of Lord John Manners' remedy for the present ill condition of things. His faith is in the Church and in his own order. After a speculation upon the comparative good or evil to result from the destruction of our great towns, which brings him in a spirit of laudable resignation, to the rather cool conclusion—

"Though I could bear to view our crowded towns
 Sink into hamlets or unpeopled downs;
Not ours the part!"——

he proceeds to tell us of what he could *not bear* to witness the overthrow—

"No! by the names inscribed in history's page,
 Names that are England's noblest heritage;
 Names that shall live for yet unnumber'd years,
 Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poitiers;
Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."—P. 24.

We suspect some of the old nobility may have instinctively exclaimed on reading these lines, "Save us from our friends." The conflict of interests suggested by the noble renovator of his country, is not only the most alarming, but it is also the least complimentary to his class, that we remember to have seen stirred. It has sometimes been alleged that the nobility and landed aristocracy are careful of the interests of their order to the injury of wealth and commerce. But no demagogue that we have heard of, has yet feigned an opposition between the aristocracy and "laws and learning." Here, however, one of themselves not merely insinuates the unfortunate incompatibility, but with great vigour and *sang-froid* takes up his ground in the controversy which he has raised. "Throw wealth and commerce," says he, "to the

winds ! perish laws and learning ! but save me and my order." At least so let it be in "Young England." Lord John's horror of learning, in the common people at all events, is unaffected and habitual. A happy ignorance is a condition which he desiderates among "glories that still await old England's isle."

"O'er them no lurid light has knowledge shed,
And faith stands them in education's stead."—P. 38.

Lord John Manners is a Jacobite of the nineteenth century. The key to this rather unpractical, as well as peculiar strain of political sentiment, is plainly to be found in these characteristic lines :—

"Ah ! ever since *that wild and sinful hour*,
When England bow'd to Revolution's power,
As one by one her rights were swept away,
The Church has mourn'd our national decay
In faith and truth, and as each year roll'd by,
Still fainter grew the terrors of her eye ;
Till now, of pristine pomp and glory shorn,
Our holy mother sits, and weeps forlorn."—P. 36.

This effect of the Revolution upon the "rights" of the Church, is its radical sin in the eyes of Lord John Manners and others of the same school. Before the Revolution, the great schism of the Reformation was, they think, in England, but partially accomplished. The door of reconciliation with Rome was not shut. The polemical principles of Rome were not abandoned, though the more extravagant of her doctrines might be in abeyance. Now that a party has again arisen within the Church of England, ready to fraternize with Rome, it is instructive to see how they revert with fond regret to the fate of the Stuarts, and pronounce their maledictions upon "William of Nassau"—"cold Dutch William."* We are aware that some portion of this is to be put down to the affectation of singularity and of chivalry, natural to young men of a romantic turn, and whose judgment has been less cultivated than their imagination. But the fact that opinions so weak, and in existing circumstances so unmeaning, have become, not the eccentricity of the few, but the fashionable folly of the many, in a large and important class of our educated youth, can only be accounted for by these opinions readily assimilating with other and more general principles, which are carefully instilled into their minds by the teachers whom they are prone to follow.

The extent to which Lord John Manners carries his Jacobitism, may be judged of from lines on Avignon,—

" *The last of England's rightful kings,
 Found here a foreign home,
 Condemn'd, by treachery and fraud,
 From England's shores to roam.*
*A Bourbon then could tamely see
 A Stuart lose his throne ;
 And now, behold that Bourbon's heir,
 A suppliant for his own !*"

P. 133.

Since these lines were written, Lord John Manners has "taken the oaths and his seat" in the House of Commons. We presume he must, before doing so, have, in some sort, modified his opinions as to the rightfulness of the present dynasty, and the desirableness of foreign aid to adjust our national differences. The time has not long gone by when we could not have ventured to publish his sentiments even for the purpose of expressing our dissent. The immunity which they now enjoy, however convenient it may be, is, it strikes us, the reverse of complimentary. The Attorney-General raises no prosecution; moves no *ex officio* information, indicts for no conspiracy hatched at Oxford, and ramifying itself throughout the National Establishment, for the illegal purpose of exciting dissatisfaction against the reigning family—merely because the sentiments are too absurd to be dangerous. The hazard is not to the constitution, but to the intellect of the rising generation, and to the reputation of our chief seat of learning.

We have left ourselves little room, and we confess we have no inclination to examine minutely the remaining volume of which the title stands at the head of this article. We have purposely reserved our remarks in regard to it, as quite distinct from the view which we have taken of the poetry of Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners. The author of "The Cathedral" is, we believe, not a learner; but a teacher in the Oxford school of theology and literature. He is a favourite master, whose reputation is looked upon as the common property of his party, and who is admired and imitated by a numerous band of literary followers. Holding this place, he is in some measure beyond the reach, certainly beyond the influence, of our criticism. It would be presumptuous in us to apply to his works the same measure, and suggest for their faults the same excuses, that we have ventured to do in regard to writers of powers less mature, and of less established reputation. We must be content to criticize the volume, not as the attempt of a poetical aspirant, in which promise may compensate for much deficiency in performance, but as the work-upon

which a full-fledged poet has been willing to rest his fame. The question, indeed, is not merely as to the poetical merits of this single volume, but as to the state of literary taste in that school in which the highest rewards of poetical merit have been loudly demanded for the author of "The Cathedral."

The place which this writer is said to hold, is to us incomprehensible. We cannot find in "The Cathedral" the occasional gracefulness and natural feeling of which there are instances in Mr. Faber's poems, nor the simple manliness and good native English of Lord John Manners. But we do find there a turpidity both of thought and expression, from which the younger poets are free—obscurity into which there is no temptation to penetrate—and a perpetual effort reminding us of the constant application of the spur to a spiritless and over-ridden Pegasus.

The conception of the work is as childish as can be met with in English literature. The author's design is to make "a selection of subjects more or less appropriate to the parts (of a cathedral) which they are made to represent, from the liturgy and the doctrine and discipline of the Church; care being taken to adhere as much as possible to the relative proportions of such a structure." Thus the work is divided into the parts of a cathedral, as the Nave, the North Transept, and so on; and each division contains a variety of pieces, which are intended to bear some mystical relation to the locality. In vindication of this scheme, besides telling us that Herbert, in his "Temple," attaches moral and sacred lessons to the "Church windows," and "Church floor," the author chooses to avail himself of a natural enough idea introduced by Mr. Wordsworth in his preface to *The Excursion*, "that his poems might be considered as capable of being arranged as the parts of a Gothic church, of which the Minor Pieces might be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses." Upon the ground of this highly fanciful, intellectual analogy, by which Mr. Wordsworth illustrates the mutual relation of his different poems, the present writer seeks to establish a *real* relation between his poems and the parts of a cathedral. "My poems," says Mr. Wordsworth, "may be said to bear the same mutual relation that the parts of a cathedral do." His bolder imitator says, "my poems have a relation to the parts of a cathedral." The ingenious illustration of Mr. Wordsworth flies off, and a feeble affectation is left in its place. This notion, however, not only furnishes the scheme of the work, but is the subject of several illuminated vignettes, and of a frontispiece, in the shape of a ground plan of a cathedral, laid out in suitable subjects, the Nave being "Holy Scripture," the Chapter-house "Episcopacy," and so on.

We cannot say that the execution of the work rises, in any

respect, above the weakness of its design. The author seems spell-bound by his own mystical creation, and finds, in every corner of his Cathedral, meanings which, we must frankly confess, we have in vain attempted to fathom. Here is an example :—

“Ye cloistral shades, and angel-haunted cells,
Chantries, and tuneful roofs, and altars old,
Where incommunicable Godhead dwells—
Let your dread spirit fill me, *my hand hold,*
And every thought to your obedience mould.”—P. 7.

Though the expression is turgid in the extreme, we think we have some conception what the poet means when he asks to be filled with the dread spirit of “cloistral shades, and angel-haunted cells,” and “chantries, and tuneful roofs, and altars old;” but we are lost in perplexity, when he goes on to implore of those “parts of a Gothic church” to hold his hand, and to mould his thoughts to their obedience. It does not appear from what desperate deed his hand is to be held, or how a roof or a cloister is to hold it, or what kind of obedience they are to exact from his thoughts. Probably all this is clear to the initiated.

A sonnet, entitled “The Ancient Village,” is, we suppose, a highly finished production in the author’s most characteristic style. We confess that we have a difficulty to comprehend his sympathy with the aged rook, in whose “pensive mood” he asks to participate. Neither do we know why that meditative bird is called a “feather’d chronicler,” or what is meant by “the lights of ages.” But our readers must judge, and, if they can, understand for themselves.

“Let me still love thee in thy quietude,
Sweet silvan village! *and thou, aged rook,*
Who sitt’st sole sentinel in ivied nook,
Survivor of thy noisy brotherhood!
And I with thee, *in thine own pensive mood,*
Could linger till the lights of ages fall
Around us, like moonbeams on tap’stried hall,
And saintly forms come forth, and virgins good,
Who gave their days to Heaven. From that lone pile
Avaunt, rude change, thy disenchanting wand,
And let the holy Cross linger awhile!
Ah! feather’d chronicler, would that from thee,
Thou could’st forefend Art’s all-transforming hand,
And guard thy hoary haunts of sweet antiquity.”—P. 18.

One remarkable peculiarity of this author is exemplified in these lines. In what has been sometimes called the unpoetical

period of English literature, when there were no writers of higher flight or greater depth than Thomson and Gray, any poet in treating such a subject, would have given us some images of rest, and at least attempted the picture of an umbrageous retreat. Our author contents himself with simply styling the place "sweet silvan village," and mentioning its "quietude," leaving his reader with no image to recall, and no notion of the place, more than if he had seen it called a sweet silvan residence in the advertising columns of a Morning paper. It seems to us, that this is the true school of *uncreative* poetry.

In that portion of the volume which its author calls "The North Aisle," he proceeds to describe the varied appearances of the ocean, in a style elevated to suit the magnificence of his subject.

"Who live beside the solemn sea,
And love his simple majesty,
Still ever new, in alter'd mien,
His untransform'd shape have seen.
Now as they sit his margin nigh,
He lifts *his hands* and voice on high,
No thought can trace his hidden treasure,
His beauty, strength or vastness measure."

We have been unable to discover the precise meaning or connexion of the two last lines, but they are simplicity itself compared with what follows.

"Now, while they other scenes pursue,
The hills between, in arching blue
He gathers in his silver length,
All darkly to a bow of strength."

We remember that Mr Coleridge somewhere advises that we should never condemn any passage as nonsense, unless we can follow the author's train of thought, and discover how and where he has lost himself. Upon this principle, we are quite unqualified to pass judgment upon these lines, in which, from beginning to end, we are unable to trace any meaning whatever.

"Now man's meek friend, upon his breast
He bears him *housed in sea-borne nest.*"

We never were very fond of Mr. Wordsworth's "little boat," but here is a revival in poetry with a vengeance, and a boat is no longer a boat but a "sea-borne nest."

"Now God's unsullied temple fair,
For man hath left no traces there."

Now aye unchanged yet ever changing,
To caves unfathom'd, boundless ranging;
Now seems to lay his vastness by
To minister to thought and eye."—P. 93.

We wish our author had told us why it is necessary for the ocean "to lay his vastness by" for this purpose. Of the whole passage we may say there is not a line of it "but doth suffer a sea change;" and, like the ocean which it describes, it is "full of sound and fury—signifying nothing."

In fact, our author's fondness for the magnificent in phraseology, makes it difficult for him at all times to convey his meaning with the same simplicity with which we are bound to believe he himself conceives it. Some instances of grandiloquence seem to us unique. Within the compass of a few lines, the sky is "the wild ethereal deep,"—"the ethereal hall,"—and again "the vast of that wild sea." We find man dwarfed to a "speck" in the aisle of a cathedral; and a little farther on, we are told "'tis distance dwarfs the mighty star." We have

"the silent moon,
Ether's blue arms around her,"—

a simile, the propriety of which we are inclined to question. A blue sky is perhaps one of the most glorious objects in nature, and a blue arm one of the least delectable of complexional peculiarities.

We think our readers must now see why we prefer the less ambitious efforts of Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners to the solemn pomp of "The Cathedral." We do not mean to say that there is nothing better than the specimens which we have given in this poem, and in "The Baptistry," another large volume of poetry by the same author, with which we have not had courage to grapple. In our search for something to commend, we have been invariably repelled by harsh and defective versification, obscure meaning, and incorrect diction; but most of all, by pedantry of expression, and inflated sentiment. We have been frequently reminded of the "Night Thoughts." There is the same straining after a sickly solemnity, and the same vicious glitter of style, without the faithful moralizing and self-examination of Young, and unfortunately without any of that power which made Young's poem, with all its faults, long popular with the ordinary readers of English poetry. This is just the class, who, we believe, will never become intimate with "The Cathedral."

ART. VII.—*Life in Sweden ; or the II— Family.* By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the Swedish, and published in America. Reprinted. London. 1843.

The Home ; or Family Cares and Family Joys. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the Swedish by MARY HOWITT. London. 1843.

The Neighbours ; a Story of Every Day Life. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the Swedish by MARY HOWITT. London. 1843.

The President's Daughters and Nina. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. London. 1843.

The Diary, and Strife and Peace. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. London. 1844.

WE are thankful that food for the mind may be imported free of duty, and that the warehouses in Paternoster-row are not bonded for the safe keeping of foreign literature, under her Majesty's lock and key. We admit, that some of our novelists and poets, whose estates lie on the shady side of Parnassus, would be the better of a fixed duty, or the sliding-scale, to protect their crops from foreign competition ; and we do not deny that, in equity, our growers of poetry and romance are as well entitled as our growers of wheat and barley—and on the same principle—to a monopoly of the supply of the home-market. We are aware, too, that if our ports remain open, and such foreign supplies as these novels of Miss Bremer are poured in upon us, our literary farmers on heavy barren soils must be ruined—their fields will go out of cultivation, will yield no rent, will scarcely keep the donkey. But we cannot be blind to the fact, that the literary interests of the country have thriven remarkably well with this free trade in ideas. We produce enough for our own use and consumpt at home, import very little, and export large quantities to foreign parts in the various marketable forms of history, philosophy, political economy, poetry, and romance.

What we import of foreign literature, as of foreign grain, rarely answers for seed, or takes root and flourishes in our soil. Miss Bremer's works seem to be an exception. No foreign novels in our remembrance have attained such popularity in this country. They have hit the English taste for reality, or its close resemblance, and for common sense visible in the midst of fiction. They treat of domestic incidents and characters, open up to us new scenes and ways of living, all foreign to us, but all bearing the impress of an accordance with reality, and with a reality we can understand and enter into. We do, indeed, now and then

fall in with characters, scenes, ecstasies, delights, dilemmas, loves, woes, and sorrows, intensely sentimental, and quite unintelligible ; but these patches of the dull-sublime, from the German school of mystical sentimentality, only hide occasionally the peculiar charm of Miss Bremer's own conceptions—her well-drawn, well-coloured pictures of incidents, manners, and characters. In a picture-dealer's shop, we are often struck with some head which, without knowing the artist who painted it, or the person it represents, we feel and pronounce at once to be a real portrait, and no mere fancy-piece. There is, in the picture, a congruity of the parts—a keeping and harmony between the features—a truthfulness—which impress us with the conviction, that the picture is the representation of a reality. It is so with Miss Bremer's novels. Her incidents and characters are strikingly true to nature—that is, to the nature of the circumstances in which they are placed ; but these circumstances themselves are generally conventional. They belong to the same class as the novels of Miss Burney, and the numerous school of novel writers who deal in the affairs and characters of the upper and exclusive ranks of society only ; not to that higher class in which Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, Miss Ferrier, Miss Austen must be placed, who deal with human nature in a natural situation, with circumstances, feelings, and characters which all men sympathize in, and bring home to themselves. As tales of a conventional form of society, they want also that tone of pure moral feeling which runs through all our novels of this class, however poor they may be as works of fiction ; and from the great charm and merit of Miss Bremer's novels, and their well-deserved reputation and circulation in this country, it is necessary to point out this taint, as we go briefly through some of these delightful productions.

“The II——family” begins with introducing us to Beata ; and we begin with her because the same kind of instinct that leads us to judge that a picture is the portrait of some real person, leads us to believe that the person here portrayed must be the authoress herself. The same quiet, effective good sense, the same happy, gay, contented disposition, the same lively manner, and spirit of just observation, meet us, in all the tales, in the character of the narrator. Her spirit pervades them all—in each we find a Beata under another name, and in other circumstances.

“Beata,” we are told, “belongs to that class of persons of whose existence one of the sisterhood says—sometimes it seems as if they were everywhere, sometimes it seems as if they were nowhere. This singular existence appertains in common to those who, without belonging to the family, are received into it as assistants for counsel and action, either in joy or sorrow. I will, in a few words, draw a picture of such persons, and not to leave the class without a name, I will give her the

title of the Family Counsellor. Her circle of action is defined, and of the following character: She must have her thoughts, her hands, her nose, in everything; but it must not be observed. If the master of the house is out of humour, she is pushed forward as the lightning-conductor to dispel the storm. If the lady has the vapours, her presence is as necessary as the bottle of Cologne water. Are the daughters in trouble, she must take part in it. Have they wishes, plans, projects, she is the speaking-trumpet by which they must approach deaf ears. Does some distinguished visitor arrive, is the house put upon parade-footing, then she vanishes; no one knows where she is any more than it is known where the smoke goes which rises from the chimney. But the workings of her invisible presence do not cease to be felt. The pan in which the cream is prepared is not placed on the nicely decorated dinner-table, but must remain on the kitchen-hearth, and the same is the lot of the Family Counsellor—to do the useful or agreeable, but give up the honour. If she can do this with stoical perseverance and resignation, her existence is often as interesting to herself, as it is important to the family. Unlike what happens in the physical world, there is no place for observation in the moral so good as the most humble. The individual who, in some measure, filled this part in the family of Colonel H—— was, God be praised, treated more as a friend, did not hold the office of puffer, (*souffleur* or prompter is probably meant,) did not always stand behind the curtain, but often stepped forward on the stage, and said her say as freely and unreservedly as other people."

For duly understanding Miss Bremer's delineations of domestic life in the North, it is to be observed, that where roads to market are bad or long, markets few, shops ill provided in country places, and winters severe, stocks of all articles needed in a family, must be laid in for half a year—must be economically purchased, and economically expended; and a housekeeper, assistant, or family counsellor, is a necessary personage in families of a much lower station and class of households than would, with us, have any such aid in housekeeping.

Another peculiarity in domestic life in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway—and one of the most pleasing traits of ancient modes of living, and of the social state of families in Scandinavia in the middle ages, and which, as every traveller must have observed, remains in remarkable vigour at the present day—is the almost universal custom of adopting children. This adoption does not mean that, as here and there with us, the wealthy and childless may take in an infant, and bring it up to be a servant, or to a trade; but the village shopkeeper, the thriving tradesman, the peasant, although with three or four children of his own, will very commonly be found to have in his family the adopted child of some deceased friend or relative, or even of a stranger; and the adoption is real. The child is brought up with the children

of the family—shares their fate—is provided for, educated, and cherished with the same affection. This amiable custom is probably derived from the times, when the whole male population was called out for predatory expeditions to the coasts of England and other countries; and men formed themselves into brotherhoods, or guilds, for the mutual support of their families at home during their absence. It was a kind of mutual assurance against the calamities of war, and unquiet times; and the moral feeling on which it is based remains in a vigour, and to an extent peculiar to the people of the north, and is the most striking and beautiful trait in their character.

Beata, the family counsellor, arrives at the barrier of Stockholm in the evening, in her small open sleigh, loaded with cakes for the children, amidst a violent drifting of snow, is stopped by a red-nosed customhouse officer, who dryly, but politely, goes through his duty of examining her baggage, and refuses her proffered *douceur*; and after driving through the sandy snow of the streets, in which the wind is extinguishing lamps, and taking liberties with the hats, bonnets, umbrellas, and petticoats of the foot-passengers—all which little circumstances are very graphically described—she reaches—cakes, gingerbread, and all—the house of Colonel H——, and introduces us into the comfortable, well-lighted parlour, where Colonel H—— and his family were assembled.

“The tea-hour had arrived, and from the hissing kettle arose the cloudy steam, hovering over the well-filled baskets of cakes, biscuits, and cracknels, which covered the capacious tea-table.”

Miss Bremer's tea-parties are delightful. The little circumstances and conversations at these family feasts are given with such delicate, truthful touches, and so playfully, that the reader, before he is aware of it, is intimate with, and interested in, a whole group of characters and incidents in the domestic circle. The story or plot of the H—— family, is simply that Beata, the family counsellor, has been sent for, to assist at the marriage of Emily, one of the daughters, and the betrothal of the younger daughter Julia. In the Lutheran countries of the Continent, it is to be observed, the betrothal always precedes the marriage some weeks, months, or even years. It is not exactly a church ceremony, but rings are exchanged; the engagement is a formal act, recognized in law, and made public; and it is not considered right, or reputable, to recede from it without mutual consent, or obvious moral cause, although there is a *locus pœnitentiæ*, and it does not require the same legal forms as a divorce, to dissolve it. The natural doubts and fears of Emily, whether the disposition and character of her betrothed assimilate with her own—the

little circumstances and incidents which seem to prove that they do not suit each other, and which would seem to justify her drawing back, even at the eleventh hour—are given with great delicacy, and knowledge of the female heart, and with great good sense un-mixed with false sentiment or affectation. We rejoice to find the reasonable scruples and doubts of Emily overcome by reason, that the marriage takes place, and that it is altogether happy. Julia, the other daughter, betrothed to a sleepy lieutenant of handsome person, beautiful moustache, fine voice, and no mind, gradually discovers, as her own mind expands, that she could not be happy with a husband so non-intellectual, and becomes attached to a learned professor, is happily disengaged from her heavy betrothed, and happily married to her man of books. The brother, too—the cornet—has his little romance, and his happy marriage. On this small and simple canvass, what a great deal of sweet painting of domestic incident and character! But sadly out of keeping, and in contrast with this charming picture of everyday life, is the under-plot, or episode of the blind Elizabeth, no way necessary or conducive to the progress of the simple tale itself—the adopted child and the niece of Colonel H——, secretly in love with him, her own uncle; and her uncle, Colonel H——, the father of the family, nourishing, it appears, a secret passion for her, his own niece. In any society under moral restraint, uncles and nieces no more fall in love with each other, than parents and children, or brothers and sisters. The moral tone of society must be inconceivably low, where such a plot or fiction can even be entertained or fancied as a credible thing, on which to rear an interest and sympathy. This incongruous, inconsistent episode—a patch upon the tale and the characters—ends in the blind Elizabeth dying in a thunderstorm of sentimentality and bombast. This wen upon the face of the tale, with all its overstrained and false feelings and circumstances, might be cut out, so little does it assimilate with the rest. It looks like a few pages of a commonplace German romance, that by some accident have got foisted into Miss Bremer's tale.

“The Home; or Family Cares and Family Joys,” is another delightful picture of domestic life, full of the same beauties and the same blemishes. It is even more beautiful, more lively, more like reality, than the H—— family. The conversations are natural, racy, lively, often very witty, often full of sound observations, and always suited to, and bringing out, the characters. A dramatic vein of great power runs through all Miss Bremer's tales. The characters bring themselves out by their own sayings and doings, and are not merely brought out by the novelist's descriptions. Assessor Munter, the Judge Frank, Mrs. Gunilla, are characters well marked, yet not in caricature. Still here we

find the same blemish as in the H—— family; but brought out more offensively to sound moral feeling. In the H—— family, the blemish is an excrescence, disfiguring the story, but not essentially belonging to it. Here it is the very basis of the tale, and of its interest. Elise, the mother of a family of six children, falls in love, or half and half in love, with the tutor of her children, the young clergyman, or Candidate Jacobi, a hybrid, parcel philosopher, parcel fop. The father of the family, Judge Ernst Frank, falls in love, or half and half in love, with a lady of whom he had been an admirer before his marriage—Elmire, a widow—half Swede, half Italian. The entanglements and disentanglements of these persons, their feelings, and the incidents, are, no doubt, managed very skilfully, sentimentally, and even morally in the end; and in so far, the novelist is true to the nature of the circumstances in which she has thought proper to place her personages. But these circumstances are repulsive to a pure moral sense. The mother of half a dozen children does not fall in love with a young man, or a young man with her, unless in some very dissolute state of society, in which intrigue and vice predominate; and it is altogether absurd, and demoralizing in tendency, to represent such a mother entertaining such a passion, and yet being a moral, good, sensible, affectionate, exemplary parent. The Candidate Jacobi, by and by, falls in love with the eldest daughter, Louise; and the interest in this new courtship is, that she sees enough to raise her suspicions that her lover is in love with her mother. Now, what must be the moral tone of a society, in which a mother, and a daughter, and a lover, can, even in imagination, and—as a possible fiction, stand in these relations to each other? All these fallings in love, and fallings out of love, ecstasies, woes, and fine feelings, and sentiments, stand upon a moral basis too impure, to be for a moment sympathized with, even as fiction.

Eva, the beauty of the family, after a visit to Stockholm, a coquetting and falling in love with a handsome Lothario of a colonel, a disappointment, and a fever, is finally betrothed to Assessor Jeremias Munter of the mature age of sixty-three, her father's contemporary, and ancient friend, who, it seems, had long been desperately in love with the young lady, and was carrying his hidden, consuming passion—no great distance, to be sure, at the age of sixty-three—to the grave. We doubt exceedingly of the moral taste and moral tendency of depicting age as acting rightly when acting under the passions and impulses of youth—of men of sixty-three falling in love and marrying in the generation of which they might be the grandfathers, and ought to be the guardians, protectors, and parental friends—not the husbands. If no such moral feeling exists in Swedish society, we doubt if life in Sweden is what life should be.

"The Neighbours" begins with introducing us to Franceska, her husband, her husband's step-mother, her home, and to domestic scenes, altogether novel and charming. Franceska, the newly married wife of Doctor Lars Anders Werner, is Beata in a new social position. Playful, witty, prudent, observing, good, loving and beloved, she is the very Beatrice of Shakespeare in a novel; and her bear, as she sportively calls her husband, the very Benedict.

"Here I am now, Maria," writes Franceska, to her friend, "in my own house, at my own writing-table, and sitting by my own Bear. And who is Bear? you probably ask. Who should it be but my own husband, whom I call Bear, because the name suits him so well. Here I am sitting by the window—the sun is setting—two swans swim in the lake, and furrow its clear mirror; three cows, my cows, stand on the green shore, quite sleek and reflective, thinking, certainly, upon nothing. How handsome they are! Now comes the maid, with her stool and milk-pail."

On their way to this abode, the newly married couple stop at the chateau of Doctor Werner's step-mother, the widow of his step-father, General Mansfelt. The Generalska—so a General's wife is called in Sweden—a stern, high-minded, commanding, yet good and beloved personage, and her housekeeping and family discipline are among the most original and delightful sketches in modern novel-writing.

"It was SUNDAY, and as the carriage drove up, I heard the sound of a violin. Aha! said Bear, so much the better—leaped heavily from the carriage, and helped me out also. There was no time to think about boxes or packages; he took my hand, and led me up the steps, along the hall, and drew me towards the door whence proceeded the sounds of dancing and music. Only see, thought I, now I shall have to appear even in this costume! O! if I could only have gone in somewhere, just to wipe the dust from my face and bonnet, where at least I could have seen myself in a looking-glass. But impossible! Bear led me by the arm, insisting that I looked most charmingly, and beseeching me to make a looking-glass of his eyes. I was obliged to be so very uncourteous as to reply, that they were quite too small for that purpose; on which account, he declared, they were only the brighter, and then opened the door of the ball-room. 'Now,' exclaimed I, in a kind of lively despair, 'if you take me to a ball, you Bear, I'll make you dance with me.' 'With a world of pleasure,' cried he, and in the same moment we two stood in the hall, where my terror was considerably abated, by finding that it contained a number of cleanly dressed servants, men and women, who leaped about lustily with one another, and were so occupied with their dancing, that they scarcely perceived us. Bear led me to the upper end of the room, and there I saw, sitting upon a high seat, a very tall and strong-built gentlewoman, apparently fifty years of age, who was playing with remarkable fervour upon a large violin, and beating time to her music

with great power. Upon her head was a tall and extraordinary cap of velvet, which I may as well call a helmet—she looked handsome, but singular. This was the Generalska (wife of the General Mansfelt)—this was the stepmother of my husband—this was *ma chère mère*. She turned instantly her large dark brown eyes upon us, ceased playing, laid down her violin, and arose with a proud bearing, but a happy and open countenance.”

We cannot forbear giving another characteristic extract from this extraordinary scene.

“All this over, we prepared for our departure, and then came *ma chère mère* to me on the steps with a packet, or rather a bundle, in her hand, saying, in the most friendly way, ‘Take these veal cutlets with you, children, for breakfast to-morrow morning. In a while, you will fatten and cut your own veal; but, daughter-in-law, don’t forget to let me have my napkin back again. Nay! you shall not carry it, my dear child; you have quite enough with your bag and cloak. Lars Anders (the husband) must carry the veal cutlets;’ and then, as if he were still a little boy, she gave him the bundle, and shewed him how he must carry it; all which he did as she bade him; and still her last words were, ‘Don’t forget, now, that I have my napkin back again.’ I gazed, full of amazement, at my husband; but he only smiled, and helped me into the carriage. Right glad was I about the veal cutlets; for I could not tell in what state I might find the provision-room resources at Rosenvik.”

Another we must give, because it seems true to the reality of northern housekeeping, so charmingly represented to us by the authoress of “*Letters from the coast of the Baltic*.”

“I followed *ma chère mère*, therefore, into the cellar, where, with a large piece of red chalk in her hand, she made various and, to me, cabalistical signs and strokes upon herring and salmon tubs; all which she explained to me, and then led me into every corner of those subterraneous and well-superintended vaults. After this, we came above ground, where I assisted in the examination of bread-safes, delivered anathemas over rats, and weighed several flour sacks. All this I endured with philosophy; but no philosophy could prevent my admiration of her housekeeping and domestic arrangements; for, in truth, a house like this, so completely furnished and arranged, in small as in great, where everything has its appointed place, and stands under its own number, such a little world is worthy of observation and admiration.”

The following passage describes the Generalska herself.

“*Ma chère mère* has a rough voice, speaks loud and distinctly, makes use sometimes of extraordinary words, and has a great many proverbs at her tongue’s end. She walks with great strides, often in boots, and swings her arms about; still, whenever it is her will to do so, she can assume a style of the highest and most perfect breeding.”

Yet this baron in petticoats is a woman with a woman's heart. We are told—

“It sometimes appears to me as if deep and tender feeling were hidden under this stern exterior, and then I feel as if I might love her.”

This character is the heroine of the tale, and is perhaps the best drawn and the best sustained of eccentric, whimsical, or odd female characters in the whole range of modern novel-writing. She had once a son, an only child, Bruno, a counterpart of herself in violence and energy of will. He had, when a boy of sixteen, stolen a sum of money from her steward. The theft was detected. He had been kept too sparingly and severely under the stern discipline of his mother. The high-principled woman could make no allowances. She cursed her son. He departed, and his name was never mentioned in the family. After seventeen years, he returned, rich and unknown, purchased the paternal mansion which his mother had abandoned after this blight of all her hopes and feelings. The recognition, pardon, and reconciliation form the interest of the story. Miss Bremer is not happy in her plots. With great genius in the details, she has none in framing a whole, in forming a consistent tale. It is overstepping the bounds of probability, that the strange neighbour, whom the reader sees at first to be no other than the lost son, should come back unrecognised, and live in his former home, an object of curiosity to all, and visit his brothers, and even his mother, and yet not be suspected or known to be Bruno. The character, also, is most unnatural. The man of wild, ungovernable will and violent passions may do violent and wicked things on the impulse of the moment, but not deliberate mean misdeeds. The theft itself—not a violent robbery, but a secret concealed theft—is inconsistent with the fiery, impetuous, self-willed character given to Bruno. The picturesque incident of his shooting his black horse, by which Doctor Werner recognises his brother Bruno in the mysterious stranger, is not true to nature. It would be agreeable to the character of an impetuous, violent man, incapable of restraining his impulses, yet capable of great and good, as well as of evil deeds, to have drawn his pistol, and shot his horse through the head, on the animal's first refusal to obey his master's will; but the cold-blooded deliberate act of shooting him, after thrice trying him at the leap, is inconsistent with the character and with human nature. There is a certain connexion in human action between the bad and the good. The mean, the premeditated, the cold-blooded, slowly done misdeed, is not in accordance with the violent, quick feeling, impetuous, ungoverned mind, capable at least of doing good

as well as evil, and is in connexion only with the total want of susceptibility, the deadness to all feelings but the selfish and the base. The character itself, even as described by Miss Bremer, is but that of a picturesque bravo of a ballet, with horse-hair wig and ochred cheeks, tricked out in stage-tinsel, of musical talents, rhapsodical words, and overstrained sentiment. He does not raise the sympathy of the reader. This slave-dealer, made aware of his iniquity, not by his own compunctious reflections, but by happening to hear a fine speech of Mr. Canning against the slave trade—this gamester, awakened to his guilt, not by his own conscience, but by witnessing the catastrophe of one he had ruined and driven to self-destruction—cannot satisfy the moral sense of our public, as the hero of a tale. The reader is even startled to find, at the last, that this impure pantomime hero, without awakening his sympathy, or earning his good opinion or esteem, by any act, or creating any interest for himself by his doings or sufferings in the story, is made happy with the love and hand of the pure and gentle Serena; while his handmaid Hagar, dying, no doubt, in the proper penultimate page, to make room for Serena, remains, in the reader's recollection, an unaccounted for item on the debit side of the hero's morality. Without ultra-prudery or puritanism in morals, it may be claimed from the highly-gifted writers who can fascinate and influence the public mind by fictitious narratives, that they should not pollute it, that they should not lower the moral tone of society by imaginary characters, or combinations of circumstances, giving, through the embellishments of their genius, an interest and charm to what is essentially wrong in principle and tendency. The social action of the common man in real life may be bounded only by the legal and the allowable; but the imaginative writer, and the world he creates in his pictures of real life, are under moral restraints of a higher character. The legalities and allowabilities are but the rough fastenings, the nails and cords which keep together the outer case of society; the cement which binds the social body itself is the moral sense of each individual, formed and refined by his intellectual, moral, and religious culture. The writers who supply the means of that culture, and drawing the supplies they furnish from the stores of their own imaginations, have the power to select and separate the good from the bad, have no excuse for presenting to the public mind what is unwholesome and of evil tendency.

"The President's Daughters," and the "Diary," are novels of the same class, galleries of characters, and incidents drawn from a conventional life altogether new to us, and drawn charmingly. But what pleases for an hour would be tedious for a day. Judges and presidents, colonels and ladies in tasteful dresses, and gen-

tlemen with ribands at their button-holes, with all the joys, sorrows, entanglements, distresses, incidents, and characters of the drawing-room, dazzle us as we walk through Miss Bremer's galleries, but we find them somewhat tedious, unnatural, and affected, on nearer acquaintance. We would class these novels with Miss Burney's "*Cecilia*" and "*Evelina*," pictures of conventional, not of natural social life, and inferior to Miss Burney's in plot, interest, and moral tone.

We feel like one who has made his escape from a brilliant evening party, from residuary old ladies, simpering young ones, solemn beaux, glare, heat, tea, and cake, and the ever-jingling piano, and finds himself in the cool, clear moonlight of the silent midnight hour, alone with nature, when we get out of Miss Bremer's picture-gallery of conventional drawing-room life, and get into her natural and delightful Norwegian story, "*Strife and Peace*." Susanna and Harold are characters of real, not of conventional life, and are true to the reality of right principle and feeling in all hearts and social positions. Their strife and love are admirably and truthfully delineated. To analyze the story would exceed our limits, and to give extracts from it would only anticipate the pleasure of the reader. The descriptions of Norwegian household life and manners give a freshness to the tale. It is a singular instance of the power of genius to give to its conceptions "a living form and body," that Miss Martineau, in her tale of "*The Fiord*," and Miss Bremer, in this tale, give a more lively and true picture of the scenery of Norway, and of the houses, mode of living, and characters of the interesting people of that country, than any of our travellers who have written expressly to describe Norwegian scenery and manners. Yet one of those gifted ladies, Miss Martineau, certainly never was in Norway, although her descriptions of the scenery give its character more truly and vividly even than Miss Bremer's; and Miss Bremer does not appear to have travelled much in that country. But they have both a spark of the same genius which enabled Shakspeare to describe Italy so vividly, that Venice, Milan, Mantua, Verona, are better known to us from his plays than from all the tours and travels that have been written since his day; and the Italians themselves recognize the truthfulness of his imagination by finding or feigning a tomb of Shakspeare's Juliet.

The merit of Miss Bremer's novels consists in the delineation of character by playful dramatic conversations, and touches full of truth and effect; their demerit, in the want of power to form a plot or story, binding those parts into a whole. We would compare Miss Bremer's powers to those of a first-rate painter of the Dutch school, who could paint all the parts, single objects,

or figures necessary to form a grand picture, most naturally, and with the most delicate and truthful touches; but could not put together and combine those parts into a whole, so as to produce a grand picture. The great blemish which pervades these novels, the want of a high tone of moral feeling, belongs to the state of society in which, and for which, they are conceived. They suit the moral tone of society in Sweden, and are formed upon it. In the old literature and court-morality of the age of Louis XIV., and of our Charles II., all virtue, all moral restraints and duties were held cheap, as moving powers in the mind and conduct, compared to an omnipotent passion called love, which, like fate, in some of the ancient dramas, ruled over and accounted for all human action. It is but in late times that literature and real life have thrown off this absurd exaggeration, and love, hate, and all our passions are brought within the bounds of reason and morality, even in fiction. Cupid in this age has recovered his eye-sight, and is no longer permitted to run wildly against right principles and social and moral duties. This is the natural effect of our free social institutions, in which every man has objects to attain, duties as a citizen of the community to perform, influence, character, independence to acquire, and has no leisure to brood over any one idea until it obtains an undue preponderance in his mind. Reason and judgment predominate, and keep all the passions in their proper subordinate places, because reason, judgment, self-command, and moral restraint are daily and hourly exercised and strengthened in the ordinary run of life among all classes in our social state. But it is possible that, both in fiction and reality, love may be a master-passion, retaining something of its former exaggerated importance, where men are hemmed in on all sides by the interference of governments, have no free action, no political or social influence to attain by their own doings, no duties to perform according to their own judgment, no freedom of discussion. This moral idleness, this objectless existence under the functionary system of the Continental governments, is the great social evil of their autocratic parental interference. The classes above the labourer, and who cannot be all absorbed in the civil and military services, have no social and moral objects in life, nothing but court favour to aspire to. The pleasures and amusements of life may become its business and main pursuit in such a social state. The small virtues of society, the pleasing accomplishments in the fine arts, the petty decorations and titles gratifying to a childish personal vanity, stand in the place of the more important duties, interests, and objects which occupy men with us, and from which they derive their social influence and their self respect. A Spanish proverb says, "the devil tempts busy people, but idle people tempt the

devil." The low moral tone of the society depicted in these novels, may be accounted for from the moral idleness in which the people are kept by social arrangements and state interference. Religion itself is ineffective as a moral power in Sweden. The Lutheran Church has become a mere department of the State, filled with state functionaries for performing certain ceremonial duties.

But men have outgrown the childhood of intellect, in which ceremony, pomp, and form, were impressive, and demand the direct communication from mind to mind of religious truths and feelings; and where this is denied them from social arrangements, and exclusive church establishments, religion and morality exist in a low and inefficient state as social powers. We see proofs of this low moral and religious condition of "life in Sweden," scattered through these novels. We find in "The Neighbours," the good lady, the Generalska, fiddling to her servants on Sunday; the Sunday dance being as regular a business, as Sunday devotional exercises with us. In "The President's Daughter," we are told, in the description of the family life, "one went out of our house, and another came in, in an uninterrupted stream, on the Sunday evenings." This lax observance of the Sabbath is common to all Lutheran countries. One-third of the Sabbath only is given to religion, even by the clergy, and two-thirds are given to physical enjoyment—to dancing, gaming, and feasting. This is practically so much a matter of course, that we have been, on a Sunday evening, at a ball and card party in the house of a country clergyman, a dignitary of the Church, whom, but a few hours before, we saw administering the sacrament at the altar; and no one present, we will venture to say, felt or thought there was any impropriety or incongruity in it. This is but a low state of religious feeling. Whoever has been in the Diurgarden of Stockholm on a Sunday, and has witnessed the scenes of low dissipation, the theatres, dancing-sallons, gaming booths, billiard-rooms, drinking shops, thronged to suffocation with the lower classes, will admit the demoralizing effects of this Lutheran desecration of the Sabbath; and every town or village is a Stockholm in miniature, with its dancing-rooms, billiard-rooms, concert-rooms, public or private theatres, tea gardens, and drinking shops, all filled on Sunday, and many indeed only opened for Sunday balls and entertainments. A taste for amusement, not to call it dissipation—for physical enjoyment, not to say debauchery—for finery in dress, and excitement in company, is necessarily raised by this kind of Sunday life among the classes who have no honest means of gratifying this taste out of their wages or earnings in a poor country. They have no pleasure in home, no domestic occupation either in duties or family

enjoyments, on the only day they can be at their own firesides. All must be abroad at the places of public amusement. Two-thirds of the Sabbath day are employed, not in a way that tends to strengthen religious and moral feeling, and to form domestic reflective habits, but in dissipation and debauchery, or, at the best, in acquiring tastes and habits of a more expensive and refined life than they can afford to lead. The moral effects of this Sabbath-life in Stockholm, are seen in the appalling statistical fact, that in this city there is one illegitimate child born for every one and a-half legitimate birth; and the smaller Stockholms, the other town populations of Sweden, follow their prototype pretty closely, and produce one illegitimate for every four legitimate births. In 1838, these were the proportions, by the official returns to Government for that year, of the births, legitimate and illegitimate; so that here there can be no mistake in the fact of a remarkably low state of morals, whether the cause we assign for it be true or not. We can discover no more likely reason, than that the female mind is trained in tastes for show, and dress, and display—exists for dancing, music, attitudinizing in tableaux vivants, and for pleasing in society, and does not even know that there are higher objects in female existence—is left without domestic habits, or moral and religious principles. To gratify the tastes and habits acquired in the Sabbath-life of Sweden, we find, by the official Report of the Swedish Minister of Justice for 1838, that 3560 persons had been guilty of theft, and 68 of capital crimes, of whom 19 had been executed; and the criminal calendar of that year is stated in the Report to be unusually light. On referring to the *Statistik öfver Sverige* of Karl af Forsell, who is head of the Statistical Board, we find, in one year, 146 divorces, viz., the year 1834. This is in a population very little exceeding that of Scotland, and with a Church Establishment of about 7320 persons. Conceive Scotland with 68 capital crimes, and 19 executions yearly, and 146 divorces, and let us rejoice in our Calvinistic religion, as a ruling moral power in our country. Let us rejoice in our strict observance of the Sabbath, as the cement of the moral and religious life, and of the domestic virtues of our population in the lowest and most destitute, as well as in the higher classes. Let us weigh life in Scotland against life in Sweden in the scales of religion, morality, and social order, and we shall be slow to sympathize with the loves of uncles and nieces, matrons and clerical tutors, married men the fathers of families, and fascinating widows, senility and youth, and with “life in Sweden,” either real or fictitious.

If we turn from the page of the novelist to the page of the historian, we discover a sufficient cause for the low moral tone of

society in Sweden. Political profligacy in the highest class sinks downwards, and taints the whole social mass, where public opinion has no influence, and no organ in a free press to oppose the corruption. The counts, barons, colonels, presidents, judges, whose private life appears so amiable in the fictions of the novelist, are the very class who stand branded in the page of modern history, as the nobles who, within the memory of the living generation, assassinated one of their kings, were traitors to another, sold the crown of their native dynasty to a foreigner, and sold the troops and fortresses intrusted to their military charge to the enemy of their country. This is "life in Sweden" in the page of modern history. No revolutionary fury, as in France; no national movement against civil and religious oppression, which in England brought the first Charles to the block, and unseated the Stuart dynasty, justify or palliate these misdeeds; no reform in government was the excitement, or the result, as in France or England;—these were the deliberate acts of a profligate nobility, committed without even the pretext of public good; but unblushingly, and avowedly, to put money in the purses, and decorations on the breasts, of the perpetrators; while the nation, and the nobles not directly participating in the guilt, profits, and honours of assassination, breach of allegiance to their native dynasty, and military treachery to their country, stood quietly looking on—dishonoured in their acquiescence as much as in participation, unmoved by public spirit or a sense of duty—intent only on their balls, and theatres, and elegant amusements, and accomplishments—the veriest of slaves, because enslaved by tastes and habits unsuitable to their means, and by want of energy, morality, and religion. The incontrovertible facts and documents of history and statistics prove that this is "life in Sweden" in our times; and we suspect that Miss Bremer's delightful novels give us only a beautiful embroidery over it—the filthy dowel below protrudes, here and there, even through her brilliantly coloured work.

Miss Bremer is not much beholden to her translators. The American translation appears like the work of a foreigner not quite at home in the English language. Mrs. Mary Howitt's is verbose and feeble, with a sprinkling of words and phrases belonging to none of the known tongues. Travellers and translators who have resided long on the Continent—and we observe Mrs. Howitt dates some of her translations at Heidelberg—should, before they publish in English, visit, for the recovery of their idiomatic health, those extensive dominions of her Majesty which are situated between the four corners of Dr. Johnson's English Dictionary. To "quieten" the children—the meaning, we presume, being to quiet them, or put them to rest—is not Eng^l

lish. A Saxon termination to a noun of Latin derivation will not make an English verb. "My gracious"! is a classical exordium to a scolding harangue of Betty the cook; but we are not accustomed in this country to say, My gracious! or, O gracious! to a lady of title, instead of Lady, or Ladyship. It may be Heidelberg-English to translate "*Meine gnädige*" into "My gracious"! but it is not the idiom of England. The word "excellence," also, like majesty, grace, worship, and all words that have two meanings, can only be made a title of by prefixing a personal pronoun. "Your excellence," or rather, "Your excellency," in the usage of our language, is English; but excellence, *per se*, is the amount of good quality, not the person, and is not English as a title. If Mrs. Howitt will call at the Foreign or Colonial Office, she will hear of His Excellency at many a court and colony, who has no claim to excellence.

ART. VIII.—*Christian Morals*. By the REV. WILLIAM SEWELL, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. London. 1841.

If illustration were argument, and confident assertion indisputable proof, this would be the most satisfactory ethical treatise extant. As it is, to a certain and not inconsiderable class of readers, it is the most dangerous. It dazzles by its fertility and variety of imagery; it imposes by its calm assumption of infallibility. It combines the qualities most fitted to lead captive the lovers of a kind of exciting quietism, which, while it stimulates passive wonder, sopites active inquiry; and these constitute, especially in the present day, a body neither small nor unimportant. There is much in the book that is seductive; and if one can get over the High-Church-of-England puerilities of the opening chapters,* and surrender himself in those that follow to the more

* The following sentence in the preface may, perhaps, explain some things in the book:—"It was commenced with a wish to make it popular, like the other volumes of this series; but popular Ethics are already provided for us in our Catechisms and Bibles; and it was soon found impossible to treat the subject scientifically, without entering into abstruse questions. It is, therefore, designed principally for students, who may be capable of deeper researches than mere questions of common casuistry." Assuredly the book begins in a manner childish enough in all conscience, *virginibus puerisque*, while before it ends, it gets into speculations abstruse enough for a lover of Cabalistical lore, or a student of the occult sciences.

plausible and respectable Platonism of an earlier ecclesiastical system, which sits but awkwardly on the half-reformed liturgy and wholly reformed articles of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth, there is a satisfaction in being carried along—as if by a charm compounded of infantine simplicity, much learning, and solemn religious awe—until even wilder than Pythagorean fancies about numbers and forms almost cease to startle or surprise.

We speak of the general character of the book; for there are remarkable exceptions. There are valuable principles announced not unfrequently in a striking axiomatic or apothegmatic form, though often degenerating into paradox; and the protest throughout, against the shallow creed of the mere rationalist, which, leaving unsounded all the darker depths, whether of the divine nature or the human, pleases itself with the smooth transparency of its own artificial ice-pond, would be excellent, were it not a protest in favour of the far more presumptuous dogma, which puts the profoundest mysteries of God's will and of man's into the keeping of a self-styled priesthood. We are glad to see the compound science of Christian Ethics rescued from the double error of utilitarianism in morals, and infidelity or latitudinarianism in religion; but the sceptic, we fear, will too soon recover the ground if it be occupied by nothing better than the ritual of the formalist, or the discipline of the monk's cell;—and if, after all, it is to be faith, not in God and God's word, but in men or sets of men, whatever they may call themselves, that is to supplant or supersede the self-confidence of unbelief, it is at least an even chance that inquisitive and reflecting minds may resort to atheism or pantheism, distrusting all beyond themselves, or trusting all that is external equally and alike, as better than the surrender of their independence to any authority short of the voice, direct and immediate, of the Supreme.

It must have been observed, that writers of the Tractarian, or Puseyite, or British Critic school, are driving hard to bring things to the issue which the system of the Church of Rome has always been anxious to press—the issue, namely, which perils and commits all upon the alternative of implicit submission to clerical dominion, or an entire renunciation of revealed truth. It is an attempt to raise the old cry of the Church against the philosophers. Certainly, Tractarianism was born, or hatched, in the lucky hour. Taking advantage of the rebound, in the spirit of the age, from Liberalism in politics, and still more from what, in morals, gave popularity to Paley, and in religion, turned the preachers of the Cross into “the apes of Epictetus,” as Bishop Horsley characterizes them—this new modification of Anglo-Catholicism hit upon the propitious time for shewing a more excellent way. The previous generation was impatient of my

stery and would have all things plain; the present is to a large extent a convert to the opinion, that "there *are* more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your *philosophy*;" and that the infinite, with which it is man's glory to be conversant, is not so easily gauged in all directions, as was once thought, by ingenious systematizers and plausible theorists. The hour was come, and the men. In the general recoil from academic indifference, as its fruits had been seen in the outburst of revolutionary violence, and in the dread of its repetition, the idol might again be set on his pedestal: a power antagonist to the irreligious principle was desiderated, and Church power was ready at hand.

It was all the more so, because a revival of evangelical feeling had previously taken place, which it might use as its precursor, while gradually insinuating itself into its place. A work was in progress, among all classes, even the highest, of a spiritual and heavenly character, which the enemy could counteract only by simulating and mimicking it, or by diverting it into a side channel. He must work on this occasion, in his character of "spiritual wickedness in high places." Spiritual truth must be met by spiritual error; and accordingly it is not a little lamentable to observe how, in a large portion of the community, the evangelical revival seems to have done nothing more than create a certain discontent with old secularity, and a taste for something spiritual and new—such as Tractarian earnestness can meet and satisfy, without the same demand of personal conversion and the same sense of personal responsibility, which the evangelical doctrine of the Cross and the Spirit of Christ so unsparingly enforces.

We may here advert to an artifice of the work before us, which we have remarked in other works of the same school. It is the artifice of Popery or Jesuitism;—and it consists in letting the real and only adversary likely to give trouble, escape unnoticed, and dealing with enemies more easily overcome—the odium of whose principles, with the shame of their defeat, may thus be tacitly communicated to the cause and party that alone are truly formidable, though they may never once have been touched. In Mr. Gladstone's work on Church Principles, for instance, this device is very manifest. He excels in conquering men of straw, and putting hors-de-combat any opponent but the right one. Thus, in his chapter on the Nature of a Church, the only system which he sets up in opposition to his own, based on Apostolic succession and Episcopal ordination, is the theory that ecclesiastical communion is a merely voluntary association. So also, as the antagonist of tradition, he places mere rationalism, and the doctrine of sacramental efficacy, *ex opere operato*, he triumphantly establishes on the ruins of the bald and barren opinion, which, denying the sealing character of the sacraments altogether, reduces

them to the level of mere signs. A cheap and easy victory is thus obtained; for it is obvious that it would have cost Mr. Gladstone more trouble to get rid, by scriptural argument, of the real Protestant and Evangelical doctrines respecting the Church, as a Divine institute, the Bible, as a rule of faith, and the Sacraments as seals of grace, than tacitly, and by inference, to involve them all, by a sweeping and wholesale assumption, in the obnoxious category of Socinianism and infidelity.

The present writer is an adept in the same art. To read his book, by itself, one would suppose that there was no medium between Priestley and Pusey, and that an ethical student had no alternative but either to acquiesce in Paley, Hume, and the "sophist Locke," as he modestly calls him, or to cast himself into the arms of Young Oxford or Old Rome. It is not that an intermediate position is demonstrated to be untenable; but it is scarcely even hinted that an intermediate position has ever been, or can possibly be, taken up. A reader of the "Christian Ethics" would hardly conceive it possible, if he abandoned CHURCH AND KING, that he could pause so much as for inquiry, at any stage short of "rationalism, syncretism, eclecticism," or in a word, the veriest Hobbism in morals—and in politics—a Great Rebellion, or a Glorious Revolution.

But a lesson may be learned from this dogmatic and unhesitating style of discourse, which may be turned to good account on the side of truth. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*.

Christianity is not a speculation but a doctrine; it is not merely a theory to be inquired into, but a divine truth to be taught. And yet it has been too often presented as if instead of claiming, as of right, the reverence of mankind, it must needs solicit as of favour (*ex gratia*) a fair hearing. But the self-evidencing power of the Gospel is a great fact; nor is it an idle observation that was made respecting its Author—"He spake as one having authority." "Taste and see,"—"Prove me now and see,"—"Come and see,"—"If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine,"—such is the footing on which Christianity makes its appeal to men. Of this Professor Sewell is well aware; and dexterously substituting the Church for Christianity, he takes at once high ground, from which the random fire of sharp-shooting scepticism may fail to dislodge him. For it is not by the cavils and doubts of unbelief, but by faith, that this assumption of infallibility is to be met: authority must be opposed to authority: and the priest, affecting to speak with power beside the marble font, or from within the rails of the altar, whether of wood or of stone, must be confronted with Him who alone, from the sanctuary of Heaven, gives the baptism and the communion of the Holy Ghost.

We have said that this book brings out several interesting and

valuable principles. Among these, we might specify the views which it gives on such points as the following :—*first*, the nature of faith, considered *subjectively*—its priority to unbelief—its instinctive or intuitive character, and its indispensable necessity as a preliminary to all knowledge; *secondly*, the importance of faith, considered *objectively*—the necessity of an external standard or measure—a testimony or rule out of itself; *thirdly*, the necessity of this object of faith being no other than God; *fourthly*, the personality of the Evil power, and the practical value of a clear recognition of his personality, in the struggle or antagonism to be maintained against him; *fifthly*, the necessity of a *fixed law* external to man, and of a participation of the Divine nature within; and, (omitting others,) *lastly*, the covenant relation of man to God, the mutual adjustment of the independent free agency of man, and the absolute supremacy of the will of God, on the principle involved in the Apostolic precept: “work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, FOR it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.”

It is to be observed, however, at the same time, that while our author grasps not a few great truths, relative to the constitution of human nature, and the laws of our moral being, the vitiating influence of his ecclesiastical system is felt at every turn, either divesting the facts and principles with which he deals of their real meaning and value, or perverting them into caricature.

For instance, in the commencement, in which he lays down the doctrine respecting faith, using such language as this: “Do not begin with doubting, but begin with believing; belief is natural; doubt is not: belief is a virtue; doubt is a sin,”*—being then among his puerilities, he dons his canonicals, speaks *ex cathedra*, and is very oracular and imposing. In a subsequent chapter (the 21st,) he goes more philosophically into the subject, and gives the *rationale* of what may be called the intuition of faith, with considerable ability, though with a greater affectation of the mystical than is necessary in the distinction between the reason and the understanding. We are tempted here to give a few extracts.

“None of them (Aristotle, Plato, Butler, &c.) indeed, in thus asserting the supremacy of the intellect, dreamed of confounding, as modern rationalists confound, the power by which we receive in our minds fundamental truth, and that by which we trace the connexion between these and subordinate truths. ‘There is one faculty,’ says Aristotle,† ‘by which man comprehends and embodies in his belief first principles which cannot be proved, which he must receive from some authority;

there is another by which, when a new fact is laid before him, he can shew that it is in conformity with some principle possessed before. One process resembles the collection of materials for building—the other, their orderly arrangement. One is intuition—the other, logic. One, *νοῦς*—the other, *ἐπιστήμη*. Or, to use a modern distinction, one is *reason* in its highest sense—the other, *understanding*.”—P. 287-8.

Who the “modern rationalists” are, whom, *en passant*, and as by a side-blow, our author mercilessly slays, we do not presume to guess. Here and elsewhere he seems haunted and hag-ridden by the phantom of an opposing host, to which his pen “gives neither local habitation nor name.” We had thought that recent metaphysicians, especially the more profound, even of the Scotch school, substantially admitted this original principle of belief, however they might seek to explain it, and distinguished it from the power of drawing logical inferences. But let that pass, and let us proceed :—

“Think only of that prodigious leap which the mind takes on its very first experience, which it repeats every hour, without which it could make no advance whatever into knowledge—the act of generalization. The child is burnt by the fire to-day—and yet on that one experience it believes immediately that fire will burn him ever after—that it has burnt and will burn every one from the beginning to the end of the world—that every thing resembling fire will possess the same property. I say that such an act of credulity surpasses any which could be laid to the charge of the merest idiot. And yet it is universal. It is compelled by Nature—it is sanctioned and confirmed by experience. It is the foundation of all knowledge—the conclusion of all inquiry; and all that reason has to do, is to see, not that our generalization is correct, for of this we never doubt (no man doubts that precisely the same cause, under precisely the same circumstances, will always produce precisely the same effect,) but that we have not, owing to the imperfection of our senses, or the carelessness of our survey, mistaken the cause, left out some element in the fact, or included one which is not essential to it.”—P. 293.

If we mistake not, this very observation may be found, in substance, in Dr. Brown's Essay on Cause and Effect, and in every recent exposition of the principle of which inductive philosophy depends. This does not, of course, detract from the value of our author's reasoning; but it might mitigate the scorn with which he treats all modern reasoners except himself, and it might abate somewhat of the air of originality which he assumes. Let it be granted, then, that both in science and religion, general laws must be first received on testimony, and then applied to particular facts, and “that both the philosopher and the Church” must begin with teaching “a creed;” and let us see what is to be made of this analogy :—

"They both know also, that to convey this creed to the mind of the ignorant student, one condition is required—without which, the attempt is as inconceivable as to pour water into one vessel without previously having it in another, and establishing some communication between them. Neither philosophy nor the Church dream of putting knowledge before the young in the shape of books, without men to assist and explain them. They do not establish printing-presses, and call them schools. They have books indeed, but they put them into the hands of men, whom the young can love, and fear, and desire to imitate, and cling to with the affection of the heart, as to superior beings; whom they wonder at and reverence; whose life is a mystery to them; whose smile delights; whose frown appals them; who stand to them in the place of God, until the eye can be purged to see beyond them the real divinity which is in them. They attach the mind of the student, young or old, to the mind of his teacher; and then, by this feeling of faith, as by an electric conductor, the whole stream of knowledge passes from one mind to the other.

"They know also, that when this faith is wanting, no power on earth can compel the mind to imbibe knowledge. * * * * And faith they both assign to one and the same source—the gift of God. Both declare, that it cannot be created by any human reasoning. Let a chemist take a child, arrange before him his gases and his metals, and proceed to deduce from experiments the general laws of chemistry. *No accumulation of experiments whatever can bring a general law home to the mind of man*; because, if we rest upon experiments, our conclusions can never logically pass beyond the bounds of our premises; we can never infer more than we have proved; and all the past, which we have not seen, and the future, which we cannot see, is still left open, in which new experiences may arise to overturn the present theory. And yet the child will believe at once *upon a single experiment*. Why? Because a hand divine has implanted in him the tendency to generalize thus rapidly. Because he does it by an instinct, of which he can give no account, except that he is so formed by his Maker.

"It is God who has given him this faith. And so of Christianity. All the miracles in the Bible might be again, as they once before were, wrought before men, without leading them to the conclusion, that He who wrought them was commissioned from God, unless another principle of natural faith were implanted by the Holy Spirit. Evidences will not make a Christian. They may affect the *understanding*, convince the logical faculty, by shewing that Christianity presents nothing discordant with facts, or inconsistent with itself. But this is not the reason, the λόγος, by which we recognise the Church and our Lord as our Teacher and Master. 'You say what I cannot disprove, but I cannot assent to it,' is a common profession to hear. And the assent of the mind to truth is, in all cases, the work not of the understanding, but of the reason. * * * * And the reason of man in all cases—the power, that is, by which, instinctively, intuitively, without knowing why, or engaging in argument, he grasps the first principles of knowledge, and the undemonstrable truths, from which all other truths are deduced—this power is divine.—P. 293-6.

"There is in this day little, comparatively speaking, of that gross

infidelity which rejected the whole creed of Christianity as a delusion. Most men affect to believe in the historical facts contained in it—such as the miracles of its propagation, and the resurrection of our Lord. They have no objection to a creed containing these being taught to the young. But they do object to what they term the metaphysical subtleties and definitions respecting the divine nature. All these they would exclude from religious education, as unnecessary, and even mischievous. Facts—not what they term abstractions—are to be all that is offered to the reason. Now Aristotle himself made this distinction between the subjects with which the reason, or, in his language, the *νοῦς* of man is conversant. Some are facts cognizant by the senses; others, general laws and abstract truths. But Aristotle declares, that both are necessary to man, and so does the Church. And so, also, would every art and science, if they thoroughly understood their own processes.”—P. 299, 300.

There is much here that is sound and true; but his own analogy as a philosopher is against his claim as a churchman. He is right practically, in his notion of a living teacher being preferable to a dead book; though his theory of the “electric” origin of faith, if it be not a mere flight of fancy, approaches nearer to Mesmerism than we are prepared to go. It is a good comparison also which he draws between the masters of other sciences and instructors in religion. But let the comparison be followed out. The ministers of secular knowledge—the priests of Nature—ask no implicit faith in themselves, or in their own word, or in any “divinity” which may belong to them. They take advantage, indeed, of the principle of intuitive apprehension, or reason, or faith, to obtain access for the general facts and laws which they announce, into the minds of those whom they instruct. But are they satisfied with an assent to the great truths of science, based on their own personal credit with their disciples? On the contrary, they expect and require that these truths shall be embraced for their own sake, through the self-evidencing power which they carry with them, and the voice of a divine authority which speaks in them. Let the ministers of religion—the priests of Christianity—be equally faithful, and know their position as well. Let them, by all means, rely not on logical fencing with the *understanding*, but on the direct force of divine truth, in its application to that higher *reason* in man, which is also divine: let them reckon on the power of God’s word, and on the assurance of that faith which is God’s gift; then, and only then, will they discharge their functions reverently and meekly, as *witnesses* of Heaven’s light and love on the earth, without aspiring to be, in any exclusive sense, either its *depositories* or its *dispensers*.

We may see, at every turn, how very near a system of priest-craft approaches to downright infidelity. It is the interest of the clergy, seeking to exalt themselves, to depreciate both the evidences of Christianity, and the sufficiency of the Written Word.

We have often, accordingly, observed with pain, the anxiety of Tractarian writers to persuade their readers, that even the most essential doctrines of the Gospel—such as the Trinity and the Atonement—cannot be proved out of the Bible, but must rest on the testimony of the Church. This is really paving the way for the easy triumph of the sceptic and the Socinian. In the same way, it is not a little curious to find our author, in his eagerness to secure implicit faith in the Church, actually propounding something very like the infidel notion, of the harmlessness of error sincerely held; as when he ventures to promise, that even if those “set over us” in Providence “speak for their own profit,” instead of “speaking what God has put in their mouths;” still, if we “obey them, as set over us by God, until we have from God some positive command to the contrary brought to us by ministers more formally accredited, with superior powers, *he will bear us safe from harm;*”^{*} and again, that, “in obeying our parents and the laws of the land, since we may be endeavouring to obey God, we shall at least be safe from provoking his anger against us, however we may err.”[†] A body claiming infallibility may consistently give such an assurance of safety to all who, however ignorantly or blindly, commit themselves to its guidance; but, in any other view, the assurance can only rest on the general maxim of the freethinker, that man is not responsible for his belief, and that an erroneous faith, sincerely held, will at least be harmless; and surely Ezekiel thought differently. (ch. xxxiii. 6–8.)

But, passing from this, we must touch on the real point of difference, on this subject, between our author and ourselves. That “ethics are the science of education”[‡]—that “the education of man is beyond the reach of man”^{||}—that “education belongs unto God,”[§]—these, and other similar maxims, we cordially admit. We farther admit, that in the Church—understanding, by the Church, the society of believers, having the Written Word, the Sacraments, and the standing ministry—God has appointed an instrumentality which he usually employs in that education which is peculiarly his own. But we hold far more literally than our author does, that “education belongs to God,”—directly and immediately, to him alone,—for with him is the Holy Spirit. We allow, that a dead book cannot, of itself, educate,[¶] but that there must be a living Teacher. But that Teacher is the Spirit of God; and, together, the dead Book and the living Teacher—the Word and the Spirit of God—can, and they alone can, educate. The Church is not the party entitled or able to

^{*} Page 13.
^{||} P. 35.

[†] P. 18.
[§] P. 36.

[‡] Pref., p. vi.
[¶] Pp. 1–3.

educate. The education which is of God, is by his Spirit and through his Word.

Thus far, we have been dealing with some of our author's general abstractions, by which he seems inclined to subject even the field of metaphysical speculation to ecclesiastical supervision and control. Indeed, all sciences, with him, run up into theology; atomic chemistry being based on the doctrine of the Trinity—geology on the figure of the Cross—and the astronomy of Newton and Laplace respecting the movements and disturbing forces of the planetary system, on the Divine unity, and the personality of Satan*—while theology itself is identified with the parish priests, "in the old sacred buildings," who are never to be "asked to produce their credentials."†

Within the domain of ethics, theology has a more legitimate footing; and to do Professor Sewell justice, we must admit, that he has a better notion of the relation between the two sciences than some more evangelical divines have recently propounded. We refer particularly to Dr. Wardlaw's work on *Christian Morals*, in which, with much that is practically most excellent, there seems to us to be a radical error pervading his whole theory. Of the two treatises—the one by a High-Church doctor, and the other by an Independent pastor—it may be said, that both aim at the same end, under the pressure of the same necessity. Both feel deeply the imperfection of ethical science, which, at the best, is but a half truth, if it find not a counterpart divine doctrine, which may fit into it and complete it. In both, there is an appeal from the judgment of human reason, to a higher tribunal; but the courts of appeal are different, and so also are the issues appealed. Dr. Wardlaw appeals to the Bible;

* Chapter 22.

† Chapter 3d. It is fortunate for our author, that THE CHURCH is established in England, and the clergy in possession of the "ancient holy buildings," as it saves him from a troublesome question. The only pity is, that any thing else is tolerated; and this he seems to regret, when looking back on the halcyon days of uniformity, he almost sighs over the relaxation of the good old penal laws; "happily, as yet, you are not thus embarrassed," by a question, i. e., between your parents and the sovereign, "for the State agrees with your parent, and recommends, and, till lately, it would even compel, you to take the Church for your instructor, and would prohibit others from drawing you away elsewhere, and would punish them for leading, and you for following," (p. 21.) And again, he intimates his opinion, that "firmness and truth would be cheaply purchased, even at the extravagant price of occasional persecution," (p. 108.) The whole chapter on the Catholic Church, (chap. 3,) might be shown in a variety of particulars,—such as the claim of infallibility, the almost literal assumption of Divine power, and of a right to be regarded as God, and the demand of implicit faith, to be enforced, if need be, by the gentle compulsion of authority and the secular arm,—to be an exact identification of the body there described, with the system denounced in the Old Testament prophecies, (*Daniel*, &c.,) and in the Epistles and the Apocalypse, as the antagonist of true Christianity.

Professor Sewell to the Church ; and in so far, the former may seem to occupy, as he does occupy, surer ground. But in regard to the substance or matter of his appeal, he does not appear to us to be so happy : it is upon the *statics* of the science that he takes his appeal ; Professor Sewell, more justly, takes his, upon the *dynamics*.

The distinction is important, and deserves to be illustrated at greater length than our space will afford. Under the *statics* of Ethics, we comprehend all the inquiries which relate to the origin of our moral sentiments—the common quality or qualities which distinguish the objects of these sentiments—the standard of virtue—and the source, as well as the ground of obligation. To the *dynamical* department of the science, again, we refer the great problem of the making of a virtuous man—embracing a consideration of the laws by which the various moving powers of his nature—the instincts, the affections, and the will, act, react, and are acted upon—as well as of the means and influences fitted to operate, and, in fact, operating, upon them. Under the former head, we class all investigations involved in the question, What is moral goodness ?—under the second, all bearing upon the inquiry, How may moral goodness be actually realized ?

Ethics, in the former view, we hold to be a science of natural reason, as distinct from Revelation : and the error of Dr. Wardlaw's theory seems to us to consist in his not adverting to what the office of natural reason, in this, as in other sciences, really is. It is to discern and discriminate relations. Thus Ethics might almost be defined to be “the science of the relations between persons,”—as Professor Sewell has very well shown, in one of the best portions of his work, (ch. 23). Dr. Wardlaw's argument is founded on the fact of human depravity, and is briefly this : moral science, being inductive, must rest on the observation of human nature ; but the observer is disqualified by the depravity of human nature, and the subject examined is vitiated by the same cause : therefore the observation cannot be trusted, and no sure science can be built upon it.

Now, we confess that we look with considerable jealousy on any attempt to depreciate the value either of natural theology or of ethics, as a natural science. The view of human depravity, favoured by Dr. Wardlaw, errs, as we apprehend it, both by excess and by defect. If the moral constitution of man is corrupted to the extent he contends for,—then, *in the first place*, the ruin of the race is more irremediable, and, *in the second place*, the guilt of the race is less inexcusable, than, on the other system, we are prepared to admit. If the moral standard be overturned, and the moral sense perverted, how is recovery possible ?—and in what does our sin consist ?

We think it clear, then, that if there is to be any *fulcrum*—any *δοξ πον στῶ*—any point of support—for the regeneration of human nature, and any ground for the condemnation of the unregenerated, the integrity of the moral principle must be recognised. And on this account, we attach importance to such views as those of Professor Sewell, on the origin of our moral sentiments, (ch. 23, 24).^{*} For, in any exposition of Christian Ethics, as a complete system, we

^{*} The usual objection to this doctrine is found in the diversity of moral judgments among men ; and this is well answered by our author, in the distinction he draws between our cognizance of the things themselves, and our apprehension of their relations. “If the truth were told at once, I ought to say, that a vast number, if not all, are perceptions of relation between two objects, of neither of which are we conscious, or know any thing of them, but the relation in which they stand to each other. It is a strange statement, but true. For instance, no one knows any thing of God, but relations, which he has been pleased to reveal between himself and his creatures. And no one knows any thing of his own mind, but its relations to other things ; and yet, what is religion but a sense of the relation between our mind and God ? So the notion of a line is that of a certain relation between one point and another ; but a point itself is invisible. No one ever saw a point, which is without length, or breadth, or thickness. This is another mystery of our nature : but I will not dwell on it, further than to repeat, that all our knowledge is, in fact, a perception of relations.

“Now, from whence do these ideas of relation come ? They are implanted in us by Nature. They lie dormant in the mind of every human being, are unalterable, eternal. Wherever they seem to vary, the variation arises, not from a different idea following the perception of the same relations, but from the perception of seemingly the same thing in different relations. Take an octagon building ; paint each side of a different colour. Fix eight men fronting severally each side. Call them away, and ask them the colour of the building ; and each will give a different account. Now, where does the falsehood lie ? Do the same external colours produce different impressions on different eyes ? Is the evidence of the senses uncertain ? Are there no fixed principles of sensation ? No : the mistake lies in a false inference. Each man, instead of confining his statement simply to the part which he saw, declares that the whole building, which he did not see, is of the same colour with the part that faced him. His senses are correct : his belief would be correct, if he would not fancy more than he really perceived. Shift the parties, and try if, when placed before the same side, they all agree in seeing black, or blue, or red, or yellow, where the colour really exists.

“So it is with the perception of relations between persons or minds. The feelings resulting from the perception of them are natural to us—they are interwoven with us from our birth—cannot be eradicated—are universal, eternal. In no man were they ever altered—not perhaps even in monsters. *Nor, perhaps, would it be possible to conceive that they should be mutable, without inferences leading also to the mutability of the Divine attributes.* But it is possible to see the same action in very different relations. Brutus puts some human beings to death : it is murder. They are his children : the murder becomes more horrible. But he condemns them as a magistrate : the act ceases instantly to be criminal. But the safety of his country requires it : it may become even meritorious. A Spartan boy steals : the act is criminal. But he is commanded by the laws : it becomes excusable. The practice is admitted by his fellow-citizens : it becomes innocent. It encourages activity of mind, and makes him hardy and capable of defending his country : it may be even praiseworthy. Now, in these cases of seeming differences of opinion, in reality it is not the same act which is contemplated, but different sides of the same act. Let all men see the same side, and all will agree. Each is right in his own statement, if his statement be confined to that part of the action of which he is speaking. There is no variety in our moral sentiments ; but many points of view in which the same objects may be regarded.”—Pp. 348-350.

would be inclined to reverse the Professor's order, and place the *statical* inquiry regarding virtue before the *dynamical* problem as to the making of a virtuous man ; and, accordingly, in giving an outline of our own views on this all-important subject, we shall begin with a consideration of that element of man's nature—fallen and depraved as he is—which makes him a fit subject of moral government, and of a scheme of salvation, based on moral grounds.

The moral principle in man may be considered either as a fact or phenomenon in his constitution, or as a rule of his conduct, having authority. In the first of these views, the science of Ethics is a science of observation and induction, (*a posteriori*) ; in the other, it partakes more of the character of the sciences usually termed exact and axiomatic, (*a priori*). Examining it in the former light, we take up the objects with which man, as a moral being, is conversant, and trace them through the different parts of his nature, and note the results. The states of mind which form the matter or substance to be dealt with, we subject to a sort of chemical analysis, in the successive chambers of the soul through which they have to pass, resolving into its elements the complex mass, and bringing out the result in its most simple form. It is in a different manner that we conduct the inquiry when we begin, not with the objects on which man, as a moral being, operates, but with the power, or capacity, or function, by which he operates on these objects. For then, by a process nearly the reverse of what has been described, and resembling more the application of the pure mathematics to the mixed sciences of practical astronomy, or mechanical philosophy, we find ourselves, at the very outset, in the high region of intuition, from whence we obtain the infallible and imperative rule, by which all things here below are to be adjusted and tried. In the one case, we proceed from particulars to what is general—from plurality to unity—from the many to the one ; in the other, we unfold the one into the many—the unit into a multitude.

Proceeding upon the first of these plans, let us examine the objects with which man, as a moral being, is conversant—not so much for the purpose of discovering the common quality, or qualities, which may be found to belong to them, as with the view of tracing the workings of the soul—the observing and reflecting subject,—on which they are brought to exercise an influence. These objects are evidently *states of mind*—not actions merely, viewed in their external aspect, but *states of mind*, whether with or without corresponding and appropriate actions. For, in a moral point of view, actions are valuable only as signs, or indices of states of mind ; the same action will affect us differently, according to the state of mind in the actor with

which it is found to be associated; and a particular frame of mind, whether good or evil, will make its own moral impression on the observer, whether it be embodied in outward act or not. A father ordering his own son to death, is, in the apparent act, a monstrous anomaly; but when it turns out, that it proceeds from the strictness of judicial integrity, prevailing over the strongest paternal affection, it becomes an instance of the moral sublime. On the other hand, the envy or malignity which is hid in the heart, is not the less wicked and vile, because prudence or necessity prevents its outward manifestation.

Let us take, then, one of those states of mind which are admitted to possess a moral character, whether good or bad, and let us trace it in its effects upon the moral observer.

In the first place, the mere conception of it—the bare, naked apprehension of it in the mind—gives rise, instantaneously, to a double movement in the department with which it first comes in contact. That department comprehends the power or faculty of distinguishing what is true from what is false, as well as what is fair and beautiful from what is the reverse. For these two functions, the judgment and the taste—the discernment of truth and the sense of beauty—are intimately connected, at least, if they be not all but identical. They are both of them immediate and instantaneous in their action, and they are mutually the handmaids of each other. A mathematical proposition or demonstration seen to be true, is felt also to be beautiful. It appeals to the taste, as well as to the judgment; and in proportion as it satisfies and convinces the latter, it pleases and gratifies the former. We speak of a beautiful theorem, and it is the sense of beauty, no less than the perception of truth, which, when the difficulty of the search is overcome, and the discovery successfully made, prompts the *εὐρηκα*, or exclamation of delight, (I have found it! I have found it!) On the other hand, in the peculiar field of taste, if any object awaken the sense of beauty, it will be found, at the same time, to command the acquiescence of the judgment in it, as in what is true. When the eye rests on a fair form, or a beauteous scene, not only is it agreeable and soothing to the taste, but the judgment also approves of it as consistent with the truth of things. When I am admiring a picture, or statue, or landscape, I am conscious of a calm conviction of reality, similar to what I experience when I assent to an abstract demonstration, just as, in return, when I perceive the conclusive certainty of an abstract demonstration, I feel a gratification of taste, precisely such as the visible comeliness of nature calls forth. Nor is this connexion between the judgment and the taste altogether unaccountable. They are both simple acts or operations of the mind; and what is common to both, is the apprehension of

contrariety and disunion removed, and consistency, compactness, or, in a word, unity, established or restored.

In morals, this blending of the judgment and the taste is very discernible. Let an evil action, or an evil state of mind, be contemplated, and there is an uneasy apprehension of its opposition to truth, along with a painful and oppressive sense of deformity. The judgment finds the true relations of things divided and dis-severed, and the taste recoils from the dislocation. Let the opposite virtue be observed, and the faculty of comparison discerns agreement, coherence, union, in the fitness of things as now adjusted, while the sense of beauty rests and reposes in the harmony.

Such, it would seem, is the process which goes on, in the first or outer apartment of the soul, into which moral actions or states of mind are introduced.

But, *in the second place*, there is a second and inner chamber into which these actions or states of mind, apprehended, in the first, as either true and beautiful, or false and foul, must now pass; and that chamber is the seat of the emotions. The transition here is from the head to the heart—from the mind, sitting in judgment at the gate, and looking out with quick eye for all that is grand or fair, to the bosom in whose depths the springs of feeling lie. For, through the judgment and the taste, moral actions or states of mind reach and set in motion the affections; and, as in the department of simple apprehension, the outer hall—so to speak—of the soul, there is a double exercise of vigilance, and, as it were, a double scrutiny of all comers; so, in their reception within, there is a double movement or excitement among the dwellers there. The affections are doubly stirred. Are both the watchers satisfied? Do both of them concur in warranting the intrant? Does the judgment attest his truth, and the taste relish his beauty? Then, as he enters in, the emotion of reverence or awe, rises to bow before him; the affection of love opens her arms to embrace him. Thus the moral action or state of mind, which, in the seat of the intellect, carries conviction of truth to the judgment, awakens, in the region of the affections, the feeling of profound veneration; while again, in so far as it approves itself as beautiful to the taste, it calls forth complacency and love. For, as truth is venerable, so beauty is amiable. What is true is to be revered—what is fair, to be loved.

There is still, however, *in the third place*, another apartment in which these objects of our moral cognizance and observation—these moral actions or states of mind—undergo yet another process. For behind, and farther in than the region of the affections, lies the secret closet of the soul, the seat of self-inspection and self-judgment. From the mind or head, with its twofold faculty

of judgment and taste, the discernment of truth, and the sense of beauty, through the heart deeply stirred with the emotion of reverence and the affection of love, there is a passage to the conscience, where the final act in this sifting trial is performed. And here, again, there is a double function, corresponding to the double functions of the other departments. For, in that sanctuary, and inner court of last resort, these states of mind come to have final sentence passed upon them, and the sentence has respect to the discernment which the judgment has of what is true, and the apprehension which the sensibility has of what is fair. Truth, compelling conviction, and commanding reverence, asks a verdict of acquittal or acceptance, and will have no more. Beauty, again, gratifying the taste, and winning the affection of love, solicits a warmer welcome, and would wish to receive approbation and applause. In the one view, there is a demand to be justified; in the other, a desire to be commended.

It may be some recommendation of this analysis or induction that it combines different theories, and comprehends various principles of our moral nature which the framers of moral systems have been accustomed to isolate. Thus, the accordance with truth, or the fitness of things, which some have made the foundation of moral judgment, (*Clarke, Cudworth, &c.*) and the moral sense or instinct to which others have appealed, (*Hutcheson, &c.*) unite and conspire in the first act of simple apprehension, by which the mind takes in the conception of a moral action or a moral quality, as right and good. Nor is moral goodness, on this scheme, made a matter of reason exclusively, or a matter of instinct. The affections have a large share in the work of identifying virtue, and giving it life and warmth, (*Sir James Mackintosh*). The emotion of reverence, and the affection of love, dealing with what has passed the calm scrutiny of the judgment and the taste, touch the deep springs of holy awe and worship in the soul, and open the fountains of its tears. Nor does the trial end here. The judge, whose verdict is final, sits within. The moral action, or moral quality, under review, must enter within the vail—into the very shrine—the holiest of all, in this living temple—where, on the throne, is the great arbiter, entitled, authoritatively, to justify what is true, (*Butler*) and, at the same time, ready, with lively sympathy, to commend what is fair, (*Adam Smith*). The award of this ruler of the soul, the power of conscience, is conclusive. It determines what is just and righteous, and bestows the meed of commendation on what is excellent and worthy.

But the scheme, as it would seem, has a still higher value. It is in fine accordance with the moral system of the New Testament. For it is no rude or unskilful artist, but a master-hand, that has constructed the noble climax, in the Epistle to the Phil-

lippians, which so eloquently connects doctrinal soundness of faith with practical energy and sublimity of virtue. (ch. iv. 8, 9.) "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest," (*honestā, σεμνά, venerable,*) "whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are pure," (*ἀγνά, chaste, fair, clean, undefiled, and holy;*) "whatsoever things are lovely," (*προσφιλῆ, amiable, loveable;*) "whatsoever things are of good report," (*ἐνφρημα, commendable, such as to move sympathy, approval, applause;*) "if there be any virtue," (*ἀρετή, power, stability, firmness;*) "if there be any praise," (*ἱπταίνος, what solicits and excites commendation;*)—by all these considerations, I exhort you to "think on the things which ye have both learned and received, and heard, and seen in me,"—and I exhort you to "do them;" meditate on all that I have set before you, and turn it to a practical account. In this very solemn adjuration, this most sublime burst of inspired eloquence, there is something more than a casual enumeration of moral motives. The Apostle was too much a master both of ethics and of rhetoric to heap up such materials miscellaneously and at random. There is symmetry in the structure; there is method and system in his fervid appeal. He traces and marks out the double line of approach or entrance, along which actions or qualities admitted at the door of the mind, are conducted, through the heart, to the conscience. For there are two sets of connected posts of observation in this sketch—two distinct series of successive mental acts. The six names read over in this muster, or roll-call, fall into two ranks; and each of these, at its termination, is represented by a single leader, as in the following tabular view:—

"Whatsoever things are true,"	"Whatsoever things are pure," (<i>fair,</i>
" " " honest, (<i>venerable,</i>)	" " lovely," (<i>ami-</i>
" " " just,"	" " of good report,"
"if there be any virtue."	"if there be any praise."

Thus, of these epithets, the first three—what is true, what is venerable, what is just—rank as a column under the one head, virtue; the remaining three—what is pure or fair, what is lovely or amiable, what is of good report—are marshalled in the line of praise.

Or, to change the application of the figure, let us trace the subject of our scrutiny—the particular action or quality, whose moral is character to be ascertained—from post to post, in the citadel of our moral nature. At the gate it is challenged by the faculties of simple apprehension, the judgment and the taste, the sense of natural agreement, or fitness, if we may so speak, and the sense of beauty;—is there any thing true?—is there any thing pure? Let it enter. Farther on, it has to encounter the emotions or affections, and they have to deal with it; the

capacities of reverence and of love must be satisfied;—is there any thing venerable and awful? is there any thing amiable? Let it pass;—the soul standing in awe of its majesty, and rapt in the love of its gentler grace. But once more it is arrested. One having authority, but at the same time full of sympathy, calls it to account;—is there any thing just—right, righteous, coming up to the high standard of strict duty? is there any thing of good report—worthy, commendable, meet for being warmly honoured and approved? If there be any virtue, any inherent strength of conscientious rectitude—if there be any praise, any moral beauty meet to be applauded—then, by all that is true, venerable, and right, in the stern integrity and firm standing of the one, and by all that is pure, amiable, and worthy, in the fair and soft charms of the other, and in its yearning for sympathy, honour, and approbation—let us be adjured, let us be persuaded, to give earnest heed, and full practical effect, to that blessed and glorious Gospel, whose highest aim, by far, it is to restore and readjust the whole moral nature of man, so that truth and righteousness, grace and love, may once more meet and embrace each other, in the holy home of a renewed and reconciled soul.

Were farther illustration needed of this complex system, it might be found in the discrimination so exquisitely true to nature, which the same Apostle makes, between two different kinds of character to be observed among men, when—in magnifying the Divine benevolence, as manifested in the death of Christ, he puts it as an all but impossible supposition that “a righteous man” should find a friend prepared to lay down his life for him; while, allowing it to be barely more conceivable that “a good man” might win affection thus devoted and self-sacrificing—he places in strong contrast that love of God, whose miserable objects had neither “righteousness” nor “goodness” to recommend them, but only sin. (Romans v. 7, 8.)

“A righteous man” is such a one as the poet describes, “just and firm of purpose,” to be moved by neither fear nor favour from his solid mind. Regulus, calmly turning away from his weeping family and the awe-struck Senate, to redeem his pledge to the Carthaginian enemy, and meet the death prepared for him, with its worse than Indian refinement of cruelty—Hampden defying unjust power—Latimer cheering brother Ridley at the stake—Knox before Queen Mary—Melville before King James, maintaining allegiance to a Heavenly Master against both the tears and the frowns of royalty—rise as examples before the mind. In each there is a stern integrity—which we apprehend to be “true”—which we feel to be “venerable”—which compels us to recognise it as inexorably and inflexibly “just”—presenting, on the whole, a spectacle of moral courage and steadfast “virtue,”

almost beyond the reach of our commendation or compassion, such as rather inspires a sort of deep and silent awe. We scarcely presume to praise or pity—we stand apart and reverently look on. But let a touch of tenderness mingle in the scene—let it be the Roman matron presenting to her trembling husband the dagger plucked from her own bosom—“it is not painful, *Pætus*”—or Lady Jane Grey bidding adieu to her lord, as he passed on to the scaffold, to which she was so soon to follow him—or Lady Russel, pen in hand, gazing on the noble features she had loved—more noble then than ever—or Brown of Priesthill’s widow meeting the rude taunt of the persecutor as he interrupted her in her melancholy task—“what thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?—I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever”^{*}—or, coming down from the heroic to ordinary life, let it be a character marked rather by gentle manners and kind affections, than by strength of nerves, that is exhibited to us;—and our moral taste is charmed with its “pure” beauty—our heart is warmed with “love” towards it—we speak of it as not only unimpeachably correct, but positively “worthy”—and we award to it the meed of our cordial sympathy and “praise.” The combination of the two kinds of character, as in some of the instances we have referred to, is the consummation of moral excellence. To be true, yet at the same time, not stern or severe, but fair, pure, graceful—to be both venerable and amiable, calling forth, in equal measure, the emotion of reverence, and the affection of love—to stand before the tribunal of conscience and receive, not only the verdict which strict justice, caring for nothing more, extorts, *I find no fault*, but that, also, which a softer sensibility asks, *well done*—to be strong in conscious independence, prepared to go forward in the right way, and to go alone, whatever others may say or do—and to be willing, nevertheless, to lean on the support which the good opinion and good word of those above and around affords—in short, to be both great and good—such is the idea of a perfect man: such was He who was not only “holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,” but also “meek and lowly in heart”—“full both of grace and of truth;” such, his Gospel is intended and fitted to make all those, who, following, at a humble distance, his example, and changed, by his Spirit, into his image, unite with the “faithfulness unto death” which challenges “the crown of life,” “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,” which not only is of good report and praiseworthy among men, but “in the sight of God himself, is of great price.”

^{*} See the incident touchingly told in the original narrative quoted in the notes to *Graham's Sabbath*.

But it is time to touch briefly on the second view which, as we formerly intimated, may be taken of the moral principle in man.

It will be observed, that in our analysis of the process through which moral actions or qualities have to pass, we have not considered them as brought into contact with the *will*. It is obvious, however, that no examination can be complete which does not embrace that element of power and freedom in man, whose mystery it may be vain to question, but whose agency for good or evil must be felt to be all in all.

Now, when moral goodness or virtue is viewed as brought into juxtaposition with the will, we may expect a difference of result, corresponding to the difference between the two channels, or avenues, through which it may have previously passed. In the one case, it comes to the will with an air and bearing of command, and speaks as having authority; in the other, it approaches in the attitude of persuasion, and pleads with all melting tones of tenderness. In the first instance, it is as a judge on the bench—in the second, it is as an advocate at the bar.

The nature of the will, and of the freedom of the will, being left, as a question of abstract speculation, in abeyance, two things are most certainly established, by every one's consciousness, concerning it—viz. *first*, that it owns and recognises responsibility on the one hand; and, *secondly*, that it is open to the influence of motives on the other;—and it is the union of these two which constitutes its moral freedom. I feel that I owe subjection to some superior, who has a right to dictate to my will—whether I may be pleased to call that superior my duty, or my God. I feel, also, that I have a power to choose among the objects which present themselves, as motives, to my mind; and that in some way or other, which I may not be able to explain, these are subject to my will. For I am not the servant of motives; at least, if I am, it is through sin, and my bondage under sin, and I would rebel against that servitude, and would be their master. If I am to be a servant, it shall be to duty and to God; for *that* service is perfect freedom.

It would thus appear, that, in two very different attitudes, virtue or moral goodness solicits and appeals to the will, as a suppliant and suitor on the one hand, and as a sovereign and lord on the other. In the former, it addresses itself to certain constitutional principles of our nature which incline towards it. In the latter, it asserts a right of control and command over the whole inner man.

There is here a transition from the region of *motives*, strictly so called—operating, through the understanding and imagination, on the emotions and affections, as well as on the ultimate

faculty which justifies what is right, and commends what is good—to a higher sphere, in which the spirit of man meets, directly and face to face, somewhat out of and above itself, which it feels to be independent and supreme;—for not only does that inward principle, to which the ultimate appeal in morals lies, speak as one having authority—it speaks also as one under authority, even where it speaks most peremptorily.

We must here apologize, if the brief outline we are now giving should seem to any of our readers too abstract and obscure. To bring out fully the theory which we wish to indicate, would imply a reconsideration of the whole commonly received doctrine of motives, as well as of the relations in which these three master principles or powers—*conscience, law, the will*—stand to one another. Such a reconsideration, it is not improbable, metaphysical philosophy may soon be required to give to this difficult department of our mental constitution; but, for our present purpose, a very few words of explanation must suffice.

We may conceive, then, *in the first instance*, of the will, as placed very much in the position represented in the parable of “the choice of Hercules,” seated in the midst of rival candidates for its favourable regard. Virtue, with her train of severe duties and pure graces, on the one hand, and pleasure, with her tribe of flatterers, on the other, are competitors, each seeking to win the ear and bias the decision, of that high and arbitrary potentate, the will. Pleasure spreads out all her flowers; and, enlisting on her side the love of indolent repose, as well as the stronger passions which seek their gratification in earthly delights, she magnifies the pain of self-denial, and induces a sort of passive acquiescence in her demands;—or, if it is likely to answer the purpose better, which is to lead the will captive, she gives place to proud ambition or sordid avarice, and holds a choice in favour of power, or fame, or wealth, equivalent to a determination in favour of herself. Virtue, again, stands, in dignified silence, apart, not deigning to recommend herself by extrinsic considerations of interest or ease, but waiting to be chosen for her own sake. On her side, she has enlisted the sense of truth and the sense of beauty; and while the charm of her comeliness is such as to win love, it is love blended with reverential awe, as “her eye even turned on empty space,” is seen to “beam keen with honour.” What she asks is just and righteous, and thou art bound to give in to her—is the verdict of conscience as a faithful witness and exact judge: Nay more; what she asks is good, meritorious, and commendable; and thou shalt do well to consent to her—exclaims the same voice of conscience, eager to encourage and reward. But, meanwhile, what says the *will*? Is it still *in equilibrio*? Does that arbitrary

and capricious power presume upon its alleged discretionary right to do what it pleases? Does it hesitate between the opposite representations made to it? Is it drawn and distracted by contending inclinations and convictions? *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*—virtue seen to be good and right, but other influences casting a balance on the other side? What, then, remains? Is there any other mode of appeal to the will? May not this “might of Hercules,” (this *ἑκτα Ἡρακλεια*), when thus assuming a superiority over both the applicants for its favour, and affecting to hold the scales between them, be made to recognise a master principle, such as leaves no room for hesitation?

For this end, conscience must take a step in advance into the region of the absolute and the infinite; and—besides giving a fair deliverance on the objects of moral choice presented in what is external—reporting truly the impressions which they severally make on the various parts of man’s moral constitution—it must ally itself to an authority even more peremptory than it can itself assert, and erect behind and above the will, a throne before which that haughty potentate cannot refuse to bow. For the idea of LAW, or the *categorical imperative* of duty, is not explained or accounted for by any such inductive process of inquiry as we have traced. And, accordingly, it is at this point that the singularly acute analysis of Sir James Mackintosh appears to us to be at fault. To a certain extent, and for certain purposes, as for tracing the ordinary working of our moral sentiments, his theory regarding conscience, which makes it not a simple and original, but a derived and composite principle, is highly valuable and useful. But it seems defective and imperfect, in the very particular in which all moral systems based exclusively on observation must be so; it leaves the will seated on the throne of arbitrary power, listening to the various representations which the various parts of the constitution make respecting the objects of choice which solicit it, and determining which is preferable, on whatever ground it may select; or, in other words, it does not sufficiently bring into action the paramount and antecedent sovereignty of LAW, in its immediate bearing on the WILL.

The supremacy of conscience, or the moral principle—its right to speak among the other principles of action in man with a voice of authority, to which none of them can lay claim, and which none of them can challenge—this is the cardinal doctrine of morals, for the first clear assertion of which, in modern times, we owe a debt of gratitude to Bishop Butler, as we do, for its revival in our own day, to the sagacity and eloquence of Dr. Chalmers. It is by no means inconsistent with this doctrine, but rather it is its complement or corollary, to add the explanation, that this authority of conscience is, *by its own acknowledgment*, not

inherent, but derived. "I also am under authority; and I say do this, and it must be done;"—such is its language; and precisely because it speaks thus, it speaks with power. In addressing the will—the ultimate arbiter of choice and action—it does not merely convey impressions made *a posteriori*, and from without—it evokes a supremacy more indisputable than its own—IT APPEALS TO THE VERY LAW OF THE WILL ITSELF. It is on this account that Ethical science is as truly a science, *a priori*, as is Mathematical science itself.

In this way we connect our inductive, or *a posteriori* investigation, with the notion or apprehension of LAW, which we are disposed to rank among the primary and original *a priori* modes of thought; such as space and time, with their various abstract relations, of which no explanation can be given, and no doubt can be allowed. Let us say that each part of our complex nature, "spirit, and soul, and body," (1 Thess. v. 23) has its necessary *a priori* rules or laws; the physical or corporeal, which we share in common with dead matter, (σῶμα) having impressed upon it naturally, or, which is the same thing, being made necessarily subject to, the dynamical laws of action and reaction, of attraction and repulsion, which all material bodies or atoms must obey; the animal, again, (ψυχή) which allies us to the brutes that perish, being arbitrarily ruled by the laws of instinct, or of that wonderful sagacity and expert fertility of resource, the shadow, as it were, of reason, into which instinct is seen to run; while the spiritual, (πνεῦμα) embracing all the higher faculties or functions of the soul—such as intellect, imagination, sensibility, conscience, will—has its laws of thought and of action, as inexplicable as the others, and as supreme.

Laws of thought and of action, we say; for there is a distinction to be observed between that department of our spiritual nature which receives ideas and impressions, from whatever source, and that which originates volitions—or, in other words, between *thinking* and *feeling*, on the one hand, and *willing*, on the other. A law impressed upon our capacity of *thinking and feeling*, is a law operating necessarily, and therefore is, in a certain sense, *physical*; a law bearing upon our capacity of *willing*, implies and recognises freedom, and therefore is truly *moral*. Thus, the understanding views all objects presented to it under the necessary laws of space and time, of figure and of causation, and so conceives of an external world, not chaotic, but subjected to the conditions of mechanical and mathematical order. The heart, also, has its laws of pulsation, as the fancy, or "the poet's eye," has its laws of taste, by which, however "wildly beating," or "in a fine frenzy rolling," both the one and the other are, as it were, instinctively regulated, in "bodying forth" the forms of

truth and beauty, and quickening them with the emotions of awe and of love. As yet, there is no sense of duty—no feeling of obligation. Motives, more or less urgent, are presented through the understanding, the taste, and the affections—appealing, whether disinterestedly or not, to the decision of the will. These, however, while they influence and bias the will, do not constitute the LAW of the will. That law, if it is to bear the same relation of correspondence to the will which the other laws of which we have been speaking bear to the several departments of our constitution under their rule, must be a law, *a priori*, antecedent and superior to the will; and this law must apply to the will in a manner suited to the nature of the will—or, in other words, it must operate, not as a force, or feeling, or *fiat* of necessity, but as a FIAT of another and higher kind—not by power but by authority.

We might here observe, that it is the mere ambiguity of language, and nothing more, that gives even plausibility to such a generalization as that of Mr. Combe,* for instance, which would class together as identical the law by which a stone necessarily falls to the ground, and the law which says to the free-will of man, Thou shalt not covet, but, on the contrary, with thy whole heart thou shalt love. We name Mr. Combe, not as the inventor, or by any means the most profound expositor of this miserable theory, but as the writer who has recently succeeded in giving to it a somewhat imposing air of respectability and popularity. Its origin may be found in Volney, and other writers of that school; and, indeed, it is a natural or necessary companion of the mechanical creed of materialism. Reduce man to a mass of organized matter, a little more complicated in its arrangements and more varied in its vitality than the mineral as it passes into the vegetable, or the vegetable as it passes into the animal; and all natural laws become co-ordinate and congenial;—the law of chastity or of charity does not differ at all in kind from the laws by which a body remains at rest, till moved, and moves in a straight line, until disturbed;—and it is not less a sin and shame to fall a victim to the breach of the laws by which fire burns and water drowns, (as when, through want of due precaution, I am lodged in a combustible house, or have my passage taken in a leaky vessel) than to suffer from the effects of intemperance, cruelty, or crime. If all nature, and especially man's nature, be homogeneous, of one uniform kind, and that material—this identification of all the natural laws may be allowed; but if not, then these laws must be as various in kind as are the diversities of

nature in the subjects on which they are impressed, and must operate by influences as multifarious. The law of dead matter is mechanical; the law of animal life is instinctive; the law of the intellect is logical and mathematical; the law of taste may be said to be sentimental; the law of conscience and of the will is moral. Each has impressed upon it, *a priori*, by the very constitution of its being, a law suited to its nature: but it must be a very different kind of law under which the will, with its inherent sense of spontaneity and freedom, is forced to own itself placed, from that which regulates the rapid progress of a locomotive engine, and enforces the dread penalty of its violation, on the unconscious carriage and its unoffending passengers alike.

It is farther to be remarked, that the sketch we have given does not embrace the question as to what common quality may be found to exist in those actions or states of mind which we class together as right and good. It may be quite consistent, therefore, with our scheme to demonstrate the proposition, that all these actions or states of mind do, in point of fact, tend to promote happiness, both individual and social, and so are useful and beneficial. Any such demonstration, however, is altogether superseded, inasmuch as, viewing the moral science inductively, or *a posteriori*, the element of utility does not appear to be that which at all, or at least primarily, affects those various principles which we have seen to be concerned in our moral judgments and feelings; and viewing the science, again, as intuitive, or *a priori*, that element must be entirely repudiated, on the ground briefly and well stated by Professor Sedgwick, in his noble academic discourse before the University of Cambridge, that, according to it, "man no longer appears as the subject of a law, but presides with the authority of a judge, and his rule of action is the leading interest of himself and his fellow-men."* Even admitting, then, that the quality of usefulness may be found in every action or state of mind which is the object of our moral approbation, it will appear that this is to be viewed rather as a proof of the benevolence and wisdom of Him who framed our moral constitution, than as affording an explanation of that constitution itself. It may suggest the final cause or reason why we are so constituted; but it does nothing more. It is an obvious instance of the Divine goodness, that the viands which please the palate are usually

* SEDGWICK on the *Studies of Cambridge*, p. 60, 3d edition. We hailed this discourse, when we first read it, as an indication of the downfall of Paley's moral philosophy, in his own University. But a manual such as Paley's, on a higher and holier system, is still required; and we fear Paley still keeps his ground, at least in the examination papers. Could Professor Sedgwick snatch a little leisure from his fascinating lectures on geology, to expand this portion of his discourse?

wholesome, and we cannot but believe that He who provides the viands and who formed the palate, had this circumstance in view when he established the relation now subsisting between them. But it is not on account of their being wholesome that they are relished as agreeable; nor is it its utility that makes virtue amiable and venerable. Still less is it the consideration of its utility that constitutes the law of its obligation on the conscience and the will. Interest—the interest of myself or others—may be urged as an argument in a pleading addressed to me *from without*; but the very pleading pre-supposes the power and the right to disregard the argument, if I prefer another alternative and choose to make up my mind to abide the consequences. It is still to me a matter of discretion, and I am not under law excepting only in so far as I feel it to be on the whole expedient, looking to all the consequences, that I should be under law.

On this part of the subject, the question, namely, as to the common quality in acts or states of mind felt to be virtuous, Professor Sewell indulges in one of his fanciful speculations. He rightly distinguishes between the inquiry into the origin of our moral sentiments, and that concerning the specific feature characterizing the good motives or deeds of which these moral sentiments approve; and, on the former of these topics, he has not a few valuable remarks. On the latter, he propounds the following oracular theory, that “the external cause, or quality, in a virtuous action, which affects me so as to make me call it good, is *the property in the action which produces in my mind the perception of unity in plurality*.” We must really give a specimen of his manner of illustrating so axiomatic a definition:—

“Everything to which the term good is applied, will be found, on examination, to have this property. When I anticipate a note in music, but anticipate it with some little suspense, with a certain degree of doubt and hesitation, which implies *plurality*, and then the note comes as expected, and fills up, satisfies, gives unity to the train of my ideas, leaving nothing wanting—then I call the music good. When you are thirsting for water, and are debarred from it for a time, so that your mind is distracted as it were, between the ideas of drinking and the consciousness of thirst, and then the water is presented to you, and it satisfies the thirst, and removes the distraction of the want—you call it good. But if you anticipate something sweet, and it proves acid, it is immediately called bad. Salt, which with meat is good, in wine becomes bad. Why? because instead of satisfying, it disappoints our expectation, and produces plurality in unity, instead of unity in plurality. And so in morals. Whenever, in observing the *relations of one person to another*, you wish, desire, anticipate, but with misgiving, with difficulty in realizing the fact, doubt, and uncertainty, whether or no he will act in a certain way, and then, after such misgiving, he is found to act in this way—then it is called good. But without the prè-

vious consciousness of plurality, when the mind is disturbed, distracted, in want, in fear, in a balance of desires, so that there are before it two different trains of thought not reconcilable with each other—without this there is no consciousness of unity being given to it, and hence no notion of good. * * * The property, then, which gives unity to plurality, is the real external quality in an act to which we apply the term good. * * * And the opposite quality of reducing unity to plurality—that is, of unsettling, disturbing, and perplexing the mind—we call evil.”—Pp. 374, 375.

We hope our readers understand this notable philosophy. It seems thirst is plurality—drinking water is unity; salt in wine is plurality—salt with meat is unity; and the excellence of music consists in the fear I have at every note that the performer is to go wrong, and the agreeable surprise of finding that he happens to go right. Of course, the greater the fear, or feeling of *plurality*, the greater the agreeable surprise, or sense of *unity*;—the worse, therefore, the player, the better the tune. It is, perhaps, on some such principle that we are to explain our author's prophecy, that “the time will come when, comparatively, we shall venerate the character of Queen Mary, and condemn that of Elizabeth.”* The virgin Queen, doubtless, had whims enough to deserve the imputation of “plurality,” *varium et mutabile semper*—her bloody predecessor, under the sway of Rome, had assuredly, at the very least, the merit of “unity.”

But we own that we attach comparatively little importance to this sub-division of the inquiry respecting virtue—attended, as it is, with difficulty, arising out of the complicated character of the various actions and qualities which we call virtuous, and open to the risk of too hasty a generalization. Perhaps usefulness in the act, and benevolence or love in the agent, may usually be found combined in whatever calls forth our moral approbation. But we think it safer, on the whole, and more satisfactory to observe the principles and laws of the operation of the mind itself, than to aim at the discovery of an universal and uniform specific in the objects with which it comes in contact. We prefer the pathological and physiological method of investigation, to the empirical.

Passing, then, from these abstract speculations, we must touch briefly, before we close, on another and more practical branch of this most momentous subject.

In Christian Ethics, as a science of education—or, rather, *the* science of education—according to Professor Sewell's just axiom,† we have to deal with man as a fallen intelligence. For, while we strenuously resist the attempt of Dr. Wardlaw and others to intro-

* P. 379.

† Preface, p. 6.

duce the fact of the fall, as a vitiating element, or flaw, into the theory of Ethics, as deducible from natural reason, believing any such attempt to be fatal alike to morals and to religion, we as strenuously insist upon that melancholy fact, as necessary to be taken into account in any system that would explain, not only what the true Ethical Theory is, but how it may be practically realized and wrought out.

Here, let the precise import of the fall itself be considered. Man, made after the image of God, was to be placed formally under law to God. This was accomplished by a positive precept, and it could not then be otherwise; at least, such a precept was the appropriate symbol and—if we may so speak—sacrament of his subjection to the authority of law. For it would seem to have been the Divine purpose, in the creation of man, not merely to have a moral being at the head of this lower world, moved by the impulses of inherent moral sentiments and affections, as the inferior animals are moved by their several implanted instincts, but to meet with a “fellow” and a fellow-worker, capable of communion and of “reasonable service.” Man was not merely to be constitutionally good and holy, instinctively pure and pious. He was to be, not an emanation, but a counterpart of Deity. He was to be made “after the image of God.” He must, therefore, be elevated into a position implying an independent will of his own, and he must have the right and the opportunity of choosing for himself on what terms he is to be with his Maker—in what relation he is to stand to his God. He must be one with whom a covenant may be made, and who may be bound to obedience by his own consent. Hence the test of a positive precept, suspending his whole spiritual and moral well-being on a single alternative of obedience or disobedience, by which it would be seen whether he preferred to be *under law*, or to act, at his own discretion, on the impulse of such motives as might present themselves.

If our great poet be right—and there would seem to be some Scriptural warrant for the imagination—the angelic spirits had previously been put upon their probation in a manner somewhat analogous; the introduction, or “bringing in of the first-begotten into the world,” and the call to “worship Him,” being an appeal to the free-will of these high intelligences, very similar to what was implied in the standing type of the forbidden tree.

The fatal choice being made, instead of the liberty which he coveted, man became subject to bondage. He would not be under *authority*—he would not be under *law*; and the result was, that he came under the dominion of *power*, or *force*, operating, not freely but by necessity. The empire or reign of motives is now established, under which man is seen bound and fettered,

either hugging his chains in some dream of victory, or vainly dashing them against his prison walls, in his impotent impatience to be free. He is in the swift current, either yielding to the stream, or desperately buffeting its adverse tide.

Such is the reign, or kingdom, of the evil power, over fallen man. He continues to rule him, as he at first prevailed over him, by motives, adapted and addressed to all the various parts of his constitution, the higher as well as the lower—the more refined and delicate, as well as the coarser and more degraded. For, shattered as that constitution is, by the shock it has sustained, it is not maimed of its essential properties; it has its lofty faculties and warm affections, on which, as well as on its grosser propensities, the god of this world can bring his vast machinery of motives to bear. In the endless variety of materials and tools, with which creation supplies him, ranging from the highest sphere of light to which science can soar, to the lowest depth of darkness in which sense may grovel, “the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience,” has means and scope enough for fitting his apparatus to the peculiar taste of each of his unnumbered victims. Nor, in thus wielding his dominion over them, does he scruple to avail himself even of the spiritual motives and influences which God employs to counteract his own. He can “quote Scripture to his purpose.” He can make good use of religious forms, or fancies, or feelings; he can ally himself with superstition or with mysticism, and turn the wildest fanatical impulses to account; he can mingle with considerations merely secular, various others of a more sacred character, such as fear, or remorse, or self-interest, or a sense of decency, may suggest; so as to present, as the product of these joint appliances, a very fair and finished model of what man’s plastic nature may, by skilful handling, become. Is it not thus that we are to explain the not infrequent formation of a character, elegant and accomplished, amiable, benevolent, generous, and, in a sense, devout, among that large class who, with more or less of earnestness in their work, whatever it may be, are still destitute of the life which a real emancipation gives?

But while acquiescence in such compromise as the subtle enemy may propose, is the more common state, indignant resistance may, in some instances, be the attitude assumed. For there is a principle in man which rebels against the bondage of motives. Is it not to this principle that the appeal is made in the commandment, “Thou shalt not covet,”—which commandment the Apostle Paul (Romans vii.) singles out and specifies as, by itself alone, the first moving spring of his regeneration? For what is coveting, but the state of mind produced by the influence of motives? And what is the import of the command, Thou shalt

not covet, if it be not a call to rise above that influence, and to defy it? The spirit is summoned to a higher life, in which, not Satan's motives, but the law of God, reigns.

To understand this distinction aright, it will be necessary to bear in mind what the law of God is, and in what manner it is fitted to be the law of the will, in the sense now explained. If we view the law merely as an authoritative announcement of his arbitrary pleasure, on the part of one having power to enforce what he commands—it can never gain the consent of the will to its supremacy as legitimate;—on the contrary, that jealous and impatient principle within, resents it as oppressive. In that case, indeed, the law does not really come into contact with the will at all, except through the application of the motives by which it is backed; it takes its place, accordingly, among the objects of choice which solicit the will *from without* (*a posteriori*); and the very attitude of sovereignty in which it speaks, creates a prejudice against it. For it is a delicate matter to deal with the free and independent will of man, and there is a risk of irritating instead of subduing it, by too peremptory a tone. This might be seen even before the fall, when the wilfulness of conscious guilt and sinful desire could not be supposed to be in operation. What more mild and conciliatory than the treatment which man received in Paradise? What less fitted to awaken suspicion than the single restrictive enactment by which he was to be tested? Yet of this the tempter adroitly takes advantage to give to the whole of that covenant or economy the aspect of a system of mere arbitrary prerogative; the free will of man is alarmed—feels itself to be wronged—and asserts its privilege of choosing among the alternatives presented to it, which it shall prefer, as upon the whole, the chief good. From that moment man lost his freedom, having learned “to covet.” And now his scheme of virtue and happiness is at the best a decent compromise or adjustment among the different things which he may “covet.” Among these a certain measure of self-complacency may be comprehended, and the plan, therefore, may embrace an understanding with the law, that, for certain work done, it is “to speak smooth things and prophecy peace.” All this proceeds still upon the idea of its being a merely arbitrary code of restrictions, with arbitrary sanctions—which is the only idea of law now natural to man; for if, even while yet innocent, he was tempted to take that view, now that the elements of condemnation on the side of law, and corruption on his own side, have come in to make a breach between them, how can he regard it in any other light than as a hard master, with whom, for his own ease, some bargain, more or less strict, must be arranged? Thus settling his rule of life, among the different objects which he “covets”—in the various departments of self interest, self

gratification, self satisfaction, or self righteousness—he may be said to be making the best of his natural state of bondage, under the empire of motives.

But, suddenly, the law may acquire a new character, and its voice may be heard saying, “Thou shalt not covet”—no—not even if thou shouldst covet those good things, for the sake of which thou mightest be disposed partially to do the work of the law. The law is now seen in the light of the Divine perfections, and is felt to be not an exercise of wanton power, but “holy, just, and good”—not an arbitrary rule of government, but more like a necessary truth in the eternal science of relations—having its seat, not in the *will*, but in the *NATURE*, of God. In a word, it is perceived to be, not the product or effect—but the very law (*a priori*) of God’s will itself. Can it be questioned any longer that it is entitled to be recognised as the law of man’s will also—not merely appealing to it from without with arguments and solicitations addressed to the principle of his nature which “covets” or desires, seeming good—but ruling it from within and from above, and fitted to rule it with its own consent?

It is not, indeed, an easy process to effect this revolution in the kingdom of man’s moral constitution, by which the influence of motives—and of law, as a mere system of motives, working on man’s interested desires and fears—is made to give place to the authority of law, in its true position, as in itself, and on its own account, supreme over the will. It can be accomplished by nothing less than the union of the Divine and human natures—*first*, in the person of Him who divests the law of its aspect of terror, as well as of its form of a covenant, or conditional compact, by taking away its condemnation of guilt, and placing the believer on the footing of all its demands being already fully met—and *then*, in the heart of the believer himself, who, being in his sanctification made “partaker of the divine nature,” is thereby enabled to stand—if we may so speak, without irreverence—in the same relation to the law in which God himself stands, and to feel towards it as God feels; reckoning it no more a restraint on his liberty to own God’s commandment as the law of *his* created will, than it is on the liberty of God himself to have His own nature, or holy name, as the law of that holy will of His, which is uncreated and eternal.

Professor Sewell, in one place, speaks of our being under law, and in a covenant relation, to every thing around us. The law of fire says, If you touch me, I burn you; the law of water, If you leap into me, I drown you; and, in the same way, the law of God, If you do this thing, you die. In such a covenant-form, all law partakes of the spirit of bondage. But let the necessity of this form, in reference to man’s subjection to the law

of God, wholly cease, through complete justification of his person and renewal of his nature to holiness—the law then standing in the same relation to his will in which a necessary and eternal law of thought does to his understanding, will rule the appropriate functions of the will, as freely and naturally as that other law does those of the understanding; or, to go still higher, this law, applying in the same manner to man's will, in which it has ever applied to that of God, will be to man, as it is to God, “a perfect law of liberty.”

Such is the distinction which we think it important to establish, between the empire of motives and the empire of law; and such is our answer to any who might be disposed, at first sight, to allege, that these two kinds of reign are the same—that obedience to law and obedience to motives, are identical—the law of a superior being simply a stronger motive to follow a particular prescribed course, in preference to another, to which motives of a different kind solicit. In so far as this represents an actual case, it is the case of one, not obeying the law itself, but obeying some motive or reason by which the law is enforced, influenced not by the authority of the law, but by some consideration of expediency or propriety, making it seem good to him to comply with the law. For it is a great truth, that these two sorts of service are not only different, but opposed; obedience to motives is bondage—obedience to law is liberty.

But how to pass from the one to the other—“*hic labor, hoc opus est*”—how to get from under the dominion of those influences which operate by awakening desire, and rise to a higher sphere, “to will and to do of God's good pleasure,” this—revelation apart—is the insoluble problem of man's moral nature. The transition from the “Everlasting No,” or attitude of negative defiance, which Carlyle so quaintly, yet so vividly, describes, and to which the old Stoics boasted to have attained—to the “Everlasting Yes,” or attitude of positive attainment, after which Carlyle himself, unhappily, does but dimly grope*—is the great work which the Spirit of God accomplishes, through the belief of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Between the two states, all moral philosophy has continually been oscillating; and its various schools are but different attempts to end the weary vibration, and fix the pendulum on either side, or in the middle. It is most interesting, in this view, to mark the leading sects, and trace their finer shadings into one

* See “Sartor Resartus,” the oddest and most *bizarre*, but, at the same time, perhaps, the most able and philosophical of this writer's singular productions.

another. Epicurus, for example, with his real followers—not the herd who merely stole and scandalized his name—may be regarded as aiming at the highest perfection of the kingdom of motives. Considering man simply as a rational being, prone to “covet,” it was the glory of that philosophy to show that wise “coveting” must be identical with virtue; for this was surely what its famous maxim meant, that pleasure is the chief good, and virtue the truest pleasure. The Stoics, again, in the cold pride of their negative creed, disowning and disdaining the empire of desire, vindicated the mastery of the independent will of man, subjecting all things to it—subjecting or allying it to none; a heartless style of moral surgery, isolating and mutilating the patient, but neither eradicating the morbid tendency, nor stimulating the healthier action which might absorb it. To resist the influence of motives, merely for the stern satisfaction of resisting it; to “covet” still, but to be resolute in the determination to “covet” in vain—such was the Stoical prescription for making man, if not happy, at least superior to misery—if not good and holy, at least brave in fighting against evil, and waging an unequal warfare with the impure. A third school may be traced among the finer spirits whom the groves of the Academy inspired—enamoured of the ideal forms of truth and beauty, and disposed to yield themselves to the contemplation of that divine excellence, and infinite fulness of love, in whose bosom they would be content to be swallowed up. But even in its most sublime aspirations, this philosophy—refining, to their highest perfection, the intellectual, the imaginative, the sentient, and, we may add, the sacred, elements of man’s nature—failed to deal with the will. Man might become, as it were, by sympathy, a part of God, seeming almost to lose his separate identity, in his rapturous communion with the image of perfect loveliness and glory which his fancy might create; but God, as the lawgiver, is, on this theory, unknown; and the position of man, as the son, and intelligent servant, and, in a sense, the companion of God, in the obedience of his will to God’s law—is a position which is scarcely once dreamed of, in all the wisdom of the Greeks.

Modern speculations, apart from the Gospel, range substantially under the same heads with the more ancient. They all alike fail in the department which touches the relation between the law of God and the free will of man. Nor is this wonderful; for that relation can be adjusted rightly, only when there is a previous adjustment of the relation between God and man themselves. Without the doctrines of reconciliation through the Son, and regeneration by the Spirit, man may try to make the best of his natural state, by proportioning his desires to the safest means of their gratification, or he may affect an ascetic insensi-

bility, or he may become a dreaming enthusiast; but he never can be God's subject, or do God's work.

Reconciliation, then, and regeneration, must be the beginning of practical ethics—the first step to obedience. Nor will it suffice, that these blessings be conveyed in any mystical form, without the knowledge or consciousness of the receiver. They must be recognised and realized by him, through faith. Even Professor Sewell often seems to admit this; and there are portions of his work in which he dwells upon it with considerable effect. In fact, he allows, that baptismal grace, which he, of course, makes to include both justification and the new birth, is wholly inoperative in a large number of the baptized, and that it lies dormant and dead until it is revived by intelligent acts of faith. Now, we hold, as strongly as he does, that when there is faith, the sacrament is really connected with the grace which it signifies, and we can, to a large extent, go along with him in his description of the advantage which a baptized person believing, or a believer baptized, has, for prosecuting the work of the Lord.

In the passage, for instance, which we are about to quote, we find him giving a highly beautiful analysis and exposition of the process by which a believer becomes obedient to the law of God, to which, naturally, man "is not subject, neither indeed can be." The error, indeed, to which we have so often referred—that of baptismal regeneration—is fundamental, and vitiates whatever system it touches. At the same time, in perusing such extracts as the following, we might almost be inclined to believe, that the author is—at least occasionally—more evangelical than his creed. For, does he not, in fact, describe a moral and spiritual regeneration, which can be realized only by faith? He puts his Christian warrior in such a state of complete and personal reconciliation to God, as cannot but imply, if it is more than a mere name, consent on his part, as well as complacency on the part of God. And, indeed, the chief effect of this dogma, which seems to fall out of his view, in this instance, while he is building up his noble structure, although it is officiously made to apply to it in the end, is this—and it is lamentable enough—that it virtually undoes his whole labour, and draws out the very foundation of his fabric. For, as it denies assurance of faith, and substitutes the doubtful recovery, from time to time, of some mysterious baptismal charm—again and again lost, and again and again to be grasped in a precarious hold—instead of the calm and holy sense, of peace obtained, and the Spirit given, through the sprinkling of atoning blood, once for all, on the conscience—this sad element, insidious and blighting, eats out that very principle of confidence and courage on which our author justly lays so much stress, and casts back his Christian combatant into the very struggle which he has so well delineated

as hopelessly and restlessly prolonged in the arena of heathen Ethics, by those who knew not the grace of Christ.

The passage to which we refer, is the 15th chapter of his book ; which, in one view, may be regarded as the leading thread of his whole theory, and in which he elaborately draws a contrast between the warfare of men striving to attain what is desirable, and the warfare of men who have already attained, or at least have got footing, on the territory in question, and are acting now on the defensive, while they are also moving on to take full possession or occupation of the whole. Let a few brief extracts suffice for illustration :—

“ And, first, is it not suspicious that the elements of which the feeling of desire or appetite is composed, are so similar to that action of the mind to which we have just been tracing the principle of sin ? For an object to be desired, it must be absent in reality, yet present in the mind ; brought into it by that imaginative power which peoples the world with dreams and visions of past or future, until it blinds our eyes to the realities that are present. And it must also be pleasant, otherwise we should not dwell on it. But unreality and pleasure were the two marks set on all sinful thoughts. Yes, you will say, the desire of confessedly bad objects is itself bad, there can be no doubt ; but is desire itself bad ? has it in itself ‘ the nature of sin ? ’ Let the object be good, will it not even be a virtue ? Ought we not to strive after perfection, to fight for a crown, to hunger and thirst after righteousness ? This is the question which I now wish to examine, and here seems to lie the fundamental difference between Christian and heathen Ethics. The highest effort of heathen Ethics was to place the human mind in the attitude of ardent desire after goods which it could only imagine, but did not possess ; but this very attitude is full of imperfection and error. Whereas Christianity throws him into the other attitude, of defending what he possesses already ; and this is the proper posture originally contemplated by nature, but incapable of being realized until the gifts as well as the laws of Christianity were made known to the world.

* * * * *

“ Compare, then, generally the two attitudes as if they were embodied in sculpture, and think which presents at first sight the higher features of goodness. In the one there is the consciousness of a want—the feebleness, discontent, restlessness, feverish excitement, which always accompanies want. * * * Energy indeed there is, which is one quality of goodness ; but it is an energy impatient, unruly, and intemperate—more resembling the convulsive movements of one in pain and fretfulness, than the steady actions of one under law and discipline. These are mere hints. But if a statue were formed in this spirit, the eye distended, the arms stretched out to grasp at a shadow, every nerve strained, every lineament betokening restlessness and pain—though it were a noble figure, animated with the noblest longing after the noblest of objects—would it be a spectacle on which the eye could rest with perfect satisfaction and approbation ?

"And now look into the images of the human mind set before us in heathen philosophy—in the heroic periods of ancient history—even in those modern theories and works of fiction, in which men, without formally abjuring Christianity, have entirely departed from its principles—and see if almost all the personages whom you trace there are not painted in the attitude of desire; and if to this very cause is not owing that morbid feverishness and discomfort, that vague empty aspiration after unreal perfection, that gloomy discontent, and final self-abandonment, which make indeed the interest, but unmake the real dignity and goodness of the minds that study them. * * *

"And now compare it with the other attitude, in which a better philosophy would place it.

"Give a man that which he values. Surround him with enemies who threaten to take it from him. Inspire him not only with an ardent affection for that which he possesses, but with confidence in a power within him to retain possession of it. And then watch the temper and posture in which he will gird himself for this defensive struggle. There will be as much energy and vigour as in the other supposed case. But it will be quiet, vigilant, thoughtful, full of dignity and repose, with no effort misdirected, no power wasted, no impatience or restlessness; contented, definite in its objects, clear and precise in its views, satisfied with the present, free from vague unbridled fancies, and, above all, recognising in all its movements a fixed positive external law by which to direct them. Place before you two combatants in a real personal battle—one struggling to kill his antagonist, the other only to defend himself—and which would offer the noblest object to satisfy the eye of a spectator?"*—Pp. 201, 202, 204, 206.

We are aware that Professor Sewell proceeds to draw a distinction between *cupido* and *desiderium*, i. e. between the restless craving for a satisfaction which has never been enjoyed, and that sense of the temporary loss of an attained good, which creates a longing for its recovery. To a certain extent we admit the distinction; but it does not avail the Professor. According to the Evangelical view of regeneration, a man born again by the power of the Spirit through belief of the truth, actually and experimentally realizes the change of which baptism is the sign and seal, and becomes, *consciously*, a possessor of the blessings which it implies, viz. the divine favour and participation of the divine nature. His state of mind, therefore, is properly *desiderium*, when he desires, either

* By the way, we would ask, is it through inadvertence, that Abraham, David, and Socrates, are classed together as examples of virtue on the former of these plans? (see p. 276). In another writer this would seem irreverent. Were Abraham and David destitute of sacramental grace? Is this a tenet of Tractarianism? The father of the faithful—the model of faith to all succeeding ages—no better off, as to the cultivation of virtue, than the heathen philosopher! and is circumcision—from the apostolic definition of which we derive our very term "seal," as denoting a sacrament—really after all no sacrament? (See Romans iv. 11.)

the restoration of these blessings upon his partially losing his sense of them, or a larger measure of them, when his spiritual appetite is stimulated by the very food it feeds on. Thus he presses on from strength to strength, as the Apostle describes his progress, (Phil. iii. 8-14.) But baptismal regeneration implies no *conscious* possession of any blessings whatsoever; and, unless something equivalent to regeneration, in the evangelical sense, be superadded, it leaves the baptized person still in the attitude, not of *desiderium*, but of *cupido*. It is admitted, that he may lose his baptismal grace. But, in that case, if he never was conscious of it, wherein does he differ—as to any advantage in the cultivation of his character—from him who never had it? If it be answered that baptism conveys a real, though latent virtue—a kind of charm which may avail the baptized person, although he be not conscious of it—still this will not turn *cupido* into *desiderium*. It is curious, in connexion with this distinction, to turn to the closing chapter of Professor Sewell's book, in which he leaves his Christian warrior, whom he has been so anxious to emancipate, under the hardest bondage of ascetic penance and mental doubt; and—instead of the spirit of liberty in which the soldier of the Cross should maintain the fair field, and prosecute the glorious march of christianity—presents to us the painful and desperate struggle of one striving vehemently to have his fettered limbs relieved, by some slight lengthening, or better adjustment of his chains—and striving even for this in vain.

But we must draw this article to a close, leaving a wide field still untraversed, and almost unsurveyed; for we have done little more than attempt to make our way, through some wanderings in this vast wilderness, to the Jordan over which we pass, that we may set foot on the promised land, thereafter to be occupied and tilled. The divisions and allotments of the land, we cannot now stay to trace out; scarcely even can we cast a glance over it from any Pisgah mount of vision; but we may note the air and bearing of the Captain and soldiers in the host, as they successively take their places on the ground henceforward to be the scene of their defensive warfare and their progressive march.

When the moral character of the Saviour is contemplated, it is usual to dwell on the various excellences and graces by which he was adorned, as flowing from the perfection of his nature, and the infinitely holy tendencies of his sinless constitution. His meekness, gentleness, patience—his unwearied zeal in doing good—his piety, with its nightly vigils and prayers—his tender compassion, with its tears, and words, and deeds of sympathy—are all viewed as proceeding naturally, and, in a manner, necessarily, from the perfect balance of his soul—whose very essence might be truly said to be love to God, his Father, and to men,

his brethren. But simple and affecting as this view is, it is by no means complete. Let the actual history be considered. In his very first act after his inauguration, by the descent of the Spirit, and the voice from heaven, He is seen contending with the Devil, and resisting his attempt to subject him to the bondage of motives. Satan, if it were possible, would have ruled him, as he has always ruled fallen man, by considerations and influences, addressed, as it were, *a posteriori*, to the various principles of his nature which generate desire, whether to obtain good, or to avoid evil. The Saviour, rejecting these solicitations, refuses to be subject to the sway of motives. He owns and pleads an antecedent, *a priori*, subjection to a sway of another kind—the authority and law of the Father, whose servant he has consented to become. And in his whole subsequent obedience, he appears, not merely as developing the native fruits of a perfect nature, but also and chiefly as acting under law. This, indeed, is the principal marvel and the principal value of the great fact of the incarnation, that it presents to us a Divine person, one truly and verily God, not merely acting from the impulse of his own Divine nature, but acting under the authority of law; not merely showing himself to be full of grace and truth, but becoming *obedient*. Nor can any representation of Christ, whether as the surety or the example of his people, be sufficient or satisfactory, which does not concentrate attention on this single feature of his whole walk and his whole work on earth, namely, that he was rendering obedience—and “learning obedience,”*—as one under law, to the Father.

And now, passing from the Saviour himself to the humble believer, let the principle of personal and vital union between them—not through baptism, but through that work of the Spirit, of which baptism is the sign and seal—be recognised as a reality; and not only does the position of Christ, while he was on earth, become that of the believer, but the nature also of Christ becomes truly his; he is “made partaker of the Divine nature.” He receives from God the adoption of his Son; he receives also the Spirit of his Son. And even as Christ, “though he were a Son, yet learned obedience,” so also does the believer. It might be thought, that in consequence of the union of the Divine nature with the human in the person of Christ, his will, as man, might have been exempt from subjection to law, and might have been left to act from the impulse of its own

* Hebrews, 5th chap. 8th verse. This text might receive illustration from the view here given, as it represents the Saviour, not merely spontaneously manifesting the “beauty of his holiness,” but painfully, yet willingly, elaborating his obedience to the Father and to the Father’s law.

original uprightness, under the various influences brought to bear upon it. And the infusion of grace, or of the Divine nature, into the renewed heart of the believer, may seem to supersede the necessity of law, by imparting a sort of constitutional holiness, such as, naturally and by the ordinary action of moral causes, must ensure right volitions and right actions. For still, man would be as God, or he would dream of a perfection resolving itself into the idea of absorption into Deity. But if distinct personality is to be preserved, and the personal relation of the individual man to God, law must continue to intervene between them. It belongs to God alone to act from his own nature, or, in scriptural language, "for his own name's sake." Man must be under law. It is true, indeed, that as a strait fence to restrain from excess, and a stern minister of terror to threaten vengeance, the law is "made for the disobedient," and they who are the sons of God are freed from the law, in this secondary aspect of mere force, which transgression has compelled it to assume. But in its primary aspect of authority, it resumes its empire over the disenthralled will, whose very freedom consists in the capacity of thus owning its authority. The truth is, as we have seen, that, in the other view of it, in which it appears simply as a restraining and avenging power, law acts on the will, not by its own weight, but through the influence of motives. It appeals to the inner man through his interested desires or fears. It is the privilege of faith, rejoicing in acceptance through free grace, and in the gift of the free Spirit, to be delivered from the bondage of the law, as a law of constraint and condemnation, that it may recognise it in its higher and purer form, as the law of authority in the kingdom of Him whose reign is now gladly welcomed, and therefore, to all the subjects of that kingdom, the law of love and of liberty.

Not a few interesting Theological questions here present themselves for consideration; and we are not sure but that an important line of distinction might be traced between two Theological schools, or two different modes of stating the Evangelical system;—the one, that which would represent the sinner as caught up or apprehended, as a part in the mighty scheme of grace, to be carried on by its machinery, and perfected for glory;—the other, that which would deal with him more directly as a being of an independent will, and recognise more explicitly his call to personal exertion. Both of these modifications of the scheme of grace imply an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of God; but in the one case, it is the sovereignty of his decrees, or his will and power, that is most prominently in view; in the other, it is the sovereignty of his law: in the former, it is his sovereignty as the great first cause; in the latter, it is his sove-

reignty as the Ruler. Perhaps Edwards might be cited to illustrate the former of these views. Never man so thoroughly surrendered himself to the absolute and sovereign will of the Supreme; never man entered with more entire acquiescence and self-abandonment into the councils of the All-wise; counting it his safety and highest honour to be embraced, as an individual, in the infinite ocean of Divine love—to be apprehended and borne along in the march of that Divine providence and gracious purpose of salvation which, issuing from the everlasting Throne, before time was, sweeps into its ample tide the chosen of the Father, and bears them on its bosom to the haven of their eternal rest. On the other hand, were we to select an example of a somewhat different style of Christian thought, recognising, equally with the former, the Divine sovereignty, but placing it somewhat more upon the footing of law, and of the appeal which law makes to the activity and independence of the will, as well as to the loyalty of the conscience—we might point, perhaps, to the recorded experience of the great Reformer, in his prolonged mental struggle preceding his spiritual emancipation,* and still more to that practical turn of mind which forms not the least characteristic feature of Luther, whether as a Christian man, or a Theologian.† A most interesting study thus presents itself before us, not only tending to illustrate the wisdom of God in fitting his servants, by a diversity of natural tendencies and acquired habits of thought, for their several missions in his kingdom, but opening up a variety of views, connected with the application of Theology to Ethics, which well deserve to be followed out. In fact, it would almost seem as if there were room for a new science, or, at least, for a new division of this branch of the science of mind. For the inquiry respecting the relation in which ethics stand to theology, is distinct from the converse or counterpart inquiry, respecting the right application of theology to ethics. To the former, which may be called *the theology of ethics*, the principal attention of ethico-theological writers has been directed; and since the revival and expansion of Butler's views by Dr. Chalmers, that branch may be regarded as nearly exhausted. The latter, which may be denominated *the ethics of theology*, is the proper field of the Christian moralist, in which, both as regards its laying out and its cultivation, much remains to be done.

* See D'Aubigné, vol. i.

† The theology of Paul is a combination of both. The first chapter of Ephesians, and the seventh and eighth chapters of Romans, may, in this view, be compared.

ART. IX.—*The Perils of the Nation. An Appeal to the Legislature, the Clergy, and the Higher and Middle Classes.* London. 1843.

The Aristocracy of Britain and the Laws of Entail and Primogeniture judged by recent French Writers: being Selections from the Works of Passy, Beaumont, O'Connor, Sismondi, Buret, Guizot, Dupin, Say, Blanqui, and Mignet. London. 1844.

THE state of the country is certainly one of peril—of great and imminent peril. While wealth and the external means of happiness are accumulating, to an enormous extent, in one portion of society, masses at the opposite extremity are becoming every year more oppressed—more subject to want and misery—less able to make a livelihood by unwearied toil, and are daily sinking into lower depths of ignorance, degradation, and vice. The exposure which has lately been made of the physical and moral condition of large classes of the working population, is absolutely appalling; and the evil is advancing with fearful rapidity. The yawning gulf which separates the upper and lower portions of society is daily widening, and across it, they are regarding each other with ever-increasing mistrust; the one full of jealousy and dread—the other of hatred and defiance. The aristocracy, in their fear, are exerting a sterner and more grinding domination, to repress an apprehended effort to throw it off altogether; and the democracy are harbouring an intenser spirit of revenge. In the most degraded portion of the population, all moral restraint is lost; and even the ties of family, which are in the social world what adhesive attraction is in the material, and without which society itself would be dissolved, are nearly destroyed. If some conducting means be not provided, by which peacefully to restore things to a more natural condition, to render the immense wealth of the upper classes more available for keeping up and rewarding the industry of the lower—to stop their downward progress, and raise them to a higher level, and so remove the causes of mutual jealousy and hate, and prepare the way for a kindlier and more healthful tone of feeling among all ranks of men, the equilibrium will, in all probability, ere long be forcibly restored, by a storm which may, at the same time, cast down to the earth the most firmly founded institutions of the country. The call for a remedy is pressingly urgent; but as yet an insuperable barrier has been interposed to any

attempt to provide one, by the system of party policy on which the government of this country has hitherto been carried on. We are not about to decry the existence of political parties in a state, or the system of carrying on government by means of them. In a free country, and under a popular constitution, men must combine in order to act efficiently. It is not to the existence of parties that we object, but to the leading principle by which all parties regulate their conduct. This principle has too exclusively been the promotion of mere party objects, the advancement of the interests of their members, and the conciliating of those class-interests on which they choose mainly to lean for support, at the expense of the interests of the community at large. As "in war itself, the object is not war," so party ought not to be the object of party; and until the principle be adopted, of unhesitatingly and unflinchingly sacrificing personal, class, and party interests to the general weal, no real progress—no effectual commencement even—can be made in the only course that can save the country.

One main obstacle to such a principle being honestly and truly adopted by political parties, as a rule of conduct, is presented by the conviction with which political men appear to be so strongly impressed, that it is impossible for any party to maintain itself in power by means of a government conducted simply with a view to the general good. This we believe to be an error. Unless the extension of the franchise effected by the Reform Bill, have utterly and absolutely failed of its purpose—which we should be unwilling yet to allow—a preponderating voice in determining ultimately who shall govern the country is vested in the great body of the middle classes; a number of whom, sufficient always to turn the scale between contending parties, are and ever will be found to be so far non-partisan, as to be actuated by a paramount desire to exercise their political influence for securing to the country good government. On the sound sense and right feeling of this body we confidently rely, as affording security to any administration that their steady and hearty support would be preserved by a continued course of government, patriotic and just, and simply and honestly carried on for the general good of the nation at large. Statesmen, in general, do not yet believe this. Seeing, in the more immediate sphere in which they are called to act, so much of self-seeking—such continued struggling for personal interests—such indifference to the common weal when put in competition with party ends, and so constant a pretence of serving the state when the real object is thereby to serve the individual, that they have little or no faith in the existence, in any considerable number of

the constituency, of an honest and simple-hearted desire for the good of the country, and a willingness, for its sake, to support that party or administration which shall most disinterestedly seek to advance it.

This want of confidence is undeserved. Even throwing out of view the higher motives which lead men—not trained in a course of party ambition and political intrigue—to strive after the true interests of their country, though at a sacrifice to themselves, the advancement of the interests of the great body of the middle classes must, in most cases, mainly depend on the general prosperity and welfare of the country; and although difference of opinion will arise as to how far particular measures are calculated to promote this, yet, free from the undue bias occasioned by selfish objects, such difference will be much slighter and of rarer occurrence than is generally supposed. What men require in order to secure their support to a government, is a confidence in the honesty of their purpose—in their preferring the good of the country to their own personal or party ends—in their framing every measure with reference to its bearing on the former object rather than on the latter.

If, therefore, those classes to whom we have referred found themselves under a government on which they could rely—in which they could place confidence—which, though occasionally, it might be, falling into error, undoubtedly sought, and on the whole generally attained, the main object of advancing the wellbeing and happiness of the people, they would, we firmly believe, rally round it with a cordiality and steadiness which, except on the supposition that the power of the aristocracy is still such as to make them independent of the popular voice, would secure its stability. It is not love of change, on the part of the constituency, which has of late served to render governments insecure in their tenure of power, but deficiency, on the part of the governments, in those qualifications which alone can command confidence. If this be so, it is of the utmost importance that it should be pressed on the public attention, with the view of preventing, if possible, recurrence to means of remedying the evil, (without trial of the true method of cure) which might tend to produce, either, on the one hand, anarchy and disorder, or, on the other, a grinding oligarchical domination, that would infallibly issue in a fearful revolution.

Should, indeed, the views above expressed prove unfounded—should the support to be secured to an administration by means of good government alone not be sufficient to counterbalance that of the combination in favour of class-interests, the prospect for the country would be fatal and alarming; a terrible convulsion would be inevitable, and probably near at hand. It is per-

fectly obvious, that the present Government, or any Tory Ministry, however much they seek to have the appearance, as far as possible, of acting for the general welfare, or may really desire to do so, *cannot* take this ground. We do not mean to deny to the members of the Conservative body, credit for sincerity in the conviction, that the course of policy followed by them is, in reality, best adapted for the permanent interests of the country. We doubt not, that, in general, they have managed to persuade themselves, that the maintenance of the aristocracy in its present influence, and the exercise of that influence for the protection of its peculiar advantages and monopolies, and of those of other class-interests, will best secure the stability and prosperity of the empire. But their own views are necessarily perverted by the interests of their body, and the prejudices and feelings that have thence arisen; while the members of any cabinet, composed of their adherents, must, of necessity, act in substantial conformity to these views and feelings. By the very law of their being, such a ministry must uphold, as paramount to every other, the interest of the great class which they represent—which “made them, and can unmake them.” In former times, when really, as they are still in name, the “servants” of the *sovereign*, they were the mere executors of his will, and the assertors of his prerogative. So now, they are the servants of the aristocracy, in whom, from the Revolution till the passing of the Reform Bill, the sovereignty of this country has been virtually vested, and who are vigorously striving to have it once more restored to them.

Fond hopes were, indeed, entertained, that after escaping the convulsion which so nearly impended when the Reform Bill was carried, the aristocracy would have had their eyes opened to the danger of grasping at an exclusive domination; and that, reconciled to the loss of the factitious power of which, in part, they were then deprived, they would have contented themselves with the legitimate influence which their property and station must ever confer, and have been willing to employ it no longer for their own exclusive advantage, but, making common cause with the body of the nation, to exert it for the good of all. Thus leading the people—the people would have gladly followed them. They possess in great measure qualities which might have enabled them to win the attachment of the people, were these freed from the perverted influence of an overweening regard for their own order. Honourable, manly, enterprising, kind and affectionate in their domestic relations, liberal to their dependents and tenantry, while not thwarting their will, generous to all whom they can immediately connect with themselves, or recognise as attached to their class, and willing to serve and support it—they have but to break down the barrier which they interpose between their own body,

with its dependents, and the community at large, and to bring the latter within the sphere of the operation of those qualities which bind together the former, in order, with the cordial acquiescence and good will of all, to take that place in the country which their wealth and rank would warrant. So far from there being any *natural* tendency in the body of the people to look with distrust or dislike on those superior to them in station, they are too apt to yield an exaggerated admiration and reverence to their good qualities; and they are ever willing to make an unstinted return of affection and respect for any affection and respect shewn by their superiors to them. The aristocracy in this country have but to evince, in their conduct, a genuine and liberal regard for the wellbeing of the other ranks of society—a readiness to sacrifice their own exclusive and selfish interests for the public good—a cordial sympathy for the sufferings of the poorer classes, and an earnest desire, accompanied by a steady effort, to improve their condition, and elevate their character—to reap an unbounded harvest of attachment and confidence. They might thus have *commenced*, at least, the healing of the grievous wound which is daily assuming more alarming symptoms—the closing of that gulf which separates the great classes of the nation, and the soothing of those feelings of suspicion, hatred, and defiance, which long-continued perseverance in an opposite course has so largely engendered. Unhappily for the country—unhappily for themselves—their discomfiture in the Reform contest produced in them a state of feeling the very reverse of what was hoped for. Deeply resenting the assault upon their power—rankling with wounded pride at their defeat—jealous, with a tenfold jealousy, of farther encroachment, they have set themselves to guard more watchfully, and to grasp with greater tenacity, the privileges and advantages, and the extensive direct power and influence which they yet retain. Surprised too, as well as delighted, to see how soon that influence again began to operate, how ready the people were to submit once more to their sway, in the easy hope that it would now be more beneficent—they have deluded themselves into the belief that by presenting a bolder front and a more determined resistance, they might have defeated the Reform Bill itself; and that henceforward, the safety of their order, and the permanence of their influence, depend upon the firmness with which they resist further concession, and the steadiness with which they keep down the masses, and assert their own dominancy; while this is too often and too largely mingled with a spirit of persecuting tyranny over all who would oppose their will, and are too weak to resist it, descending even to the humblest victims, and exhibiting a paltriness—we might say, a meanness—altogether inconsistent

with some of the qualities for which we would willingly give them credit.

They are now also much more effectively combined for promoting the interests of their body than heretofore. In former times, the aristocracy was nearly equally divided into two great parties, contesting with each other the possession of power, and the privileges and benefits conferred by it; and although both were alike attached to their common interests, yet in the keenness of party struggle, the one or the other section was inclined occasionally to consent to some sacrifice of these, for the attainment of the more immediate object for which they mutually strove. In consequence, however, of the recent assault on the power which was common to the body, though unequally distributed among the individuals composing it, they are now, in a great measure, united into one phalanx, instead of being divided as hitherto into two rival bands. It is obvious, too, that at every addition made to popular influence, some individuals of their number, whom party considerations or family connexions have as yet kept back, will join them; while, as death removes those bound by personal feelings to the Liberal party, their heirs, with exceptions alike noble and rare, will range themselves with those banded together in defence of their order, the interests and power of which are believed to be assailed. Even by themselves, this great body is most formidable in point of power. Possessed of so enormous an amount of property, and consequent influence; high spirited and courageous as the aristocracy of England have ever been, they have all the confidence and boldness which the long exercise of power confers. Stimulated by the greatness of the stake for which they have to strive, being no less than the permanent government of this mighty empire, and the exclusive disposal of its revenues, secular and ecclesiastical, which had, so long and to so great an extent, been deemed an appanage of their own, wherewith to make provision for their families and dependents, they have of course exerted their utmost energy to recover what had been so hardly wrenched from their grasp. Although for the moment stunned* by the blow that had been dealt them, they have watched their opportunity for renewing the contest with desperate effort and vigour. In that contest, too, they do not stand alone.

The Established Church of England, so intimately, through patronage and sympathy, linked to the aristocracy, and yet, by the opening to advancement and high station which it affords to individuals of the lower orders, connecting itself in some measure with all—thoroughly and necessarily imbued with an exclusive and corporate spirit—viewing with an equal jealousy the change effected by the extension of the franchise—and conscious, that as

the most monstrous monopoly and abuse which the empire exhibits, it was thereby exposed to the risk of what was probably more dreaded than even a total overthrow—a thorough reformation—has lent its mighty aid to those who are combined to obstruct the progress of practical reform, and to wrest power from the hands of the Reformers.

As, in the days of Laud, the rise, within the Church, of doctrines in accordance with the Romish faith, was accompanied by the inculcation of the most slavish submission to despotic power, and by an understanding between the monarch, in whom was then vested the sovereign power of the state, and the rulers of the Church, by which they mutually supported each other's domination—the Church advocating the despotism of the king, and obtaining in return, the power to exercise a corresponding despotism over those who would not submit to the Church's exclusive spiritual authority, or rigidly adopt all its ceremonies;—so now, the revival of these same doctrines is accompanied by a similar spirit in civil matters, and a corresponding alliance; the only difference being, that the aristocracy now hold the place then occupied by the king. This produces a peculiar closeness of relation between these two great bodies, and more cordial union in action than probably existed at any former period. The strong desire of the Church for power, revived with tenfold force after a long period of quiescence, might, indeed, ere long create jealousies between them, especially in reference to the matter of patronage, which the Church will soon strive to get more effectually under its own control, were it not, that, from the powerful influence now brought to bear on the great body of the youth of the aristocracy, in their progress through the Universities, they seem likely to be imbued with a Church spirit so strong, as to counteract, in this respect, the natural tendency to resist any encroachment on their privileges. Meanwhile, the interests and sympathies of the two bodies so entirely correspond, that they may be viewed as completely identified with each other.

This great and powerful united body, whose most highly prized interests are exclusive, and irreconcilable with the general interests of the country, has also very important auxiliaries, in addition to the various minor bodies who make their gain by existing monopolies or existing abuses, and who will of course always join the party which contends for the maintenance of class-interests. The aristocracy of this country are distinguished by a peculiarity, which is the main cause of their strength and power—namely, their freedom from that strictly exclusive system which refuses to receive and amalgamate with themselves accessions from the inferior classes of society. They readily open

their ranks to all who raise themselves to a sufficient degree of affluence, and so keep their body in full vigour by a constant infusion of new blood, and create a community of policy and interest on the part of many, not yet entitled to rank among them, but who look forward to the time when they or their children shall do so. They are at the same time most liberal in rewarding all who are willing and able to serve them; and this not merely by the sordid gifts of place and emolument, but by the reception of the more eminent into their own number and society. In this way they gain powerful aid from among two different but important classes—the superior traders and manufacturers, who anticipate, with complacency, the period when they or their children shall take their place with the great landed aristocracy, and share the prestige that surrounds them, and the power which they wield—and the adventurers of talent who are willing to devote their services to the party by whom these will be best rewarded.

Attached to the former of these auxiliary bodies is a class the most valuable of any, for the credit and character they bring with them to the side to which they adhere—viz. that of numerous individuals in the middle ranks of life, chiefly concerned in their own affairs, and faithfully performing the duties of their own immediate sphere, but timidly apprehensive of any thing which may disturb the ordinary routine of their daily walk, or endanger, as they fancy, the security of their increasing wealth; who, shutting their eyes to the more remote though far more serious dangers to which a continued course of exclusive government will ultimately expose them, and to the evils which other ranks suffer, cling to the immediate appearance of stability, which the sway of a powerful aristocracy provides. Under the former class again, may be included a large and active body of persons of a character more and more unscrupulous the lower they descend in the scale;—from the aspirant after power, conscious of high talent fitting him to assume a station amid the rulers of the people, and free from the restraints which a consistent adherence to principles would impose, through the ordinary staff of mere place-hunters, the political hacks of the press who unblushingly sell their aid, and the host of electioneering attorneys and dependents on the landed aristocracy, to the rabble of assistants, hired bullies, and go-betweens, who conduct the grosser details of corruption at election contests. Adherents of this class will always be found attached to every political party, but they will of course be most numerous on the side which is most ready and most able to reward them, and whose power of reward is not altogether dependent on success; while they will be most bold and unscrupulous when in the em-

ployment of those, whose individual and separate power assures them of a support in a great measure free from the check and control of public opinion, or public responsibility.

That a Government which represents our aristocracy should rule for the general good—is impossible. The attempt to make any real sacrifice of their exclusive or class-interests, for the interests of the nation, would be the signal for its abandonment by them, and consequent overthrow. To such general professions of Liberal principles, or even to such practical application of them, in regard to matters not immediately affecting themselves, as may be of service in propitiating certain other classes, and throwing a veil over the more revolting features of their system, they would submit, however distasteful to them. But while incapable of enlarged views as to the ultimate result of any course of policy, and smitten with infatuated blindness as to the future dangers they are incurring, they possess a keen and nearly intuitive perception of the tendency of any measure to lessen their immediate influence or power, and are, on the instant, ready to suspect and resist it. In their present Prime Minister—how jealous soever of him a large proportion of them may be—they have secured an instrument peculiarly fitted for their purpose. Of great sagacity and unwearied patience, he lays well his plans, and watchfully waits for the proper time to execute them. Of high talent and eminent plausibility, he gives to his policy the most favourable colouring it will bear, and presents decent excuses to those who require such cloaks. Clearly seeing that the naked deformity of the system which he is required to uphold would revolt the nation, he adopts in his conduct the utmost extent of liberality which is consistent with his retaining the support of his employers. At the same time, having no fixed principle, he is ready at once to accommodate himself to whatever course expediency requires. Without a true independence, while boasting that he will not hold office in trammels, he ever yields his professed convictions, on the dread of danger to his interests. Despising, as he must do, the narrow views of those whose servant he has become—resenting probably their suspicions of him, and all the more from the consciousness that though admitted to their familiar circle, and possessed of as much surface polish as the material will admit of, he has not the ease and inborn refinement of the sphere to which he has raised himself—he yet conforms to the one, and submits to the other, in order to retain the proud pre-eminence which, by their support, he enjoys. On the other hand, they—mortified to feel themselves, with all their power and influence, so dependent on his talents and management; jealous of his profession of Liberal views, which they can scarcely reconcile with devo-

tion to their service—cannot but harbour the strongest suspicion, that, if he could base his own power on another equally sure foundation, he would betray their cause;—and although the master-power of Wellington, to whom all of them willingly bow and submit, restrains the outward exhibition of it, a large portion at least of the body watch his proceedings with a vigilance that must induce on his part the utmost caution, lest he overstep the bounds which they allow him. Essentially, therefore, his government is that of a class, whose interest must be the paramount object to be pursued; and such, accordingly, has hitherto been its character. Since his assumption of office, every interest has yielded to that of the Aristocracy, and of the Established Church; and every improvement for the benefit of the people at large has been sacrificed, which does not, at the same time, advance that interest, or, at all events, which in any degree threatens to interfere with it.

This, of course, has appeared most prominently in reference to the Corn Laws, which secure to the landed aristocracy their grand monopoly in the food of the people. Sir Robert Peel, doubtless, sees well the injury to the nation which these laws produce, and he probably anticipated that, in the event of a bad harvest occurring in the midst of the late fearful distress among the manufacturing classes, some relaxation would be inevitable in order to ward off a convulsion. This, at least, seems the only way in which to account for a man of his capacity having committed himself to the sliding-scale—a part of the system which is almost universally admitted to be indefensible, and which, among its other great disadvantages, is peculiarly fitted to prevent the farmer from ever realizing the fair profit of his produce. It had, however, in his eyes, this merit, that while it relieved him from the necessity of any declaration, when striving for office, which might have alienated the landed interest, it left a door by which, in the event of absolute necessity, a modification might have been introduced. As it is, whether from the relief of the pressure which a bad harvest and continued mercantile distress would have occasioned, or the more peremptory tone adopted by the aristocracy, the announcement is now made, that no alteration is to take place, and that the subsisting monopoly is to be secured to the aristocracy unimpaired.

In the great measure of his administration, too—the Property Tax—the same deference to class-interests has been paid. No doubt, the submitting to a property tax at all was a material sacrifice on the part of the aristocracy; but without it, their ministry could not have taken office. An increase of the revenue was essential to enable any administration to carry on the government of the country; and this could only be provided by

one or other of two courses—an abandonment of the great monopolies, or the imposition of a property tax. The former of these courses they would never consent to ; and submission to the latter, therefore, was the sacrifice which, however reluctantly, they were compelled to make, as the price of their restoration to power. But, in laying on the burden, it was so apportioned as to rest with the least possible weight on the owners of wealth. Justice would have required that the professional man and the annuitant, whose *property* was only their life interest in their income, should be taxed only on that property, when the owner of capital was truly taxed only upon his. But the annual income of both was taken as equally the criterion of the property of both and of the tax to be levied, to the unfair and grievous oppression of the one class, and the iniquitous relief of the other. This could not have happened in any country, or under any government, in which class-interests were not predominant.

In regard to another and still more vitally important question, a corresponding tendency was shown, under circumstances which made it still more reprehensible. The necessity for the immediate adoption of steps for promoting the religious education of the children of the working classes, is urgent beyond all expression ; but even this must be made subservient to propping up the Established Church, or be abandoned as the object of any national measure. The Establishment of England had ever been, not merely indifferent, but opposed to the education of the people. It was only when successful opposition seemed hopeless, that the idea was taken up of making education subservient to the maintenance of the Church ;—and this at a time when, in the view even of many ministers of the Establishment itself, and certainly of the community at large, the committing to it the instruction of the people was to place the rising generation in the course of being trained in a grievously erroneous system of religious belief, and with a slavish prostration of mind, which must have repressed in them freedom of private judgment, and unfitted them for upholding the liberties of the country. The united and determined resistance of all the non-established communions—an effort, which, among many causes of discouragement, affords ground of hope for the future—drove the Government from this bold attempt. But the resolution which they then adopted was to abandon any general scheme of national education, rather than adopt one which was founded on a national basis, and which would not be subservient to the class-interests they represent and are bound to uphold—to sacrifice the instruction of the people, unless it could be so carried on as to promote and extend the exclusive privileges of the Establishment.

While rejoicing at the defeat of a scheme, which would have

been far more permanently injurious to the true interests of education and religion, than leaving the erection of schools to the voluntary efforts of the public, we cannot but express our sorrow at the striking want of knowledge of the real feelings of the people on this subject, which was exhibited by the leaders of the Liberal party. But for the overwhelming mass of petitions poured in upon the House of Commons from without, the opposition from within would have been so feeble, as in no degree to have impeded the progress of the measure, and would have been got rid of altogether by modifications, which would have left all its worst characteristics unchanged.

The same policy of making use of the cause of education to bolster up the Establishment—which was thus tried in England—has been introduced also in Scotland, in the disposal of the Parliamentary grant for aiding in the building of schools. The Government have laid down a general rule—never previously applied to schools in Scotland—the practical effect of which is, that no aid shall be given for the erection of any school not connected with the Establishment, which is not subjected, either to the National School Society of England, requiring the children to be trained in the principles of the Church of England—a condition which Presbyterians cannot, of course, submit to—or to the British and Foreign School Society, excluding the use of any creed or catechism, and consequently any definite system of religious instruction. This new regulation has been applied where the catechism proposed to be taught was the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly, which is one of the standards of the Established Church of Scotland, and, as such, approved by the State itself, and used in all the Establishment schools, whether aided by public grant or not.

Earnestly religious men will not be contented with religious instruction not based upon a definite system of doctrine. In Scotland particularly this feeling is strong, while the concurrence of all the Presbyterian bodies, and generally of the Congregationalists also, in the doctrines set forth in the Shorter Catechism, renders it a basis of such instruction, common to nearly the whole population.

It cannot be imagined, that the present Government prefer a non-religious education, or an indefinite religious instruction, to that sanctioned and approved by law, in Scotland, for the parochial schools, and adopted in all schools in connexion with the Establishment. They must prefer the latter; and they accordingly at once grant aid to schools in which it is to be afforded, in connexion with the Establishment. But what they say to the religious people of Scotland belonging to non-established communions is this:—If you desire religious education

according to your common belief, you must seek it exclusively in connexion with the Establishment—If you will not accept it there, you must *either* deny it to your children altogether, or forfeit all share of the national grant for the erection of schools;—but definite religious education, even on the basis of the creed approved by the State itself, you shall not have in conjunction with State aid, unless in an Establishment school. This policy is sufficiently subtle, but is also sufficiently base. Knowing the intense feeling of the mass of the Scottish people in favour of religious instruction based on the doctrines of their own faith, the Government vainly hope that by being shut up to this alternative, they will prefer the religious instruction they so earnestly desire for their children, even in connexion with the Establishment which they condemn, and from which they have separated, to subjecting them to a non-religious education, or depriving themselves of the aid, in building their schools, which their comparative poverty so much needs; and they expect thus gradually to strengthen the enfeebled, and now almost tottering Establishment.

Such are some examples of the system on which, in regard to all matters affecting in any degree the Aristocracy, or the Established Churches that are identified with it, Sir Robert Peel is under a necessity of conducting his government. He is, in consequence, losing, more rapidly than could have been anticipated, the confidence of those who, not attaching themselves absolutely to any political party, but seeking mainly the public good, and disappointed at the issue of the trial of a Liberal Ministry, were but too willing to lend an ear to his plausible professions and promises. In particular, this is the case with the religious classes of society, or at least with those of them whose over-weening love of the existing establishments is not such as to make them see danger to religion, only in that which threatens danger to the Established Church, and renders them incapable of perceiving any thing hurtful to the cause of religion, in whatever seems to afford support to the Establishment. While out of office, and skilfully laying his plans for effecting his return to it, Sir Robert ably, but unscrupulously, took the utmost advantage of the general impression—not without foundation—that the Liberal government were too much inclined to patronize Romanism, and to favour a latitudinarian spirit among Protestants. Availing himself of the strong Protestant feeling which pervaded large and important classes of the community, but which, in some of these, has very recently given way before the rapidly advancing Romanism of the Church of England itself, he sought to rouse that feeling in support of the Conservative party; and while cautiously avoiding committing himself or them to any definite course of policy for the maintenance

of Protestantism, he encouraged, and with great success, the impression that it was only through a Conservative government that its cause could be upheld. The end has been accomplished, and it now suits the interests of the party to try to win over, if possible, the Irish priesthood, and to conciliate the daily increasing numbers, especially among the aristocracy, who incline to view with favour the doctrines of Rome. In office, accordingly, he scarcely conceals his willingness, when the fitting time shall arrive, to endow Popery in Ireland; he has abandoned altogether any course of policy, whether at home or abroad, fitted to fulfil the expectations he had raised; while the access of his party to power, by the immense additional influence thereby given to the High-Church or semi-popish portion of the Church of England, has tended to promote the progress of Romish error in a degree far beyond what was dreaded by the most timid alarmists from the policy of the Liberal Ministry.

With the same view, he strenuously resisted the Irish Education Scheme, and even that adopted on this side the channel, for aiding in the erection of schools; and the opposition offered to these by his party was rested chiefly on religious grounds. These schemes, however, in no way affect the interests of the aristocracy, and indeed are found capable of being wrought so as to promote them; and, accordingly, they are now as zealously adhered to and upheld as they were formerly denounced and contended against.

In like manner, he had anxiously sought the favour of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, and during his short administration of 1834-5, at the very time when the Veto Act, which he afterwards refused to sanction, was in fresh observance and vigorous operation, he advised his late Majesty to recommend from the throne to Parliament, the Scheme of Church Extension, which was the favourite object of the party in question, who accordingly, in opposition to all the experience of other times, which should have prevented them from placing confidence in the aristocracy, and the political representatives of the former betrayers and persecutors of their cause, lent a very effective aid in changing the representation of several of the counties of Scotland, contributing in so far towards his restoration to power. This effected, however—in subserviency to the prejudices and passions of the Scottish aristocracy, who viewed the conduct of the Evangelical party in the Church as an encroachment on their privileges and a defiance of their power, and with offended pride and irritated feelings, resented it accordingly—Sir Robert, although he must have been conscious that it would prove ultimately injurious to the true interests of the Conservative body itself, adopted a course which he knew would drive, as it did drive,

all who were sincere and honest among the Evangelical party in the Church out of the Establishment.

He, also, while striving for office, courted the orthodox Presbyterians of Ireland; but now, in office, when the just and reasonable privileges possessed by that body, in relation to marriage, for upwards of two hundred years, not only unchallenged but with the sanction of the courts, has been denied them, on the insulting ground that they have no Christian ministry, and by a decision of necessity liable to doubt even in law, as pronounced by the Supreme Court of Appeal when the Judges were equally divided, he hesitates as to providing a satisfactory remedy; while he has hastened to interpose, by a Government bill, for securing Socinians in their wrongfully usurped possession of property destined to religious purposes by orthodox Presbyterians, the moment the latter had succeeded in the courts of law, in vindicating their rights.

Even with those who care little or nothing for such matters in themselves, conduct so insincere and faithless must lose to him confidence and respect. But they also have their causes of disappointment and distrust. Professing to the fullest extent his conviction of the truth of the principles of Free Trade, and thoroughly knowing, as he must know, how intimately the welfare of the country is connected with the carrying of these into practice, he limits their application to those petty matters, in regard to which little relief is thereby given to the country, and no material injury done to the class-interests which he is bound to protect; while if he does seem to assert his independence, by apparently trenching on these, he takes care that it shall be in regard to imports—such, for instance, as cattle—with reference to which he is well assured, that the practical effect will be perfectly immaterial. Scarce keeping the promise to the ear, he breaks it to the sense.

Having year after year endeavoured to bring obloquy on the late Government, for what was termed their do-nothing policy, he, in circumstances which afford him infinitely less excuse, has hitherto followed an exactly similar course. With a Government proverbially strong, in regard to numbers, he, at the outset, so far as regarded principle, based it absolutely on nothing but adherence to the sliding-scale in the Corn Laws; and he has lately professed to peril it on the success of his opposition to the limitation of the labour of women and boys in factories, to ten hours—an act which might be deemed one of unparalleled folly, unless it be supposed that he was convinced that such limitation, if carried, would lead by inevitable consequence to the repeal of the Corn Laws, which the interest of the aristocracy absolutely forbids.

Unquestionably, the confidence in Sir Robert's Ministry, of the non-partisan portion of the community, is already greatly shaken; and as further experience more palpably exhibits the necessity under which he lies, of governing mainly with reference to class-interests, it will rapidly give way; so that, if, as we believe, that portion of the community have still the power of ultimately determining who shall govern the country, a change of administration may be looked for at a much earlier period than, at Sir Robert's accession to power, could possibly have been dreamt of. In the prospect of this—which, however, we do not anticipate sooner than the expiry of the legal duration of the present Parliament—we are the more anxious to press the consideration of the views stated by us at the commencement of this article, as to the necessity of an unswerving adherence to a course of policy carried on with a sole view to the general good, and not based on the support of class or family interests, as the only means of saving the country from imminent peril.

The main obstacle to the honest and fearless adoption of such a course of policy is presented, as we have already remarked, by the too-prevailing conviction that it would not be effectual to maintain the Ministry attempting it in power; and many, we are aware, have been strengthened in this conviction by the fate of the late administration, which did so much for the general welfare, but which, though starting with a more overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, just chosen under the Reform Bill, than was almost ever before possessed by a ministry, were exposed, in little more than two years, to a nearly equally balanced struggle with their opponents, and, after staggering on for a few years longer, supported by the favour of a new and popular sovereign, at last sank down amidst general indifference and apathy. We venture to think, however, that an impartial survey of the course run by the late ministry, and of the causes of their fall, will lead to an opposite conclusion. It is to us anything but a grateful task to point out the errors of those whose general principles we approve, and whose restoration to power we earnestly desire, though on a better footing, and freed from the defects that marked, and so much detracted from the value of, their administration. We look on them and their adherents as the true representatives of that great Liberal Party who have ever been, in former periods of our history, the champions of freedom and toleration, and the opponents of bigotry and tyranny, and whose advent, at intervals, to the government of this empire, has almost in each case, been an era in the advance of liberty and national improvement. We recognise with gratitude the important benefits which they themselves, during their

recent tenure of office, conferred upon the country. The Reform Bill—itself a barrier, we trust, against permanent misgovernment in time to come—the opening up of the Municipal Corporations, and restoring to the inhabitants the administration of the affairs of their own towns—the Commutation of Tithes—the Abolition of Slavery—the casting down of the monopoly of the Bible in Scotland, the forerunner of a similar overthrow in England, and the source, in the meanwhile, of an abundant supply of accurate copies of God's Word accessible to the poorest classes—Cheap Postage, opening up the means of affectionate and healthful intercourse among the separated kindred of the humbler ranks of society—the commencement of a scheme of National Education the introduction of a system for the administrative government of Ireland, which, for the first time, gave a glimpse of hope for the recovery of that misused land ;—these, and other measures of great practical improvement, give to their authors such a claim on the gratitude of their country, that, could gratitude alone for particular acts of past service, apart from confidence in a continuance of generally efficient government for the good of the country, secure support to an administration, they might well have looked to have been still maintained in power. But, while most cordially and readily acknowledging their eminent services to the country, we are not the less bound to point out those defects which, in our view, necessarily lost to them the country's confidence and support. Nay, we feel the more called upon, in the prospect of their restoration, to lend our humble aid, in warning against the errors which led to their former overthrow ; because the circumstance of a ministry who have confessedly carried so many good measures being allowed to fall, almost without an effort on the part of any large body of the non-partisan portion of the community to uphold them, might, if not understood, confirm many in the perverted and false conclusion to which we have just referred, that it is needless for any government to attempt to maintain itself by good measures alone, and to give up in despair all hope of seeing an administration conducted on any other footing than that of purchasing political support by the sacrifice of the public good, to favour class-interests, and to promote objects of personal ambition or family aggrandizement among individuals possessed of extensive influence.

The fundamental defect in Earl Grey's Government arose almost necessarily from the training in the course of party policy to which the members of it had previously been so long subjected. Prior to the Reform Bill, it was undoubtedly impossible for a ministry to maintain itself in office except by means of the support of

the great owners of parliamentary influence, aided by that of particular class-interests. The voice of the middle classes might indeed occasionally turn the scale when the more important elements of power were nearly equally balanced; but its influence was not of permanent operation, nor of great strength. When any alarm united in one body those who virtually returned the members of the House of Commons, the most popular minister had only this alternative—as was experienced even by Pitt—to relinquish office, or to adopt the policy which they deemed essential to their interests, and the retention of their power; while, when, as in the ordinary case, they were divided into two contending factions, their favour was to be obtained, and their adherence secured, through the interested or party motives which then almost universally regulated their conduct. The policy of both the great parties in the state was, therefore, uniformly directed towards securing on their own side the largest portion of the parliamentary power, held as property, and used as property, for the advancement of private ends. Popularity with the nation at large was doubtless a make-weight in the party contest incessantly carried on, but it was no more; and politicians, reared in this school, and habituated to view every measure with reference to its bearing in securing or losing the votes of some extensive borough-holder, or some influential class-interest, and to look upon the support of such parties as the only effective means of retaining power, became incapacitated from acting on another system. The Reform Ministry thus could not fully appreciate the extent and nature of the great measure which they themselves had carried. They believed that it had changed the *classes* in whom Parliamentary influence was vested; but they continued to act on the principle, that a majority in Parliament was only to be secured by concessions to, or favours conferred upon, the particular classes who now possessed that influence, though at the expense of the community. The parties to be propitiated were different indeed, but the means of propitiation were, in their eyes, the same as before. They no doubt saw that public opinion had more power than formerly; but they viewed the public only as *one* of the interests to be conciliated. They treated it as they had been accustomed to do some great borough proprietor, in former days—who, if he got his own share of the good things which the Government had to bestow, was held to have no right to complain that his brother proprietors got theirs. On this principle, they thought it enough to give the public occasionally a sop, in the shape of a really liberal and beneficent measure; but never to the exclusion of the separate interests, whose support they deemed they had also to gain, by concessions

to them, though at a sacrifice of the general welfare. They seem never to have imagined that they might venture to disregard class-interests altogether, when in competition with the general interest, and to base their administration on the confidence of the *nation*, to be secured by a course of government honestly directed with an exclusive eye to the nation's good.

Yet this course alone could have maintained them against the powerful confederacy formed to attack them. To that confederacy of class-interests, the Liberal Ministry had no class-interests to oppose, which could for a moment stand a contest. The political party to which they belonged, was, as a party, utterly insignificant in comparison with the force with which they had to contend. Their only safety was to rally the nation round them—to combine together with them the non-partisan community, who desired chiefly the wellbeing of the country;—or rather to *retain* the attachment and support of that great body which they had already won—which had enabled them to carry the Reform Bill, and which was still able to bear them on, in continued triumph, in their warfare against the evils over which that measure, rightly and efficiently used, had put it in their power to obtain the victory. This, however, could only be accomplished by proving to the nation, that their object, in pressing and carrying Parliamentary Reform, was not to fix themselves in office, and gain permanent power to their party, but to secure the good of the nation—to obtain the means of remedying abuses, and of making the welfare and happiness of the people paramount to all private advantage and class-interests. The extension of the franchise, it was believed, had made this attainable. It had given to the middle order a voice so influential, as to secure to them, it was thought, the power of maintaining in office any ministry of which they cordially approved. If this has not been attained, the great convulsion through which the nation passed, at so much hazard, has been in vain; and the same hazard has yet again to be encountered. That measure was doubtless marked with no inconsiderable defects, which left far too large room for the operation of corruption, and of undue class and family influence. Its amendment is required. But we would be loth indeed to believe, that that amendment and the course of government to which we point, could not be attained without another struggle, such as that in which the country was engaged fourteen years ago. A fair trial has not yet been given to it. The government of Earl Grey and his successor, not fully appreciating the nature of the change made, and not able to escape from the habits of early and long-continued training under another system, did not follow the only course under which the trial *could* have been made.

It is true, that they were more unfavourably situated for doing so, than any future Government well can be. The exaggerated hopes entertained of the effects of the Reform Bill, rendered the people peculiarly liable to disappointment, and prone to be hasty and somewhat unreasonable in judging of the measures of Government. The enthusiastic tone excited in men's minds, led to an expectation of excellence on the part of their rulers that could not be realized. But all these circumstances only made it the more imperative on the Reform Ministry, to watch with the most anxious care against affording the slightest ground for the suspicion, that they were still acting on the wretched and selfish principles of government which, it was hoped, had been for ever put an end to.

It most unfortunately happened, however, that even in framing the Reform Bill itself, occasion was given for alleging that they were actuated by party motives. The lines of disfranchisement adopted, struck off, whether intentionally or not, more of the Tory than of the Whig proprietary seats, so as to lead inevitably to the inference, that the Ministry looked not merely to what was best in itself, but also to what was most advantageous for their own political party; and the jealousy thus early raised was not laid by the course adopted after the great measure was carried.

The early declaration of the absolute finality of that measure, tended greatly to increase and perpetuate the jealousy which had been engendered. Most wise, indeed, would it have been, after the reconstruction of the machine of the State, to have discouraged the stoppage of its working, in order simply to make new changes, before it had been ascertained whether, as now framed, it was not really efficient with reference to the objects for which it was intended. But while it was wrought only by fits, and at considerable intervals, for producing these, to proclaim that its constitution was final, was to hold out the reform effected, as being, not a mean for good ends, but, in itself, the end sought, and to deepen the conviction, that its true purpose was to vest the Whig party with office; and, that this accomplished, the measure was necessarily final, at least till it failed to keep them there.

Notwithstanding, too, several great measures for the public good, there was, in the general course of administration, including the exercise of the patronage of the Crown, with, doubtless, much improvement, an admixture of the old leaven, which was still as great as it was obnoxious, and tended in a very great degree to lose to the Government that confidence which a pure and generous exercise of it would have secured for them.

Still more injurious to the Government was their failure to

make any zealous and sustained attempt to employ the means, placed in their hands by the transfer of political power, for the overthrow of monopolies. They, indeed, avowed, and with perfect sincerity, their belief in the doctrines of Free Trade. They continued to denounce, as they had ever done, the principles in accordance with which man has dared to prohibit the interchange of the good gifts of Providence, so lavishly scattered on the earth for the enjoyment of all. But they made no vigorous effort to carry their doctrines into practical application. Certain parties or classes who gave them political support, had an interest in upholding some one or other of these monopolies. In particular, that in human food was maintained by many influential members of the aristocracy who still adhered to them. Rather than offend these adherents of their party, and risk their own tenure of office by perilling it on their ability to accomplish this great object, they sacrificed the general interests of the community. They refused to attempt to employ the power placed in their hands by the nation, for the general benefit of the nation, in reference to a matter specially in the view of those by whom the recent great change had been effected; so that they left to their successors a field on which even they could safely afford to remove restrictions on trade to an extent greater than the Liberal Ministry had attempted during their tenure of office. It is true, that they would have been strenuously resisted, and might have been defeated; but the subject was one that would well have warranted them in putting their opponents to the alternative of themselves undertaking the government of the country, or allowing the necessary measures regarding it to be carried. Had the Liberal Ministry gone out at an early period on a vital question of this kind, they would probably soon have seen the cause of Free Trade triumphant; and, at all events, they would have had the country cordially with them, and ready to bring them back to power;—whereas, by bringing forward a large and enlightened measure for lessening the restraints on several great branches of trade, only on the very eve of their losing office, the country were led to view it as an effort to maintain themselves in power, to which they had been driven, not by a paramount regard to the national interests, but by a feeling of desperation as to their own. Accordingly, that which, a few years earlier, would have rallied the non-partisan portion of the community around them, now only increased the indifference with which their overthrow was looked upon, by deepening the conviction that the mainspring of their policy was the interest of their party, not the welfare of the country.

This conviction had already gained considerable strength, through the deference of the Ministry to class and family in-

fluence, and their failure to use the means created by the Reform Bill for the attainment of the great objects of public good for the sake of which it had been passed, when the first palpable blow was given to them by the defection occasioned by the pressing of the appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill. They did not, however, suffer nearly so much from the loss of those who then left the cabinet, as from the loss of confidence on the part of the great body of the nation, in consequence of their preference, on that occasion, of what they considered their own party interests, in conciliating a particular section of their supporters, to the public good. We find no fault with the principle of the appropriation of Church property, which was then proposed to be asserted. Church property is national property, and justly liable, at all times and at any time, to be applied, saving the existing interests of individuals for their lives, for the benefit of the nation, and according to the will of the nation. The property of the Irish Church is not now, and never has been, so applied. That Church has been throughout an incubus on vital religion—the great barrier against the progress of the Reformation in Ireland, the stronghold of the oppressor, and the just object of the indignation of the people. During its late trials, it seemed as if it was about to fulfil some of the true functions of the Church of Christ; but, once freed from danger, it threw aside every symptom of penitence and amendment—abandoned or crushed the Home Mission, by which, almost for the first time, it was attempted to convert the native Irish from Romanism, and to spread the Gospel throughout the country, and concentrated its energies in an arrogant and intolerant attempt to domineer over all other communions, and to have them branded by law as without a Christian ministry. A practical measure for appropriating the revenues of the Irish Church to the true benefit of the Irish people, we shall hail with satisfaction; and the sooner it comes the more welcome will it be; as every day's delay increases the risk, that if left in the possession of those who now hold it, it will only be preserved by them entire for the Romish priesthood. The appropriation clause, however, was not a practical measure. It could have had no operation for many years, and was, in fact, substantially little more than a declaration of abstract principle to be embodied in an Act of Parliament. In this way it was viewed, so far as any practical result was to be attained, as a concession to secure the support of a particular class of political adherents, who demanded it as the price of that support being continued; while by making it the condition of passing another measure essential to the peace and wellbeing of Ireland—the commutation of tithes—the acknowledged good of the country was postponed to this party object. This sacrifice of

public interests to the supposed interests of their party, probably did more than any other single act, to alienate the confidence of the thinking and patriotic classes in England ; and the mortification to which the Ministry had afterwards to submit, in abandoning the clause to which they had pledged themselves, was the least of the evils which they thereby brought upon their party and their cause.

The Reform Ministry had now lost that ardent attachment on the part of the country which alone could have kept their opponents in awe, and forced them to consent to measures which trench upon their own interests or influence. The aristocracy, accordingly, through that branch of the legislature in which they had absolute sway, boldly obstructed all such measures, and paralyzed the Government. Thenceforward the power of the Ministry, so far as regarded legislation, was at an end. They were deprived of the means of doing even the good they might have been willing to attempt. They were, in truth, no longer in a position in which to carry on efficiently the government of the country. Powerful and honourable motives, of which the public are ignorant, may have led the Ministry to continue to hold office, notwithstanding their having been deprived of the power of efficiently governing ; but it may be doubted whether the Liberal Party are not in a much weaker, and more disadvantageous condition to-day, in consequence of following this course ; and this is obvious, that those who thus acted—who retained office without the power of governing—would, by the community generally, be deemed to prefer party to public objects. Nay, it was soon proved that such was the inference drawn even by their own adherents, and immediately acted on by the more selfish portion of them. They were now pressed unceasingly, with reference to the exercise of the administrative government which they still necessarily held with their offices, to employ it in the way most beneficial to these parties ; and the weaker they became, the more were they obliged to yield to such unscrupulous applications. Under any circumstances, there will be found in every political party, many who seek only their own private ends ; but so long as they know that their leaders who hold office will unhesitatingly resign, rather than employ their power to promote these, by the sacrifice of public interests, they are kept completely in check ; for unless prepared openly, and without any cloak, to desert to the opposite party, they will not force their own party to relinquish power. The moment, however, they discover, that those in office prefer their places to the public good, their selfishness bursts every remaining restraint. They urge their demands under the threat of withdrawal of support—and the more hazardous such withdrawal would be, the more resolutely do they insist

on their pretensions; while the more generous and noble of the party, rather than themselves cause its overthrow, waive their better founded claims, and submit to see their wiser advice disregarded, and the patronage of the Crown exercised by the Ministry at the bidding, and for the benefit, of the refuse of their adherents. To nearly this condition was the Whig Ministry reduced during the latter period of their career, when their majority in the House of Commons was reduced to an uncertain handful. Thus, shorn by their opponents of all power in legislation, and slaves to the selfish among their own followers in the exercise of their executive power, they appeared to the public as retaining office for its own sake alone, until deprived of it by the verdict of the country—alienated—disappointed—hopeless of good government based on general interests—too disheartened, for the time, to renew the struggle for it—longing, in any event, to see the country “governed”—willing to believe the plausible professions of the future Premier—depressed by the adverse circumstances under which so many laboured—and ready, we fear, in too many instances to relinquish all idea of patriotic effort, and to become the willing prey of the corruptionist—to make gain individually, as they thought both of the great parties had done, of political influence—or to succumb to the influence of their superiors in society on whom they depended, or by whose custom they profited.

It is fervently to be hoped, that the lesson thus taught has not been thrown away, and that even those Liberals who will continue, after all, to make the interest of their party the rule of their conduct, will see, that its true and only permanent interest—its sole means of retaining power—lies in exercising that power exclusively for the general good. This is the only foundation on which a Liberal Ministry can ever rest. The idea of *their* effecting any combination of petty class or family interests, to counterbalance that of the great aristocratic body, is visionary in the extreme. The price, again, at which the support of such interests must be purchased, is not only the sacrifice of the public good, but the loss, to the Government which makes the sacrifice, of the public confidence. Their continuance in office must, therefore, of necessity, depend on their adopting it as the principle of their policy, that individual and class-interests must be utterly disregarded in competition with the general interest, and in adhering to that principle with unswerving constancy.

On the other hand, the people, too, have had a lesson taught them, to which they would do well to take heed. Should they again have a Government favourable to Liberal principles, and to the wellbeing of the general body of the population, it were well that they exhibited more consideration for their difficulties—less

impatience at their delays—a more abiding sense of their good services—a greater readiness to postpone the pressing of particular measures, in which a great proportion of their own party are not yet agreed; and that they kept more steadily before their eyes the important difference between them and their opponents.

We should certainly have much stronger hopes of seeing an administration conducted on the principles we advocate, could we perceive a greater tendency on the part of politicians to test the character of public measures by the principles of truth and justice, especially as exhibited in the sacred Scriptures, rather than by those of apparent expediency. Taking the latter rule as a guide, even with the most honest desire after the general welfare, there is always great risk of error in fancying, that that which seems for the present expedient, will ultimately prove beneficial. No measure, we are fully persuaded, that is not consistent with truth and justice, will ever, in the long run, and in the best sense, prove to have been expedient; while its consistency with these will be the surest guarantee that it will ultimately be for the true interests of the community. We cannot fail to acknowledge, however, that views of mere and immediate expediency too much regulate the conduct of statesmen on both sides; and not unfrequently such views lead the parties, otherwise so greatly opposed to each other, to approve of a course of policy which, tried by other principles, could not fail to be condemned.

Of this we shall give two instances connected with questions of present interest.

The first of these has reference to one point in the administration of Ireland, a field so large as to preclude any general consideration of it, except in an article devoted to that subject alone. On no question does the system of the two great parties in the state stand generally in more marked contrast to each other than that of the government of Ireland. The policy of the late Ministry was to lay the foundation for a middle opinion there, by the support of which a truly impartial government might be administered in that distracted, ill-used land. That of the present Cabinet is of necessity the same which their predecessors ever carried on—a system of administration through, and in accordance with the wishes of, an intolerant dominant party, whose oppression and misrule have been the causes of the miseries we now deplore, and the dangers which we dread. In regard, however, to the particular point which we have here in view, both of the great political parties are but too much agreed. The leaders of the Liberal party have openly avowed their desire to endow the Roman priesthood. The Government, again, while not as yet going so far, are obviously favourable to such a measure, though

they do not venture, under existing circumstances, to give it their present support. As Protestants, we must earnestly condemn any attempt to endow a system of religion, marked, as we believe, by grievous error, and fitted to perpetuate great evils; and we must also denounce the principle on which the proposed measure seems to be based by its supporters on both sides of politics. These statesmen, whatever be their political opinions otherwise, appear to agree in this, that vital and earnest religion, or fanaticism as they would call it, must, to the utmost possible extent, be repressed. It is an element which they do not understand—which, in their political movements, they cannot reckon upon—which disturbs their most carefully considered calculations, and comes athwart what they deem their most statesmanlike plans. Their great aim, therefore, in reference to religion, is to reduce it, as nearly as possible, to the level of the other means by which they carry on their political workings—to render it a tool or instrument which they can safely handle, or which may, at least, interfere as little as possible with their operations. The great recommendation of an Establishment with them is, that it fetters religion, represses zeal, and places any influence which, in such modified state, religion may yet retain over men's minds, very much in the hands of a body of clergy dependent on the State, and so inclined to support its government for the time. An Establishment which does not accomplish this, is, in their eyes, valueless—nay, it is positively mischievous, and worse than the absence of any Establishment at all. On this principle it is, that these statesmen wish to lessen the power and influence of the Roman Catholic religion on the members of that communion in Ireland, without seeking their conversion, and to make the influence of the priests subservient to the Government and the State. The one party may be willing to trust to the mere influence of pecuniary dependence, while the other may deem it necessary to possess a more direct control; but the leading object of both, though not to the exclusion of other collateral motives, is to lessen the influence of their religion on the worshippers, and to use it as much as possible as a mere instrument of State Government. This monstrous principle—which, if admitted, would apply equally to the Protestant as to the Romish faith, and at the root of which lies a mistrust of religion itself—must be withstood. To answer its divine end, religion must be free. Without entering on the question of the duty of a State, as such, to advance religion, this position may be confidently taken up and occupied by numbers who differ otherwise on the subject, that every attempt to fetter religion, and to subject religious communities, in the exercise of their internal government, either to dependence upon, or direct control by, those intrusted with

political power in a State, must be absolutely resisted. We lament deeply—most deeply—for their own sakes, that so influential a portion of the Liberal party have taken up a position so untenable in itself, and so opposed to the sentiments of the great body of the people of this country. We earnestly trust that they may see their error; and we feel satisfied, that even should the leaders of the party, through confidence in their own views as statesmen, founded on a fancied political expediency, attempt to carry out in practice the course they have indicated, they will at once be repudiated by numbers who would have rejoiced to follow them in a better path.

The other instance of agreement between our two great political parties, on grounds of mere apparent expediency, is their approval and support of the means by which our empire is in the course of being enlarged, particularly in the East. We have been of late, extending its bounds in India with gigantic strides, but each footprint is marked with the bloody stain of violence, mixed with the blackness of treachery. The soul revolts at the gross falsehood and wrong by which such conquests as that of Scinde have been achieved—rendered, in that case, still more infamous, by the facts, that the long-continued, well-founded jealousy of the rulers of Scinde was only removed by the representation held out to them of the character of the nation, in the really honourable and truthful character of the thoroughly upright men whom, till the object of inspiring confidence was attained, we commissioned to their court; and that, having thus gained a long-withheld confidence, we used it, in violation of treaties, of honour, of justice and truth, to wrench from them their country, and reduce them to captivity—employing, as it were, the righteousness of individuals of the nation, to promote the commission of the nation's treachery and crime. Acquisitions thus made can never bring with them true prosperity. Every act of injustice has in it the seeds of retribution. Ireland is now paying back the atrocious wrongs inflicted on her by England. The injustice done to our own working classes, threatens to bring its natural consequences on our heads; and the gross injuries and treachery which we are daily perpetrating in India, will, in all likelihood, be the ultimate cause of the disruption of our empire in the East.

To whatever measures fancied expediency may direct us, justice and truth are the only sure tests of their wisdom. At home or abroad—in regard to party policy or national policy, “just and true” must be the motto of every statesman who would really deserve to be called wise. And till our political parties shall make some approach to regulate their measures by justice and truth, instead of the selfish considerations of personal or party

advantage, they will never be able to secure stability to themselves, or the ultimate good or happiness of the country.

It will by many, perhaps by most persons, be deemed Utopian to expect any approximation to such a state. Of this, however, we are sure, that it is not so to expect, that if a government, who will act on these principles, could be found, the people would support it against all attack. It may, indeed, be Utopian ever to expect the existence of such a government. Yet it is strange that it should be so. When we look to this glorious empire, and the mighty influence it exerts in every quarter of the globe—to the millions of its dependent subjects—to the young nations it has planted in its colonies, whose character, for good or ill, when they have themselves become great kingdoms, will be such as we now impress upon them—to the multitudes in our own country, groaning in misery, sinking, day by day, in moral character and social condition, and yet, while not utterly degraded, of such manly independence—of such noble endurance—of such unwearied and cheerful industry under unceasing toil—of such warm and tender affections of kindred—of such disinterested and generous sympathy with their fellow-sufferers—of such abundant love towards all who show love to them;—when we think of the thousands of immortal souls that are each hour passing to eternity;—when we consider, at the same time, the exhaustless energies which we possess, if directed to that end, for the good of this mass of human beings,—and think of one among them—flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone—raised to the direction of the empire's power, and placed under the fearful responsibility that thence lies on him, it seems almost inconceivable that the sense of what he is, and where he is,—of the blessedness of which he might be the instrument—the unspeakable misery and wrong he may create or leave unredressed,—should not swallow up every selfish consideration, and that he should, even for a passing moment, listen to the wretched schemes of personal or party advantage, which would interfere with the great work to which he has been called. It is a terrible proof of our fallen nature, that our souls so cleave to the dust, that, in such a station, self and party should seem every thing, and all else comparatively nothing. Somewhat of a better and nobler spirit—more akin to the Christian character—appears now about to arise; and, even while we write, has that spirit had a temporary triumph—a foretaste, we trust, of what is yet to come—at the instance of that nobly disinterested and patriotic statesman, Lord Ashley, in the division on the twelve hours clause in the Factory Bill. We admit that the remedy attempted does not reach, and is not of a kind fitted to reach, the root of the evil. The aim of the statesman should be to produce a moral and social condition which would supersede

the necessity of such interference by the Legislature as was here attempted. But still we hail it as a token for good, and as an encouragement to all who would regulate their political conduct by regard for the wellbeing of the community at large, that the first division carried against the present Ministry, and that, too, in a House of Commons in which their party strength is so large, and which was elected to so great an extent through the influence of corruption, should have taken place in the cause, however as yet misunderstood, of overwrought, oppressed poverty.

We have left ourselves no space to advert to the publications, the titles of which we have prefixed to the preceding remarks. The first of these contains a faithful picture of the sufferings and sad condition, physically and morally, of large masses of the working population—and though marked with considerable errors, and an over-confidence, as we think, in the capacity of the Church of England to aid materially in the improvement of their condition, it breathes an admirable spirit, and cannot be perused without advantage. The other consists of extracts from the works of some of the most eminent continental writers, exhibiting *their* views of the causes of the present condition of Britain, and of the means of improving it, and of avoiding the dangers with which we are threatened. The opinions of such men must, under any circumstances, be entitled to the most attentive consideration; and should it prove that the recent extension of the franchise has not, in reality, transferred the substantial power of the State from the great aristocracy to the body of the nation, the social changes suggested by these writers will become the subject of deep and universal interest. Whether, after trying and proving the insufficiency of the *economical* remedies which now engross men's minds, as has been done in regard to the *political* remedy lately tried, the day of this empire shall be so prolonged as to admit of the trial of the *social* remedy recommended by these writers, is hid in the book of Providence; but, without depreciating the value of such remedies for subsisting evils, as most important collateral aids towards that which alone can be thoroughly effectual, we would look to them chiefly as schoolmasters to lead the nation to that change without which all others will be vain—a religious and moral change—extending to the rich as well as to the poor—teaching them their mutual duties to each other, and binding them in the only sure bonds—the ties of Christian brotherhood.

ART. X.—*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By FRANCIS JEFFREY, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 4 vols. London. 1844.

THE name prefixed to these volumes would, at any time within the last forty years, have ensured for them the attention and interest of the public. The author's early celebrity and long-sustained reputation, must have rendered any effort from his pen an event in the republic of letters which a faithful historian would hasten to record. To us, who are just commencing our career of criticism, the present work comes laden with peculiar lessons and recollections; and on these we may be allowed to dwell shortly without apology to our readers. It is a service of honour and duty, as well as of gratification, to introduce our efforts in the cause of sound literature by some notice of this remarkable collection, and to consider what instruction we may derive in our self-imposed labours from the writings of the greatest living master of our art.

Other eminent writers in the *Edinburgh Review* have already published separately the most celebrated of their contributions. A comparison of those now before us with the essays of contemporary critics, naturally suggests itself as the most appropriate test we could use, for estimating accurately their peculiar merits in the school of composition to which they belong. But however high we may be disposed to rate them in such a contrast, it occurs to us, that it is not in that way, or under a process of discrimination so conducted, that their qualities—their best and highest qualities—can be rightly appreciated. They were not written for publication in such a shape; neither were they intended as popular writings, simply suited to catch the taste or excite the enthusiasm of the day. They were all parts of a great and gradually matured system of criticism; and the object aimed at in by far the greater proportion of the essays before us, was not so much to produce a pleasing, or attractive, or interesting piece of writing, as to enforce great principles of thought—to scourge error, and bigotry, and dulness—to instil into the public mind a just sense of the essential requisites of taste and truth in literature—and to disperse and wear away, by constant energy, that crust of false sentiment which obscured and nearly extinguished the genius of this country, at the commencement of the present century.

None of these Reviewers, certainly, wrote for separate publication ; but perhaps it is only of Jeffrey that any such systematic plan can be predicated. Not only had the occasional contributors to the Review the advantage, for the most part, of choosing their own subject, and their own time, which an editor could not enjoy ; but, in general, their writings partake much more of the nature of fugitive essays than of disquisitions connected by any common object, or tending *collectively* to any specific result. Macaulay's Reviews, for instance, are not criticisms, and might often more appropriately have had men than books for their subject. They are philosophical discourses—gorgeous descriptions—picturesque reflections on history and literature ; but they have seldom any claim to a place in the pages of a Review beyond the use of it as the vehicle of their communication to the public. With Jeffrey's criticisms it is altogether different. They are occupied much more with the work immediately in hand, and treat it as a subject for analysis more than as a mere text for discourse. The dissertations which occur in them are always brought directly to bear upon the peculiar task of the Reviewer. No man, indeed, who reads these volumes can fail to admire the vast range of subject which this selection embraces, and the wonderful versatility which has so successfully compassed so wide a circuit of literature and philosophy. But these are not their greatest triumphs. They are to be regarded not merely as the types or indications, but as, in a great measure, the instruments of a great intellectual progress—of a change which, for its extent, might almost be called a revolution—in the tone of thought prevalent in this country both in politics and letters.

At no time in our history, perhaps, had originality or manliness of thought sunk so low as at the end of last century. On all subjects, independence of action or opinion seems to have been renounced by the great mass of the people. Men had ceased to think for themselves, either on matters of public policy, or on the lighter subjects of literature and taste. Terrified by the horrors of the French Revolution, the great majority of the nation abandoned all concern about their liberty, and trusted blindly to their rulers for freedom and safety ; and the universal feeling which absorbed nearly all the enthusiasm of the age, was dread and detestation of revolutionary principles. It is difficult, indeed, to look back without a smile to the childish panic which appears to have possessed the country, of which more than one indication may be found, even in the calm and philosophical pages now before us. In the crisis of the imaginary danger, everything venerable and sacred to British liberty was forgotten. Even its first principles became suspected, if a Jacobin taint could be discovered in them ; and all were laid, with the confi-

dence of infatuation, at the foot of the Crown, or the Minister of the day.

It cannot be denied, that however unenlightened these sentiments may now appear, they entirely occupied the minds, not merely of the majority of the Houses of Parliament, and of the aristocracy, but the great body of the people. On the other hand, there was another, an infinitely smaller class, whose opinions, though very different, were hardly more conducive to the health or vigour of public feeling. These were the disciples of the French Revolution—men who, looking to that great event as the harbinger of a renovated state of society, regarded the name of antiquity as equivalent to tyranny—seeing nothing august or wise in any established institution, and searching for the foundation of liberty in the dispersion of all acknowledged axioms of religion or government. There was a foppery about these men and their opinions, which, even if they had not been distracted by the turmoil of the times, and the danger to which the minority in which they stood exposed them, was as fatal to the freedom of thought, or the generous action of the mind, as the blind zeal of their opponents. Between these two sections there stood, indeed, a middle party, which, with all its faults, kept alive the flame which has since burnt so brightly, under a leader, who may well be regarded as the impersonation of broad, manly intellect. But, great in talent, it was a band of little weight with the country. The stain of the Coalition, and the personal enmity of the Sovereign, had left Fox, during the remainder of his political career, without the means of public influence—a star too far removed from the political orbit, to warm by its beams, even while it dazzled by its brilliancy. It was one, and not the least of the calamities of the time, that England's greatest statesman was excluded from her service, and his vast endowments of mind, exercised for half a century in his country's service, produced no result so great, as has that legacy he left her, in the lessons of masculine philosophy, and the burning love of freedom, which breathe through the disjected remains of his eloquence, and will last while the constitution endures.

That such a state of public sentiment should have chilled and repressed all independent efforts of genius, is not wonderful. But the poverty of the land in literature, at the time we speak of, can hardly be traced to any cause so recent. Indeed, speculations on the causes which lead to that constant ebb and flow of literary talent, which may be observed in the history of all countries, are at the best unsatisfactory. The contingencies from which they spring are generally too intricate, and their causes too remote, to admit of accurate deduction on the subject. We might theorize long and learnedly enough on the dreary interval

between Pope and Cowper, without discovering any satisfactory solution of it in the state of the community, public or social, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Looking at it in the mass, from whatever causes the result may be supposed to arise, no similar period of British history, since the age of Elizabeth, was so little respectable in learning or in fancy. The earlier portion of it, no doubt, produced Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—names as great in their own sphere, as any of which our country can boast. Bolingbroke, their superior in power as in acquirement, was a giant of a former age. Burke, his pupil, belonged rather to politics than literature; and his writings, ardent and enthusiastic as they were, rather served to scathe and wither up independence of spirit in the nation. The great historians, on the contrary, alike in the florid delineations of the English and the classic accuracy of the Scottish authors, are marked by an artificial coldness and indifference, which was one of the features of the time. No natural passion, no heart-born enthusiasm or forgetfulness of art, find place in their great and elaborate works. In poetry, the retrospect is still more barren. To a few, indeed, who flourished during the commencement of the period, it is impossible to deny a respectable place among British authors. Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins, were all, individually, poets of no mean order; and although none of them entitled to rank in the first, may be considered as high in the second class. But whatever their individual power or merits may be, and these cannot be denied or undervalued, they not only did not rise to the highest walks of the art, but they eminently failed in producing effect on the public taste, or stamping their genius on the character of the times. The fetters which Pope had worn so gracefully, remained as an heirloom to his poetical descendants, till all the fancy and elegance of the first master had disappeared, and nothing remained but a certain smooth and empty monotony, without music or strength, and full of exote tropes, and insipid extravagance. This slavish adherence to the artificial rules of a school which it required all the genius of its author to reconcile with vigour or energy, completely degraded the poetry of the age. The whimsical humours of the *Rolliad*, or Peter Pindar, or the *Anti-Jacobin*, do infinitely more credit to its originality, than many volumes of what, in those days, passed for the inspired efforts of a more ambitious muse. The hermit-voice of Cowper, speaking from his solitude, in rough and nervous English, and the impassioned strains of Burns, couched in a language all but foreign to ordinary readers, were among the first examples of emancipation from this ancient thralldom, and the assertion of the genuine power of vigorous and unfettered fancy. But they were no

indications of a purer tone of public sentiment. Thrown on their own resources, and drawing from the deep spring of their own thoughts, the English recluse, and the Scottish peasant, spoke the language of nature, because in them it had not been corrupted by constant contact with a vitiated standard of taste.

But towards the end of the century, the waters were being stirred. When society is moved to its depths, powers otherwise dormant are called forth; and thus great public convulsions are always found to produce unusual manifestations of intellectual vigour. So the Augustan age followed the wars of the Republic; and all our own great masters of literature burst into a blaze, from the struggles of the Reformation and the Commonwealth. The singular agitations of the public mind, produced by the political convulsions of the Continent, while their first effect in this country was, as we have seen, rather to banish than to stimulate independence of intellect, could not fail ultimately to promote it. It is easy to discern at that period the dawning efforts of our national genius to free itself from its long-imposed restraints, and to give itself natural vent, through unaccustomed channels. But, as might have been anticipated, in its first exertions, it strayed into all devious paths, and, while endeavouring to shake off its old chains, was in danger of aspiring after a license equally at variance with the just rules of taste. Originality and novelty were sought for, from sources as far as possible removed from the authorised models which had so long sustained their supremacy. "*Ignotus accedere fontes*," seemed to be the common object. William Taylor was exploring the newly found mine of German literature; Wordsworth courted nature and simplicity in lyrical ballads; Southey alternated between sapphics and dithyrambics, and Scott was searching for an unexhausted theme among the lays and romances of the Troubadours. The feeling of disgust and weariness at the threadbare topics and flat style of the preceding age was so intense, that the most palpable solecisms of taste and metre were likely to come into fashion as a mere relief. It was at this juncture, happily, that a CENSOR suddenly arose—a tribunal was erected—singularly exempt from extravagant excitement—professing to seek its canon of criticism from the pure fountain of nature, and the deep wells of our ancient literature—and administering its self-created laws with all the cold severity and calm determination of an acknowledged judge.

The object of "*The Edinburgh Review*" was not only to establish a higher standard of merit, but a purer, bolder, and simpler taste, and to induce on the public mind habits of calm and just thinking, and a spirit of unprejudiced inquiry after truth and justice in politics. How far it succeeded in applying true normal rules of judgment in the discharge of its judicial functions,

we may inquire immediately. What it did accomplish was astonishing. Without patronage, without name, under the tutelage of no great man, and uncaressed as yet by any fashionable circle, propounding heresies of all sorts against the ruling fancies of the day, whether political, poetical, or social, by sheer vigour of mind, resolution of purpose, and an unexampled combination of mental qualities, five or six young men in our somewhat provincial metropolis, laid the foundation of an empire, to which, in the course of a few years, the intellect of Europe did homage. For the time no despotism could be more complete. The "Review" was the mirror by which men of taste adjusted their thoughts, and poets adorned their numbers. The young aspirant after fame looked fearfully to the dreaded oracle, while he waited for the response which was to fix his literary destiny. The believers in the virtue of all existing things stood aghast at the unconsecrated hands which were laid on the objects of their idolatry, but they too learned to fear its power, and to smart under its lash. Merciless in chastisement, and fearless in opinion, it rudely dispersed the dull tribe who for years had sung and said to a drowsy public the praises of the King and Constitution, and cleared the ground for worthier and manlier occupants. The device which they bore upon their shield, "*Judex damnatur dum nocens absolvitur*," carried as much terror as ever a war-cry did over a field of chivalry. Spurred by the defying challenge, men of might buckled on their armour and tasked their utmost strength, and were considered to have acquired renown if they only kept their seat against so formidable a foe.

A periodical work on such a scale, entirely devoted to criticism, was a happy thought, and much of its first effect upon the public undoubtedly was derived from the novelty and propriety of the design, as well as from the vigour of its execution. It was a step in advance in the science of criticism, reducing it to a more systematic form, and affording more enlarged opportunities for its exercise. Since the days of Johnson there had been nothing vigorous or efficient in the shape of criticism. The sturdy old moralist himself no doubt wielded his mace with great effect, and, although to modern taste his language is oppressively redundant, and his principles of judgment sometimes capricious, and oftener minute and desultory, his writings afford a rich vein of sound appreciation of the true elements of genius, and the peculiar beauties and powers of the English language. Since his time, although critics formed themselves on the models he had left behind him, the art had gradually degenerated, and had entirely ceased to produce any influence in the correction or chastisement of offences against sound taste. The monthly periodicals of the day to which, in general, critical dissertations were confined,

down to the date of *The Edinburgh Review*, were constructed after the fashion approved ever since the year 1730. These *Magazines* were compilations, thrown together without much attention to method, and consisting partly of original writing, but chiefly of extracts from such works of the day as were likely to be interesting, mixed up with the ordinary gossip of the newspapers. They were thus a pleasant medley of everything; where a new invention in mechanics, or a recipe in cookery, or the particulars of some astonishing *lusus naturæ*, might be found in the same page with dissertations on the deepest subjects of philosophy or science. There is much ability and good writing in some of these magazines. In the *New Monthly*, for instance, any one who chooses to take the trouble, may extract from the superincumbent mass a great deal that is interesting. But the talent which was contributed to such publications was, in fact, for all practical purposes, completely smothered by the load of matter by which it was surrounded. Succeeding to these cumbrous and unmanageable vehicles of public opinion, the method, clearness, and vivacity of the *Review* showed in favourable contrast, as a smart four-in-hand stage-coach of the present day may be supposed to do, compared with the lumbering conveyances in which our ancestors travelled. It thus started with all the attractions of novelty, as well as with those of power.

While the *Review* was received with singular favour by the public generally, the feelings it excited were by no means those of unmingled admiration in all quarters. On the contrary, it hit so hard the prejudices of many influential classes, that its vigour and ability only rendered it the more obnoxious. Authors were also not unwilling to impugn the partiality or fairness of a tribunal, through the ordeal of which so few could pass with credit. In looking into the "*Memoirs of William Taylor*," lately published, we find, in the letters of Southey, who was a great correspondent of his, a good illustration of the feelings by which our author and his *Review* were regarded by the irritable race to which the poet belonged. He never speaks of Jeffrey but with a degree of bitterness which indicates much of the fear, as well as the smart, of injured vanity; and we have no doubt that many of his tuneful brethren at that time participated in his sentiments. It is worth remarking, however, that Taylor, so far from taking the trouble to apply any balm to his wounds, never fails to put in a word of praise of the Scotch Reviewers. Taylor's commendation is valuable, as the expression of the opinion of a rival critic, speaking of genius which had eclipsed his own. He was the principal contributor to the "*Monthly Review*," and is fairly entitled to the praise, not only of having done much to introduce the taste for German literature in this

country, but also of having first adventured the broader and more scientific style of criticism which The Edinburgh Review afterwards carried to so much perfection. While he was well able to appreciate the kindred merits of the new Journal, the simplicity and disinterestedness of his praise adds greatly to its value. "It is not," he says in 1809, in answer to one of Southey's invectives, "with Jeffrey's politics that I am in love; but with his brilliant and definite expressions, and his subtle argumentative power. I have not seen The Quarterly Review. It is said to rival that of Jeffrey; but I should be surprised if there is literary strength enough in any other combination to teach so many good opinions so well as the Edinburgh Reviewers."*

This brings us to speak of the work which is at present our more peculiar theme, and of its author, the director and head of this formidable confederacy. It is simply a reprint of selected articles from the Review, without any addition by the author, with the exception of the preface, and some occasional notes. Here and there he has curtailed an article, sometimes to adapt it to modern readers, and sometimes for other reasons, explained at the places where they occur. Apart from its other merits, it cannot fail to interest as a memorial of the wisdom, policy, and triumphs of the government of the autocrat of criticism, to which, unlike most abdicated monarchs, he looks calmly back with honest but well-tempered pride, undisturbed by the cravings of ambition, and undisquieted by the recollection of former strife. The dignity proper to his station may have, in some degree, moderated the vivacity and point for which the subjects of the little annotations scattered up and down these volumes afford considerable scope; but, on the other hand, there is something most attractive in the mellowed light thrown over the whole, from a flame which once burned so fiercely;—in the gentle candour and the unassuming and considerate reflection, untinctured by a single drop of gall, with which he recurs to conflicts which are now matter of history in our literary annals. Not a vestige is to be found there of the touchy vanity common to authorship; nor even of the natural dogmatism of a man engaged during an ardent life in the maintenance of strong opinions. It is with a kind of apologetic diffidence, rather than with any vaunt of consistency, that in writing of his earlier feuds, he intimates that he still thinks as he then thought, but with all kind words of the antagonists who remain, and kinder of those who are departed, and an amiable and unbidden regret for the strength of words, which grate upon his memory, while he cannot feel them to be undeserved. Such was

* *Memoirs of William Taylor*, vol. ii., p. 272.

the mind of the man whose name at one time, among a certain class, was a synonym for bitterness, revilings, and all uncharitableness, and who certainly enjoyed no small amount of fear and hatred among those who knew nothing of him except through the terrors of his lash.

It is not fair, perhaps, to contrast the ebullitions of a poet impatient of the recent smart, with the quiet reminiscences of such a work as this; but having just spoken of Southey, and we would wish to speak reverently of the memory of so powerful an intellect, we cannot but turn to the tribute paid by the once dreaded critic to the two most inveterate of his adversaries.

"I have, in my time, said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey:—and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry: and if I have noted what I thought its faults, in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties—and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than the former. Few things, at all events, would now grieve me more, than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers, by reprinting, so soon after his death, any thing which might appear derogatory either to his character or his genius; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem; which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits—and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to his great and peculiar powers."—Vol. iii., p. 133.

"I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry: And forgetting, that even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste, or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vivacités* of expression: And indeed, so strong has been my feeling in this way, that considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his genius, and how entirely I respect his character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But, when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending; or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable.

"I finally resolved, therefore, to reprint my review of 'The Excursion;' which contains a pretty, full view of my griefs and charges against Mr. Wordsworth; set forth, too, I believe, in a more temperate strain than most of my other inculpations—and of which I think I may now venture to say farther, that if the faults are unsparingly noted, the beauties are not penuriously or grudgingly allowed; but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and good-will."—Vol. ii., p. 233.

The preface is conceived in the same gentle spirit. The episode concerning Sir Walter Scott, with which it concludes, is not without interest; but we would certainly have preferred its omission. *Pace tanti nominis*, it was hardly worth Jeffrey's while to have taken such anxious notice of the observation, even though it came from Scott.

It is explained in the preface, that these volumes do not contain a third of the author's contributions to the "Review," independently of the constant labour of revising, altering, and editing those of his coadjutors. When it is recollected that the party on whom this task was thrown, was, during the entire period, a barrister in great practice, and that he arrived ultimately at the highest honours, both officially and professionally, which a Scottish advocate can hold, some idea may be formed of the wonderful versatility of powers and rapidity of execution which he must have had at his command. Any one who has had the duty of an editor imposed on him, will understand how greatly the extensive occupations of the reviewer enhance the merits of his literary labours. For a dull, ill-tempered man, fancy could not imagine a more refined and perfect torment than the life of an editor. Tied to a stake—a mark for every disappointed friend or foe to fling at—daily devoured by the petulance of authors—the jealousies and intolerable delays of contributors, and the grumblings of publishers—and doomed to a task never ending—still beginning—more hopeless and interminable than the labours of the fabled sisters, "speeding to-day, to be put back to-morrow"—an editor might well require leisure the most uninterrupted, and patience almost patriarchal, if he hoped to enjoy his life, or to retain it long. Indeed we are satisfied, that not all the intellectual qualities which he brought to the service, could have enabled Lord Jeffrey triumphantly to accomplish both his literary and professional distinctions, but for a natural sweetness and suavity of temper, that left his mind serene and unruffled for all his tasks, and enabled him to throw off with his books, equally the harassments of the editor, and the anxieties of the law.

Written amid such avocations, the selections contained in these volumes are presented to the public in a separate shape. The articles are arranged, not chronologically, but under distinct

classes of general literature, history, poetry, politics, and miscellaneous subjects.

This arrangement has certainly the advantage of presenting, in a continuous and unbroken view, the author's sentiments on the varied subjects embraced in the collection. On the other hand, it exposes the articles themselves, as the author seems to be aware, to the most trying test to which they could be subjected. As despatches sent out from time to time—orders in Council, so to speak, promulgated as occasion or delinquency required—it might frequently happen that the same doctrines might be often enforced, and the same reprimands repeated with advantage. But when thus collected, after the emergencies have passed away, and read continuously as contemporaneous essays, it was inevitable that they should present the recurrence of analogous discussions to a much greater degree than would be either natural or agreeable in a connected work; and the classification adopted, of course increases the effect of these repetitions.

This defect is most prominent in those treatises, which are otherwise the most valuable; as the author most frequently reverts to those topics on which he had thought most deeply, and which he considered most important. In fact, it is a defect quite inseparable from the style of composition. We do not say, as Fox did of reported speeches, that if these treatises make a good book, they must have been bad reviews; but nothing can be clearer, than that in following out a bold and extensive system of criticism, intended and adapted to correct the corrupted taste of the age, much of their weight and influence depended on the frequency with which the blow was repeated. Articles which stand side by side in these volumes, were separated by the distance of years; and during the interval, the changes in public feeling, or the revolutions of literature, gave zest and propriety to reflections, which, as they are here placed, seem merely echoes or reproductions of the thoughts of a few pages before.

Perhaps there is another leading feature of these Essays, which is calculated to diminish their popularity as a connected work; we mean the didactic or metaphysical cast which distinguishes the most elaborate of their number. The prevalent taste for studies of that nature which reigned in Scotland at their date, naturally led the pupils of Reid and Stewart to exercise on literature and politics, the habits of inquiry which they had learned in those celebrated schools. Fashion has, in some degree, antiquated the science; and at the present day, the mysticism of metaphysics is more in favour than its pure inductions. But while it cannot be denied, that this character of the work before us may detract a little from its qualifications as a competitor for popular favour, it is far from diminishing its intrinsic

merit. It was, as we have said, one of the leading objects of the *Review*, to introduce and enforce more correct principles of reasoning and taste. As Lord Jeffrey says in his preface, the "*Review* aimed high from the first:—

"And refusing to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere literary merits of the works that came before it, professed to go deeply into the *Principles* on which its judgments were to be rested; as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate. And, on the whole, I think it is now pretty generally admitted, that it attained the end it aimed at. Many errors there were, of course, and some considerable blunders; abundance of indiscretions, especially in the earlier Numbers; and far too many excesses, both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame. But with all these drawbacks, I think it must be allowed to have substantially succeeded—in familiarizing the public mind (that is, the minds of very many individuals) with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit, than had ever before been brought as effectually home to their apprehensions, and also in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence of all such occasional writings, not only in this country, but over the greater part of Europe, and the free States of America; while it proportionally enlarged the capacity, and improved the relish, of the growing multitudes to whom such writings were addressed, for 'the stronger meats' which were then first provided for their digestion."—P. ix.

Now, in the attainment of this object, it was essential that the subjects of controversy should be reduced to their elements, and that the foundation of a more solid and enduring canon of judgment should be laid on a correct basis of sound principle. Hence the great utility of that habit of analysis which was favoured by the taste of the time, and of which our author is so great a master. It is true, some of these analytical processes read now like a series of self-evident propositions; and we sometimes think it was hardly worth while to use an instrument so subtle to extract so plain a truth. But it must be borne in mind, that what we think self-evident and axiomatic, were the very propositions, the denial or disregard of which lay at the root of the misgovernment and perverted taste of the day; and the fact, that these principles, which were so utterly forgotten when his labours commenced, and so frequently derided and repudiated during his advocacy of them, are now received and acknowledged on all hands as rudimental—so that the demonstration of them appears superfluous—is perhaps the most flattering testimony which could be paid to the efficiency and moral influence of his writings.

No better illustration of these remarks occurs to us than the

Review of Mr. Leckie's "Essay on the British Government," vol. iv., p. 1. So gross and foolish a libel on constitutional liberty, would hardly, perhaps, at present find a reader, and certainly not a reviewer; nor, on the other hand, would any politician, or class of politicians, so far commit themselves with the public, as to deny, that all government flows from the people, and has the good of the people as its only end. But when this elaborate defence of very plain principles was composed, a man was not thought either a knave or a fool, but, on the contrary, a truly loyal British subject, deserving of great rewards, and very often receiving them, who stood up for the divine right of kings, and the sinfulness of questioning the absolute wisdom of any constituted authority. Nor must we rashly conclude, that although such notions are now obsolete, they are necessarily extinct. We have seen some strange resurrections in our own day. Opinions which have at any time taken a strong hold on intelligent men, never die, however pernicious or absurd; nor is a country or age ever safe against their re-appearance. It was by exorcisms such as those of the *Edinburgh Review*, that the incantations which deluded the nation were broken, and the rabble rout dispersed; but even now, when so many seem disposed to forsake modern light for ancient darkness, and when we find dogmas which we thought buried with the monks that held them, reacquiring their power over even the learned and enlightened, it is impossible to say how soon we may be sent back to the very demonstrations which we think so elementary, for weapons to defend all we hold sacred in our national institutions.

But passing from these peculiarities, we regard this work as a very valuable addition to the permanent literature of the country. It is a book not to be read only—but studied. It is a vast repository, or rather a system or institute, embracing the whole circle of letters—if we except the exact sciences—and contains within itself, not in a desultory form, but in a well digested scheme, more original conception, bold and fearless speculation, and just reasoning on all kinds and varieties of subjects than are to be found in any English writer with whom we are acquainted, within the present or the last generation.

It would be a very unwarrantable trespass on the time of our readers, to follow our author in detail through the work before us. It presents all the variety of an undulating landscape, with deep recesses and sunny glades, and smooth still lakes, and dashing torrents, and here and there less fertile plains, and anon bright broad green meadows, redolent of cheerfulness and joy. We could but faintly sketch its more prominent and striking features; for it seems very ill spent labour to attempt to describe or condense writings which have been to us as household words from

our youth, and with which our readers are probably as familiar as ourselves. We cannot, however, dismiss our subject without inquiring a little more anxiously into our author's peculiar merits and qualities as a writer, and an attempt to form a somewhat more specific estimate of the school of criticism, of which he was the founder and the head.

The most natural comparison, as we have said before, to which every one is prompted to subject these volumes, is to the writings of Sydney Smith and Macaulay : and on a first or superficial impression, the comparison is not in their favour. The quaint wit of Sydney Smith, and Macaulay's stately rolling periods, and glittering images, beguile the time more quickly, and rivet the attention closer. Those who expected to find Jeffrey's essays of a similar stamp, have probably read or tried to read, the book, with a feeling of disappointment. It wants sustained interest for the more indolent class of readers, and is not a work for a lounge to skim over of a morning. The difference arises in a great measure from causes we have already adverted to : for these articles are truly *criticisms*—intended to teach and instruct. But in other respects they have merits of a higher order, and in a higher degree than either of these authors. In the first place, as pure English compositions, we think Jeffrey's writings incomparably superior, not only to his brother reviewers, but to most writers of his time. Sydney Smith's style is careless though effective. Macaulay's is an artificial costume. He is always in full dress, and marches perpetually to the same majestic but rather pompous strain. We read through his three volumes with great delight, but as we read, the everlasting reverberation of his sentences, like a great sea wave on a sandy beach, made our head reel at last.* Jeffrey does not drive over the ground so smoothly, but he is infinitely better worth loitering with. His choice of words is unbounded, and his felicity of expression, to the most impalpable shade of discrimination, almost miraculous. Playful, lively, and full of illustration, no subject is so dull or so dry that he cannot invest it with interest, and none so trifling that it cannot acquire dignity or elegance from his pencil. He can rise to the heights of the most exalted argument, or gossip with equal ease with Mary Montague or Pepys, and neither his flights nor his descents seem to cost him an effort, or to interrupt the unencumbered flow of his thoughts. Other writers have been more stately, more accurate, more witty, more florid, than he ; but few have ever combined so much facility and so much excellence in all. In play-

* We speak here of Macaulay's collected essays, which embrace his earlier writings. His more recent style is much more free of these characteristics, and while it has lost nothing of its attractiveness, has gained in vigour and simplicity.

ful satire, he stands, in our opinion, without a rival in his time. It was his favourite and most dreaded weapon, of which his rapid fancy, quick sense of the ridiculous, and his command of happy expression, rendered him as complete a master as ever practised the art.

Independently, however, of mere style, and apart from the great variety of subject embraced by his pen, the distinguishing feature of his writings, and that in which he excels his contemporary Reviewers, is the deep vein of practical thought which runs throughout them all. He is not what would now-a-days be thought an *original* thinker. He has no mysteries. He does not startle by unexpected fancies, or by everyday thoughts arrayed in half-intelligible language. On the contrary, he plainly eschews such things as offences against good taste and nature, and handles them unmercifully when they come under his cognizance. In particular, he is altogether untainted by the bastard philosophizing strain which the passion for German literature has introduced of late years—which, in our humble judgment, has obscured and damaged a great deal of vigorous thought, which, in a sober, natural, and English dress, would have been far more distinguished and useful. But the habit of his mind is to search after principle, and to discover the germs of truths in the more complicated phases of intellect, and the artificial states of society. He is the professed votary of simplicity and nature in all their forms, and therefore the whole strain of his reflections, which are always clear, acute, and just, and very frequently profound, is to deduce from his subject some general principle in ethics or dialectics, by which a canon or rule may be derived for general guidance and instruction.

In his preface, he remarks—

“If I might be permitted farther to state, in what particular department, and generally, on account of what, I should most wish to claim a share of those merits, I should certainly say, that it was by having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress my readers with a sense, both of the close connexion between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have, more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion; and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of poems and novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue: and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty—or to array them in foolish and fatal

hostility to each other. I cannot, of course, do more, in this place, than *intimate* this proud claim: But, for the proof—or at least the explanation of it—I think I may venture to refer to the greater part of the papers that follow.”—P. x.

With one qualification, we think, he is well entitled to the praise which he here assumes. He has a strong and ardent love of humanity, and delights to look on the sunny side of life. Human griefs and passions—the deeper sorrows and the minute unhappinesses of existence—find constant sympathy with him; and no little joy, no flash of true-hearted merriment, fails to find an echo in his breast. He is none of those grumblers of whom Seneca speaks, who accuse the order of the world, and would wish the gods amended, not themselves.* He admires and deeply venerates all that is august and glorious in this visible diurnal sphere, and labours, with earnest sincerity, to teach those lessons of high philosophy by which he thinks public and social happiness consist.

The qualification we refer to, is one which, perhaps, might have no place, if the volumes alone were before us; but in considering the school of criticism which he founded, and the decrees of that tribunal of which he was the head, it is impossible to omit the remark, that the highest and truest standard of right, if it was admitted at all, was never allowed to occupy its appropriate place. Let us not be misunderstood. There is nothing in the *Essays* before us which can do violence to the keenest religious sense; indeed, if we except one or two casual expressions in the review of Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, there is little we could wish altered in that respect. On the other hand, there are many passages—as, for instance, in the remarks on *Bishop Heber's Journal*—which breathe a tone of deep reverence for sacred things. With the scourging of hypocrisy, and the exposure of pretended sanctity, we should not only not quarrel, but sympathize. Nor is the least agreeable impression produced by these volumes, that softened and more solemn air which time and experience always produce on minds truly great. We do not complain, however, of what we find, but we desiderate what is absent. In so far as the critic derived his laws of judicial determination from the eternal truths of morality, and deals his censure and awards his praise in proportion as the great ends of man appear to be advanced or injured by the subject of the inquiry, he approached to the formation of a perfect standard of criticism. But why should the process stop there? If, after all, the true canon is to be found in the tendency to ameliorate and improve the race, will not that

* “*Contra ille pusillus ac degener, qui oblectatur, et de ordine mundi male existimat, et emendare mavult deos quam se.*”—*Sen. Epist.* 107.

rule be purer and more perfect, if it embrace not temporal only, but the eternal interests of man, and have reference not merely to fallible conscience and a clouded moral sense, but to the clear unchanging dictates of divine truth? The spirit of evangelical religion applied as a rule of judgment, is so far from excluding or superseding the principles of taste, that it strengthens and purifies these principles, and superadds an unfailing touchstone to that ethical test which Lord Jeffrey claims as his ultimate criterion of right;—with this difference, that certainty is substituted for speculation, at best doubtful, and AUTHORITY comes in to confirm the wavering opinions of man on the great questions of moral excellence and fitness. There is no more reason why a sound spirit of religion should quench the lamp of genius, or shed a gloom over the paths of literature, than there is for a similar effect being produced by making both subservient to a spirit of mere morality. If the moral musings of the sages of antiquity only give additional interest to their writings, and charm while they instruct;—if we love to stray with Plato in meditation through academic groves, or dwell with rapture over the darkened but delightful wanderings of Cicero after a futurity he dimly foresaw, but could not fathom;—if in these ancients, *their* religion, dim and doubtful, detracts nothing, but only adds to their classic grace—why should the charm be lost because we walk in broad noon, where they groped in twilight? Or, if moral judgments can best discern and preserve truth and unity, and nature, in all manifestations of intellect, surely those judgments must be the most accurate and the most exalting, which are founded on an unerring rule of right, and embrace the welfare of man, even in his everlasting destiny?

The true operation of the spirit of religious truth as a criterion of just criticism, is a subject which would lead us far away from our present theme; it deserves separate and full consideration for itself. We must, however, observe, that it would be impossible to speak of *The Edinburgh Review*, as a work—at least of its earlier and most celebrated numbers—without the use of terms of much stronger reprehension. Its careless, and even scoffing tone, and a certain irreligious air which it assumed, exposed it justly to great reproach, and did more to counteract the influence of the great and enlarged principles which it advocated, and to blunt the point of its brilliant sarcasm, than any other element. The age in which it started was one of much professed attachment to the Church, and clamorous fear of bringing her into danger, but of little real piety, and one in which sincere and simple religion was despised and derided equally by the sceptic and the bigot. By such articles as that on Missions in 1807, not only was just offence and scandal given to the serious

part of the community, but an excuse was afforded to those to whom the cry of "Church in danger" was convenient, to raise a popular outcry against an antagonist otherwise so formidable. It may not perhaps be easy to estimate accurately the amount of injury which was done to the really free and enlightened principles which it was the professed object of the *Review* to proclaim, by thus associating them in the minds of many good and worthy people with infidelity or carelessness, and inducing the belief that those who held the first, must of necessity be tinged with the last also. It is satisfactory to find, that while the great principles of freedom, and the just rules of thought, for which the *Review* contended, have gained strength every year of their advocacy, those very evangelical opinions, which were made the subject of ridicule and assault, have, like "birds of a tempest-loving kind," beat steadily up against the storm, until they have even found a resting-place in the pages of some of their opponents.

The principal department to which our author turned his attention, and to which the most important and effective of these criticisms relate, is that of belles lettres and poetry. The dissertations which these volumes contain on the lighter literature of our language, and the inquiries into the elements in which the merit and excellence of true poetry consist, were those on which the critic's reputation was first founded. It does not follow, that they form the most interesting articles to a modern reader. But it was in that field that the power and effect of the *Review* was most eminently successful. Prior to the establishment of the *Quarterly Review*, Jeffrey remained absolute monarch of this kingdom; and although there may be some things which seem to us rather elementary, and others that appear to be unnecessarily repeated, when we read these *Essays* now, we owe to him more, perhaps, than we have the means of calculating, for his constant, unceasing, and powerful efforts in the erection and defence of a sound standard of taste.

The foundation of his principles of criticism, and the cause also of his success in permanently establishing them, is to be found in his deep admiration, and thorough knowledge of the early English dramatists. Indeed, it must be admitted, that he draws little either on classical literature or the foreign writers of modern Europe; and this, perhaps, detracts from his reputation as a catholic author. It increased, however, that which is his greatest recommendation, the thoroughly *English* spirit which pervades all his dissertations. For the first time, for nearly a century, the public were sent back to refresh themselves at those long-forgotten springs. Dryden was perhaps the last example of the nervous English writers. Pope borrowed from him "the

long resounding line," and indeed improved on his master, if not in strength, at least in the rhythm and melody of his diction. But as the founder of a school, he led away his followers in a search after pointed antithesis and glittering conceits from the manly, vigorous style of those ancient models, on which Milton formed his majestic numbers, and from which Dryden learned the secret of his power. So much, indeed, did the fashion introduced by the brilliant wits of Queen Anne cast into the shade their rougher and more masculine predecessors, that during the last century Shakspeare himself was considered as an obsolete writer of a more vulgar and a ruder age. It is Jeffrey's greatest triumph to have instilled into the minds of his countrymen a sound appreciation and befitting reverence for these great fathers of English song, and to have recalled the taste for the graces of natural thought and passion, of which they are such abundant storehouses. Shakspeare, indeed, he worships, not with blind, but with most profound idolatry. He is the tutelary deity of his Parnassus, in whose half-inspired conceptions he sees all that is most wise, perfect, and fair, in the charms which human imagination can throw over the thoughts, actions, and relations of man. We extract the following passage from the review of "*Hazlitt's Essays on Shakspeare*," both as a tribute of homage to the Prince of poetry, and as in itself furnishing an example of rich and glowing eloquence, which for fire of thought, or exuberance of expression, may rank with the finest writing in the language:—

"In the exposition of these, there is room enough for originality—and more room than Mr. H. has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; partly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint; and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose! HE ALONE, who, when the

object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical—and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness—and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace—and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery, and splendour, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world: and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason—nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection—but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their Creator!”—Vol. ii., pp. 317, 318.

We do not think that we arrogate too much to our author, in tracing to this deep devotion to the early Elizabethan literature, and the impulse in that direction which he was so instrumental in promoting, much of that spirit of natural emotion, and that fathoming of the deep springs of human action, which so nobly distinguish Southey, and Wordsworth, and Scott—and Byron, the greatest of them all, from the versifiers in blank and in rhyme of the preceding century. No doubt they all waged petty war with the Corypheus of criticism, and assailed the analytic tests to which they were exposed in his fiery crucible. In these minor controversies, the critic may sometimes have been in error; but the result, beyond question was, that, tried by these ancient standards, authors discarded artifice, and trick, and mere sound; and each strove with his neighbour in the endeavour to portray natural human feeling, in all its lights and shadows; and even Byron himself, who at last bore away the palm, owed his great-

ness to the wondrous power with which he stirred the deepest recesses of the heart, and transfused its strongest and darkest passions into his burning page.

The severity, and, as it was the fashion to term it, the malignity of the Review, was a subject of frequent accusation, particularly among those whose fame or vanity suffered by it. It was thought, that its style of chastisement, even when deserved, was too savage and remorseless, and that its extreme rigour clipped the wings of genius too close. But there never was any real foundation for these complaints, and they have long since died a natural death. A certain measure of exaggeration is perhaps essential to success in all efforts of intellect. If individual faults received sometimes too sharp a visiting, the Reviewer only practised the art which a painter so well understands, and heightened the colour in details, in order that the whole might have the effect of nature. "Tamers of genius," as they have been called, the Edinburgh Reviewers certainly were not. But they knew that, to produce any effect upon the public, their task required to be boldly executed. They fostered genius far more successfully by their wholesome discipline and the salutary awe which they inspired, than could have been done by volumes of ill-placed commendation. Perhaps some "mute inglorious Milton" may have held his peace from terror of the suspended rod; but the greater probability is, that all the real genius of the time, confident in its own strength, braved the trial, while the public were preserved from the flood of mediocrities and puerilities which had disgraced the preceding age.

To one class of writers, in particular—the Lake Poets, the school of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—Jeffrey has been accused of an unjust and inexcusable aversion. As he undoubtedly exerted his powers of chastisement with great freedom on these gentlemen, and as his appreciation of them has been much canvassed and impugned, it may be worth while for a moment to consider the subject of controversy, although the public voice may be said to have substantially decided it.

Undoubtedly, all three were men of strong intellect, and very original genius, and have produced some compositions, at least, that will only perish with the language. Wordsworth, in particular, is a poet of the first order, and we are inclined to think, that his great beauties, and the high general character of his writings, hardly received full justice at the Reviewer's hands. Indeed, we do not think that any reader could form a just estimate of him from the portrait presented of him by the Review. His faults appear to us to be exaggerated, and his merits too sparingly praised. If our limits would permit us to go into detail, we think we could show, that even in some of the passages which the

Reviewer selects as feeble and unintelligible, there is both poetic beauty and justness of conception. To this extent, therefore, we disagree with the general estimate which Jeffrey has formed of his writings. But while we think the estimate of the poet defective and erroneous, we do not blame the Reviewer's severity. If Wordsworth's faults had been native to him, we should have thought otherwise; but his warm admirers—and we profess ourselves of the number—cannot deny that he perpetually and wilfully obscures his strong and vigorous powers of fancy by an affectation absolutely indefensible; and an affectation all the more revolting that it consists in the intentional expression of plain and strong thought in language at once obscure and feeble, like a robust and powerful man putting himself in leading-strings. Scott himself expresses his wonder, “why he will sometimes choose to crawl upon all-fours, when God has given him so noble a countenance to lift to heaven.”* For this wilful degradation of genius we have no sympathy, nor could we ever find an excuse. Whether or not it was the result of a peculiar theory of the poetical, really signifies nothing; if there was such a theory, it was a false one. The mannerism, both of thought and expression, was deliberate, and it truly deserved no more mercy than it met with. To one accustomed, like the Reviewer, with the unencumbered action of Shakespeare, and Johnson, and Massinger, this perpetual walking in voluntary fetters was intolerable; and he scourged the delinquency all the more smartly, that the perpetrator could have thrown them off at pleasure, and given the efforts of his free genius to the world. We can only regret that the punishment had less effect in the way of correction than of warning; for we have always thought that if Wordsworth had only allowed unconstrained scope to his powers, and written as freely as Milton or Byron wrote, few names would have ranked higher among the poets of England.

Southey has very well expressed the real fault of his mystical brethren. “Both he (Coleridge) and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write, and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault—that of making things easy of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended, by their way of stating them—instead of going to the natural spring for water they seem to like the labour of digging wells.” This from the hand of a friend, and a member of the brotherhood, is nearly as severe as anything Jeffrey ever said of them.

We have little of Southey in the collection. The single review reprinted is that of *Don Roderick* in 1815, selected, plainly, from the unwillingness, on the part of the critic, to wound the

* Lockhart's Life, Vol. v., p. 40.

admirers of the departed bard by recalling the harsher censures he had passed on his earlier works. And Don Roderick is perhaps Southey's best poem, written after much of his false taste had been purged by public opinion and his own experience. But we would rather have had the original review of "Thalaba," which we presume, on our own responsibility, to attribute to the same pen, as a better example of the style of chastisement which has been so much questioned. It was the first public assault on the poets of the simple school; and although the Reviewer would now probably moderate much both of the sentiment and the expression, it exhibits very strikingly the flood of false taste and conception which he undertook to stem, and the unrelenting severity with which he discharged his task. The review of "Thalaba" is an exaggeration, undoubtedly. Perhaps the novelty of the metre, and the lawlessness of the structure of the poem, jarred more on the critic's ear than it would now. And this general remark may undoubtedly be made of his principle of criticism, that he was sometimes too intolerant of "extravagant and erring" genius, and visited their trespasses out of bounds with a schoolmaster's disregard of the spirit or enterprise which tempted them to the transgression. Thus he extols Crabbe and Rogers in proportion as he objugates Wordsworth and Southey, because the former wrote according to rule, violated no solemn canon, and set no pernicious example of forbidden license. Yet although, for the same reason, Crabbe and Rogers will always be popular authors when Wordsworth and Southey may be sparingly read, few, we think, would now hesitate to place the latter in a class of poetry to which the former have no pretension. When Southey does rise free from his trammels, he soars a flight far higher than the pinion of Crabbe or Rogers could ever reach. After all, the strictures of the Reviewer were not only well-founded in regard to his faults of style and manner, but they were also not without effect. Southey's brilliant diction, and fine sense of natural beauty, were endowments too great and rare to be sacrificed to the artifice of so constrained a system. Vain as he was—and his vanity seems to have been marvellous—his later works were much more under the control of sound judgment; and he appears to have been the only one of the fraternity who, while he abused the preacher, endeavoured to amend his life.

We need not enlarge on these topics. The Reviewer's task is done—his wand is broken. The bards over whom he wielded it sleep in their graves; or living, have ceased to sing. The impress of the judgment of another generation is beginning to be stamped upon their numbers, and to separate the immortal from the less ethereal parts. What share soever the critic's art may

have had in directing their genius, and however far his sentences may be found to coincide with those pronounced by the age in which they flourished, all this is now matter of history. Distance, which has softened their defects, enables us to discern and to appreciate their true magnificence. We look back with mourning to that brilliant galaxy; and gladly would we now see on the horizon one flash of that radiant fire which blazed with such glory, and lighted up the firmament, in the days of our fathers. Let us hope that the spirit of poetry may again awake after so long repose, and that it may be our lot, in the career we have just commenced, to hail a new revival of English song.

While, however, the department of poetry was the Reviewer's peculiar care, the reputation of our author as a writer for posterity stands, we think, even more firmly on another class of compositions. Less strictly critical, and partaking less of a literary aim, the political essays in these volumes deserve deep study. While the more piquant and racy castigations excited at the time more popular interest, justice, perhaps, has not been generally done to the enlarged and statesmanlike conceptions of the Reviewer, both on the general principles of government, and the details of public policy. The great value of these volumes, in their separate form, consists, we think, in preserving, from an oblivion into which they were quickly passing, these valuable reflections on the science and practice of politics.

The services of the Review as an advocate of freedom—of human liberty and happiness—cannot be too highly rated; nor are these forgotten, or in any danger of being so. It started during the full torrent of revolutionary violence, and monarchical bigotry. Perhaps at the first blush, the Reviewers did not discern so clearly, amidst the din and dust of contending parties, the precise course to steer; but from the first, liberty was their aim, and they speedily guided their bark into the true current. They erected a noble bulwark against tyranny and oppression in all quarters, fearless of the frowns of the great, and the remonstrances of the timid. They hurled indignant denunciations against corruption in high places. The persecuted in all stations, from the Queen on the throne, to the wretched slave, found in them undaunted defenders. In the days of apostacy, they were found faithful among the faithless, and lifted up an undying testimony for the pure doctrines of constitutional right, and the personal independence of British subjects. For the courage, consistency, and consummate power with which they fought that battle, we in this day owe them a deep debt of gratitude. If there is aught of reverence for our ancient birthright—if any abiding good—free speech, free action, freedom of conscience, opinion, or government—if any charm in those golden links which unite our demo-

cratic constitution to all the stability of monarchy—and if we have gladly seen the gradual dissipation of those palpable clouds of darkness which so long brooded over the venerable fabric—never can *their* labours be forgotten, who with constancy kept the standard flying, when the handful that surrounded it was at the lowest. We have seen honour descend on those at whom the finger of scorn was pointed, and against whom all the artillery of power was brought to play. Men who began life as a contemptible and derided band, proscribed for their principles, have, by their steady adherence to them, raised themselves and their principles together to public reputation and power. These things have come to pass, and teach us, how soon, after all, ERROR, though arrayed in robes of state, and armed with authority, may melt like a summer cloud. They teach us to look with a less unquiet eye on the vicissitudes of human affairs, or the reverses which are suffered in the battles of the truth. In the revolutions of states, as of seasons, periods of darkness are given us, that we may the more prize the too neglected light.

“*Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia Luntæ.*”

And not time and the tide only, but steadfastness and true hope will wear out the roughest day.

In this great conflict the whole strength of the society was engaged;—the fierce energy of Brougham—the deep power of Horner—and the wit and satire of Sydney Smith, were all concentrated in this high vocation. It is not now easy for any one, having no access behind the scenes, to assign his share to each; therefore we are the more indebted for the selection of the Essays before us, as giving us the means of appreciating Jeffrey's peculiar merits as a political writer.

Three of these strike us as being of singular ability, and very great interest. The review of Sotheby's *Song of Triumph*—that of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, and that of O'Driscoll's *History of Ireland*. They exhibit the author's general manner of treating public questions in a favourable light, and afford a good criterion of the general cast of his political reflections.

The feature which chiefly gives them a distinctive character, is the prospective spirit in which they are all conceived. The author is prone to vaticinate; not from fancied inspiration, but from quiet reasoning on the impulses which generally move large bodies of men, and from the lights which history affords. These three articles illustrate this peculiarity. They are all full of anticipations—more or less borne out by results—but conceived in such a spirit of practical wisdom, as to deserve and amply repay the intelligent study of them.

The review of the *Song of Triumph*, was written immediately

after the battle of Leipsic, and affords an interesting example of the tone of feeling which actuated such men at the time, and the way in which they were affected by the startling and exciting events which had succeeded each other so rapidly. It is in itself, as the Reviewer indicates in a note, such a Song of Triumph as few now would be disposed to join in. But amid the

“ Roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,”

it was natural that men of all parties should share in the general enthusiasm. Europe was sick of war, and men naturally welcomed with joy a new order of things, which seemed to promise a respite from excitement which had become intolerable; and the dreamers after perfectibility, who had hailed the dawning star of the French Revolution, were the first to sacrifice the visions of their youth to the prospect of peace and quiet. It had not then appeared, that those who had struck the Eagle down were only doing homage to the Wolf. And thus we find Lord Jeffrey joining in the universal shout of exultation over the fallen Emperor, extolling the clemency, chivalry, and magnanimity of Alexander, and foretelling, if not exactly Saturnian days, at least a probable career of rational liberty for France.

We certainly do not refer to this article as exemplifying the infallibility of his prophetic vein; but chiefly as showing the general course of deduction on which his prognostics were founded. It is needless to observe, that his estimate of the great military leader of France must have suffered as much modification by the lapse of years, as his admiration for the Czar. Napoleon was a usurper, and ruled with an iron rod; and therefore all true freemen must reprobate his career. But his soul was lofty, and his conceptions magnificent, and some of the epithets in the article before us quadrate ill with the verdict already returned on the greatest chieftain of modern Europe. On the other hand, the sagacity of the Reviewer was altogether at fault in the expectations he had formed of the exiled family. No wonder;—he thought like the rest of the world, that in their exile they must have learnt and must have forgotten something—and like the rest of the world he found himself mistaken. As little did he dream that the Alliance, which he then thought united in defence of the common liberties of Europe, was so soon to become the watchword and *soubriquet* of despotism in all its monarchies. But he saw the contingencies before him clearly, and states them with singular precision:—

“ The project of giving them a free constitution, therefore, may certainly miscarry,—and it may miscarry in two ways. If the Court can effectually attach to itself the Marshals and Military Senators of Bona-

parte, in addition to the old Nobility ;—and if, through their means, the vanity and ambition of the turbulent and aspiring spirits of the nation can be turned either towards military advancement, or to offices and distinction about the Court, the legislative bodies may be gradually made subservient in most things to the will of the Government ;—and by skilful management, may be rendered almost as tractable and insignificant, as they have actually been in the previous stages of their existence. On the other hand, if the discordant materials, out of which the higher branch of the legislature is to be composed, should ultimately arrange it into two hostile parties—of the old Noblesse on the one hand, and the active individuals who have fought their way to distinction through scenes of democratic and imperial tyranny, on the other—it is greatly to be feared, that the body of the nation will soon be divided into the same factions ; and that while the Court throws all its influence into the scale of the former, the latter will in time unite the far more formidable weight of the military body—the old Republicans, and all who are either discontented at their lot, or impatient of peaceful times. *By their assistance, and that of the national vehemence and love of change, it will most probably get the command of the legislative body and the capital ;—and then, unless the Prince play his part with singular skill, as well as temper, there will be imminent hazard of a revolution—not less disastrous perhaps than that which has just been completed.*—Vol. iv. pp. 64, 65.

He was wrong in the alternative which he assumed as the most probable, but he was eminently right in his statement of the lesson which these events, properly deciphered, ought to read to the monarchs and nations of the earth. They are so full of grave instruction that we may be excused for quoting the following extracts :—

“ The lesson, then, which is taught by the whole history is, that oppressive governments must always be insecure ; and that, after nations have attained to a certain measure of intelligence, the liberty of the people is necessary to the stability of the throne. We may dispute for ever about the immediate or accidental causes of the French Revolution ; but no man of reflection can now doubt, that its true and efficient cause, was the undue limitation of the rights and privileges of the great body of the people, after their wealth and intelligence had virtually entitled them to greater consequence. Embarrassments in finance, or blunders, or ambition in particular individuals, may have determined the time and the manner of the explosion ; but it was the system which withheld all honours and distinctions from the mass of the people, after nature had made them capable of them, which laid the train, and filled the mine that produced it. Had the government of France been free in 1788, the throne of its monarch might have bid a proud defiance to *deficits* in the treasury, or disorderly ambition in a thousand Mirabeaus. Had the people enjoyed their due weight in the administration of the government, and their due share in the distribution of its patronage, there would have been no democratic insurrec-

tion, and no materials indeed for such a catastrophe as ensued. That movement, like all great national movements, was produced by a sense of injustice and oppression; and though its immediate consequences were far more disastrous than the evils by which it had been provoked, it should never be forgotten, that those evils were the necessary and lamented causes of the whole. The same principle, indeed, of the necessary connexion of oppression and insecurity, may be traced through all the horrors of the revolutionary period. What, after all, was it but *their tyranny* that supplanted Marat and Robespierre, and overthrew the tremendous power of the wretches for whom they made way? Or, to come to its last and most conspicuous application, does any one imagine, that if Bonaparte had been a just, mild, and equitable sovereign, under whom the people enjoyed equal rights and impartial protection, he would ever have been hurled from his throne, or the Bourbons invited to replace him? He, too, fell ultimately a victim to *his tyranny*:—and his fall, and their restoration on the terms that have been stated, concur to show, that there is but one condition by which, in an enlightened age, the loyalty of nations can be secured—the condition of their being treated with kindness; and but one bulwark by which thrones can now be protected—the attachment and conscious interest of a free and intelligent people.”—Vol. iv., pp. 68, 69.

“The true theory of that great Revolution therefore is, that it was produced by the repression or practical disregard of public opinion, and that the evils with which it was attended were occasioned by the want of any institution to control and regulate the application of that opinion to the actual management of affairs. And the grand moral that may be gathered from the whole eventful history, seems therefore to be, that in an enlightened period of society, no government can be either prosperous or secure, which does not provide for expressing and giving effect to the general sense of the community.”—P. 74.

“The events to which we have alluded, and the situation in which they will leave us, will take away almost all those pretexts for resisting inquiry into abuses, and proposals for reform, by the help of which, rather than of any serious dispute on the principle, these important discussions have been waived for these last twenty years. We shall no longer be stopped with the plea of its being no fit time to quarrel about the little faults of our constitution, when we are struggling with a ferocious enemy for its very existence. It will not now do to tell us, that it is both dangerous and disgraceful to show ourselves disunited in a season of such imminent peril—or that all great and patriotic minds should be entirely engrossed with the care of our safety, and can have neither leisure nor energy to bestow upon concerns less urgent or vital. The restoration of peace, on the contrary, will soon leave us little else to do: and when we have no invasions nor expeditions—nor coalitions nor campaigns—nor even any loans and budgets to fill the minds of our statesmen, and the ears of our idle politicians, we think it almost certain that questions of reform will rise into paramount importance, and the redress of abuses become the most interesting of public pursuits. We shall be once more entitled, too, to

make a fair and natural appeal to the analogous acts or institutions of other nations, without being met with the cry of revolution and democracy, or the imputation of abetting the proceedings of a sanguinary despot. We shall again see the abuses of old hereditary power, and the evils of mal-administration in legitimate hands; and be permitted to argue from them, without the reproach of disaffection to the general cause of mankind. Men and things, in short, we trust, will again receive their names, on a fair consideration of their merits; and our notions of political desert be no longer confounded by indiscriminate praise of all who are with us, in a struggle that touches the sources of so many passions. When we plead for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, we shall no longer be told that the Pope is a mere puppet in the hands of an inveterate foe—nor be deterred from protesting against the conflagration of a friendly capital, by the suggestion, that no other means were left to prevent that same foe from possessing himself of its fleet. Exceptions and extreme cases, in short, will no longer furnish the ordinary rules of our conduct; and it will be impossible, by extraneous arguments, to baffle every attempt at a fair estimate of our public principles and proceedings.”—Vol. iv., pp. 84, 85.

The selections given from the review of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, are general meditations on the state of Parties, devoted principally to unfolding and illustrating the true position and real principles of the Whig party in Great Britain. The article was written in 1826, when the lull of politics was so profound as to give no note of preparation for the tempests about to break, and before the death of Lord Liverpool had dissolved a cabinet which was apparently beyond the reach of assault. Although public opinion had made great progress since the days of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, the Whig party seemed as far removed from power, and their adversaries as firmly seated, as they had been for forty years preceding; and the hopes of the friends of liberal government were rather directed to the conversion or compulsion of their adversaries, than to supplanting them in office. There had also grown into consideration what was then, and still is, termed the Radical party, flourishing under the expansive shade of Bentham and his Westminster disciples, and directing their censures then, as they sometimes do now, as bitterly against the Whig aristocracy, as against the Tories themselves. In defence of this middle party, standing on the ancient ways, and repressing the excesses of either extreme, this essay was composed. It is calm and philosophical—more so than it would have been had it been dated a year later, or indeed at any subsequent period—and demonstrates, with admirable clearness, the true vocation of the party, and the claims it possessed even on those by whom its prudence was considered timid, and its constitutional tenets as prejudice. We have no room to make lengthened ex-

tracts, but the following paragraph has something of sagacious prognostication, although the party, and our author himself, were doomed at no very distant period to experience a considerable mitigation of that rigour of exclusion which he so contentedly foretells.

"In practice, we have no doubt, we shall all have time enough; for it is the lot of England, we have little doubt, to be ruled in the main by what may be called a Tory party, for as long a period as we can now look forward to with any great distinctness—by a Tory party, however, restrained more and more in its propensities, by the growing influence of Whig principles, and the enlightened vigilance of that party, both in Parliament and out of it; and now and then admonished, by a temporary expulsion, of the necessity of a still greater conformity with the progress of liberal opinions, than could be spontaneously obtained. The inherent spirit, however, of monarchy, and the natural effect of long possession of power, will secure, we apprehend, for a considerable time, the general sway of men professing Tory principles; *and their speedy restoration, when driven for a season from their places by disaster or general discontent: and the Whigs, during the same period, must content themselves with preventing a great deal of evil, and seeing the good which they had suggested tardily and imperfectly effected, by those who will take the credit of originating what they had long opposed, and only at last adopted with reluctance and on compulsion.* It is not a very brilliant prospect, perhaps, nor a very enviable lot. But we believe it to be what awaits us; and we embrace it, not only cheerfully, but with thankfulness and pride—thankfulness, that we are enabled to do even so much for the good and the liberties of our country—and pride, that in *thus* seeking her service, we cannot well be suspected of selfish or mercenary views."—Vol. iv., pp, 162, 163.

The review of O'Driscoll's Ireland deserves to be written in letters of gold. It speaks a voice of warning and of wisdom to the united countries, which at this day are singularly seasonable; and it is remarkable with what precision the essayist has portrayed the very results which are now threatening a dismemberment of the empire. We content ourselves here with extracting the following passages:—

Protestant Ascendancy is thus treated—

"They contrived, therefore, by false representations and unjust laws, to foster those prejudices, which would otherwise have gradually disappeared—and, unluckily, succeeded but too well. As their own comparative numbers and natural consequence diminished, they clung still closer to their artificial holds on authority; and, exasperated by feeling their dignity menaced, and their monopolies endangered by the growing wealth, population, and intelligence of the country at large, they redoubled their efforts, by clamour and activity, intimidation and deceit, to preserve the unnatural advantages they had accidentally

gained, and to keep down that springtide of general reason and substantial power which they felt rising and swelling all around them.

"Their pretence was, that they were the champions of the *Protestant ascendancy*—and that whenever that was endangered, there was an end of the *English connexion*. While the alliance of the two countries was indeed no more than a *connexion*, there might be some truth in the assertion—or at least it was easy for an Irish Parliament to make it appear to be true. But the moment they came to be *incorporated*, its falsehood and absurdity should at once have become apparent. Unluckily, however, the incorporation was not so complete, or the union so entire, as it should have been. There still was need, or was thought to be need, of a provincial management, a domestic government of Ireland;—and the old wretched parliamentary machinery, though broken up and disabled for its original work, naturally supplied the materials for its construction. The men still survived who had long been the exclusive channels of communication with the supreme authority; and though other and wider channels were now opened, the habit of employing the former, aided by the eagerness with which they sought for continued employment, left with them an undue share of its support. Still more unluckily, the ancient practice of misgovernment had left its usual traces on the character, not only of its authors, but its victims. Habitual oppression had produced habitual disaffection; and a long course of wrong and contumely, had ended in a desperate indignation, and an eager thirst for revenge.

"The natural and necessary consequences of the Union did not, therefore, immediately follow its enactment—and are likely indeed to be longer obstructed, and run greater hazard of being fatally intercepted, than in the case of Scotland. Not only is the mutual exasperation greater, and the wounds more deeply rankled, but the Union itself is more incomplete, and leaves greater room for complaints of inequality and unfairness. The numerical strength, too, of the Irish people is far greater, and their causes of discontent more uniform, than they ever were in Scotland; and, above all, the temper of the race is infinitely more eager, sanguine, and reckless of consequences, than that of the sober and calculating tribes of the north. The greatest and most urgent hazard, therefore, is that which arises from their impatience;—and this unhappily is such, that unless some early measure of conciliation is adopted, it would no longer be matter of surprise to any one, if upon the first occasion of a war with any of the great powers of Europe, or America, the great body of the nation should rise in final and implacable hostility, and endeavour to throw off all connexion with, or dependence on Great Britain, and to erect itself into an independent state!" * * * * *

"One thing we take to be evident, and it is the substance of all that can be said on the subject, that things are fast verging to a crisis, and cannot, in all probability, remain long as they are. The Union, in short, must either be made *equal and complete* on the part of England—or it will be broken in pieces and thrown in her face by Ireland. That country must either be delivered from the domination of

an Orange faction, or we must expect, in spite of all our warnings and remonstrances, to see her seek her own deliverance by the fatal and bloody career to which we have already alluded—and from which we hold it to be the height of guilt and of folly to hesitate about withholding her, by the sacrifice of that miserable faction.”—Vol. iv., pp. 140, 141, 145, 146.

The field before us is so wide that we should exceed all pardonable bounds were we to attempt to exhaust it. The author's character as a metaphysical writer, if it stood only on his celebrated Essay on Beauty, would entitle him to rank in the highest class of mental inquirers. It is needless for us to criticise a performance so universally known and appreciated, wherever the philosophy of mind is cultivated. We are also compelled to pass, without the notice it deserves, another class of these Essays, which, perhaps, form the most entertaining part of the collection—we mean those general accounts or abstracts of works of lighter literature, in which his office and object was not so much either to praise or to condemn, as to cull the beauties, and distil them for his readers. Such are the articles on Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs, Lady M. W. Montague, Madame du Duffand, Pepys, Cumberland, and the Novelists. The light, easy, gossiping style in which they are treated, make the reader acquainted with the author, without his attention being distracted by the Reviewer's individual speculations. After the formal introduction is over, he lets the author tell his own story, but never at such length as to be tedious, and interposes whenever the spirit of the interview begins to flag. But, although much might be said of these things, and of others, our limits compel us to desist. “*Mira illis dulcedo, mira suavitas, mira hilaritas,*” and truly may we add, “*cujus gratiam cumulat sanctitas scribentis.*”* For though we have endeavoured, with what accuracy we could, to form a calm estimate of the work, we cannot disguise how difficult we find it to assume the critic when there stands before us one whom Scotland has so much reason to honour. It has been his enviable lot, if not to attain all the prizes of ambition for which men strive, at least to unite in himself those qualities which, in many, would have secured them all. A place in the front rank of literature in a most literary age—the highest honour of his profession spontaneously conferred by the members of a bar strong in talent and learning—eloquence among the first of our orators, and wisdom among the wisest, and universal reverence on that judicial

* Plin. Ep. 3. 1.

seat, which has derived increased celebrity from his demeanour—a youth of enterprise—a manhood of brilliant success—and “honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,” encircling his later years—mark him out for veneration to every son of that country, whose name he has exalted throughout Europe. We need not speak here of those graces of mind and of character, that have thrown fascination over his society, and made his friendship a privilege. Our rod of office drops from our hand;—we remember the warning—we trust not too rashly disregarded—

“Nec tu divinam *Æneida* tenta,
Sed longe sequere, et vestigia semper adōra!”
